

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

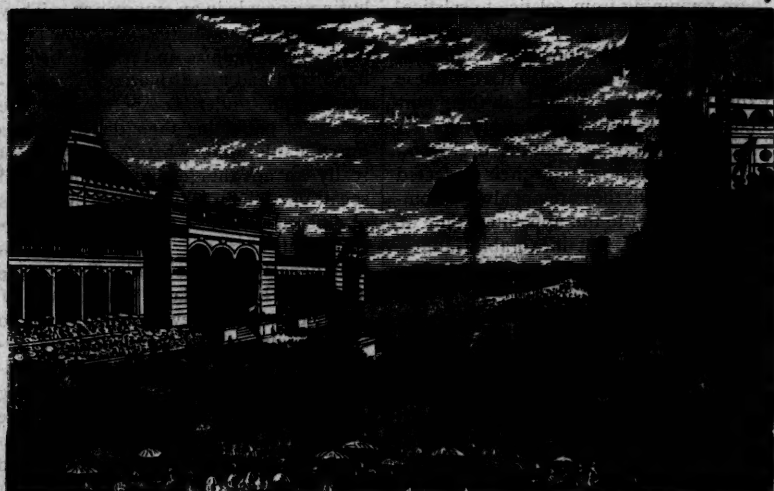
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

JULY, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

VII.—IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



SCENE OF THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

MAY is a pleasant month to look forward to or back upon—bright alike in anticipation and in retrospect, comely from front, rear or centre, past, future and present. She seldom disappoints us, for the flowers must come, and they must come very nearly at their appointed time. Their gentle will forces a way. They are

sure to frame for us between April and June a graceful bridge over the chasm from frost to fruit. No failure of contractors or blunder in the estimates ever prevents or materially postpones the construction of that viaduct. It provides an element of certainty for men's calculations of movement, individual, political,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XVIII.—1

military and industrial. Glebe and sea and river open before plough and keel. All the industries but that of the ice-gatherer leap to new life, and even the ice-man begins really to reap the golden harvest he has planted in sawdust.

The month bids fair to earn a new distinction, and to gain for a title "the month of international expositions." Ordinary fairs come in midsummer and mid-fall, and, Church and charity supplying the motive, midwinter. A few days or weeks is time enough for them. They say their short say and disappear, like the sparrow twittering for a moment on the hedge, very different from the eagle, perched high and long, "ringed with the azure world" and all its wealth. Thus stand the great shows of the empires, borne from afar to a prominent spot and there remaining from solstice to solstice. Ponderous bodies, as some profound philosopher long ago informed mankind, move slowly and are slow to start. These exhibitions have assumed, as their normal demand on time, three years for preparation and six months of bloom. May and November limit their perfected existence. But they are not always nominally punctual to the appointed time of opening, true as that inexorable janitor, Winter, compels them to be to the closing date.

In this point of punctuality to inauguration-day the Centennial distinguished itself. The commission presented its buildings and their appurtenances complete and ready for the reception of contributions and visitors. In the Main Building the great mass of the exhibits was on the ground, most of them in place and fully displayed. So it was, to a less marked extent, in Machinery and Agricultural Halls. In the Art Hall the bulk of the objects remained unpacked—a circumstance in some degree justified by the liability of oil-paintings to injury from the dampness of walls erected during the previous winter. With the advance of warm weather this unavoidable drawback, for which neither managers nor exhibitors were to blame, was rapidly overcome. Practically, the interval during which the show-cases in the other

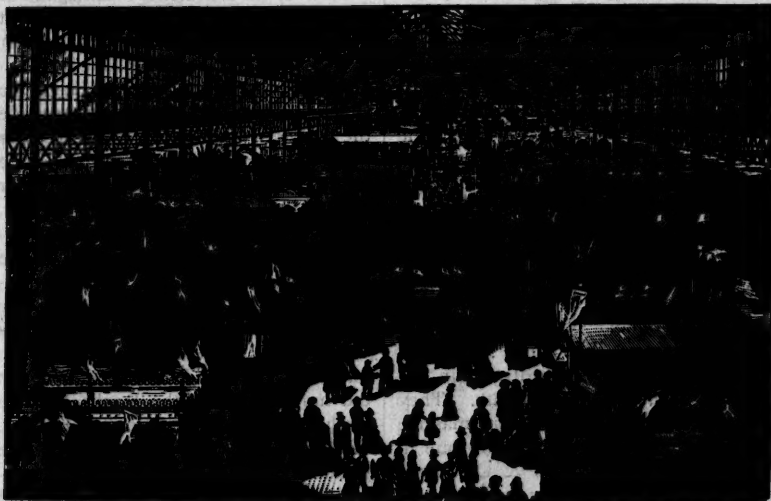
three structures remained unoccupied after the opening was not lost to the visitor, who had in what was in place abundance to occupy his time. Of the backward nations—Russia, France, China, Belgium and one or two others—all save the first had part of their contributions exposed on the opening day, the array of the countries being thus with scarce a gap, although each and all were not yet in full force.

It was remarked that the American section, the floors of which, covering over a fourth of the Main Building, were a fortnight before more vacant than almost any other quarter, was filled and fitted up so rapidly as to present itself among the most finished on the 10th of May. This was not, of course, wholly due to the superior briskness of our artisans and other business-people in an emergency. They were nearer than the rest, were able more perfectly to organize and prepare beforehand, and had more thoroughly at command and under comprehension the means of perfecting their display. It is questionable, too, whether it was not really an advantage that visitors could see at once the workmen and the works of different nations—their methods, tools and habits of labor. Certainly, the Chinese department was made all the more attractive by the daily proceedings of the patient and clever operatives who slowly built up an epitome of the Flowery Land out of so unpromising a medley of red and gilded beams, matting and bamboo. And the opposite extreme of what we call civilization was not discredited by the military precision and *aplomb*, refusing to be either hastened or impeded, with which the French marshaled into ranks of uniform pavilions the glories of their taste and invention. Germans, English and Japanese, too, were to be seen at work side by side—a much less common spectacle than that of their products arranged on neighboring shelves.

In no sense, therefore, could the inaugural ceremonies be likened to saying grace over an empty or poorly-furnished board. What they were designed to honor was a long way beyond them if

we measure them by their pomp and glitter; in which respect they bode, of course, no comparison with the French and Austrian pageants on the like occasions. But great military displays, however attractive even in republican eyes,

have no proper representative part in our public ceremonials, and in the present instance the simplicity of the show was in keeping with the good taste which marked all the proceedings, and with the admirable demeanor which, despite



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

some faultiness in the arrangements for its comfort, characterized the vast throng of spectators. The speeches were neither prolix nor bombastic, and were subject only to the inevitable disadvantage of being inaudible beyond the nearest rows of listeners; the music was as effective as any feasible combination of harmonious sounds directed into illimitable space could hope to be; and the fitting climax was reached when, headed by the chiefs of the two great Western empires, the crowd moved slowly upon Mr. Corliss's works, and the noiseless throbbing of the colossal engine signaled the risen curtain and dissolved the compact multitude into eddying streams of diligent observers.

Let us return to the junction of nave and transept, where, in a rotunda of a hundred feet height and diameter, the four countries, Germany, France, England and the United States, meet face to face in friendly rivalry.

Looking to the north-west, we are confronted by Great Britain at the head of her large family of colonial infants, weanlings and striplings that stretch behind her, like *Punch's* "ninety-nine misfortunes," toward the western end of the Main Building. She does not wear to-day her lion guise, but smoothes its terrors into Messrs. Elkington's forms of beauty. And well do these specimens of the British renaissance of the mid-nineteenth century sustain the responsibility imposed by their position in the forefront of England's exhibit. The forms in silver and glass are devoid of the heaviness formerly characteristic of English designs, and show clearly the influence of the art-schools established within the past few decades. As illustrative further of this we may point to the decorative objects in brass and bronze by Cox & Sons and Hart, Son, Peard & Co. Their hammered iron and brass add a third field of art-industry in metal

to the more common cast and repoussé work, and point to a renewal of the contest of hand against machine. It is here occupied chiefly by church furniture, and the fidelity of execution is as yet rather in advance of the merits of the designs, these being hampered by mediæval traditions. Barnard's wrought-iron gates, pavilions, palisades, etc. carry us out of the sacred precincts, and bring this class of art to the lawn and the fireside. Among this group of carvings—as they may all be called—in iron, brass and wood, we come upon the new metal, phosphor-bronze, at present chiefly limited to steam-fittings, but too delicate in grain to remain long unemployed for a higher class of work.

In glass, England is not adequately represented. Nor were we impressed very favorably by the embroideries of the Royal School of Art-Needlework. Various in merit, like other school-collections, the highest hardly attain the level of respectable mediocrity. They lead us to upholstery, a more massive branch of the ornamental, and one in which Shoolbred, James & Co. prove that Anglo-Saxon fingers are more at home. Some cabinets by this firm, and by Wright & Mansfield, are very pleasing, and the colors are for the most part in good taste—rich, but subdued.

The British tea-pot, made classic by Pope and Johnson, leads us into the realm of clay. Since 1690, when a modest factory of delft-ware reared its chimney at Burslem, the island potters have given quartz, kaolin and red clay no rest. Twenty-five years ago the industry already employed seventy thousand operatives. Wedgwood was its Watts, and some of his reproductions of antique vases have not since been surpassed. That was before the days of art-schools. Their introduction has improved form more than material, and the finer porcelains do not rank among the specialties of England. Her exhibitors at the Centennial cover, nevertheless, a wide range in ceramics, and their display far exceeds in extent that of any other country. Not only do they build, furnish and decorate the house from the portico to the mantel and the teaboard,

but they drain the lawn with underground pipes and dot its surface with vases and statues. They assume even to expel from the parlor wall the delineator on canvas of landscape and history. Thus we have the love-passages of Touchstone and Slender consigned to the safe-keeping of an earthen tile that may be broken, but can neither fade nor decay.

A long façade of these jewels of the Black Country lines on the western side the northern half of the transept. For representatives of high art in fictile ware we may select Daniell & Son. Their vases present some good antique forms. These are elbowed by examples borrowed from a widely different school. Some of Landseer's dogs come out of the furnace in good condition. Not so with the groups after Teniers which decorate a service loaned by the earl of Derby. We have seen many a cheap wood-cut that did more justice to the Raphael of the ale-house than do these princely platters. From stalls like that of the Daniells the gradation is continuous through the richly-colored tiles of Minton, the less vivid encaustics and majolica of Maw & Co., the terra-cotta of Matthews, the Watcombe Company and Doulton, and the vitrified bricks of Hamblet, to the Lambeth-ware jugs of Stiff & Sons and the ventilation and drain-pipes of Jennings. In the clay-built temple of Doulton & Co. the possibilities of crockery are illustrated to their full extent. Colossal statuary, milk-pots and paving-tiles join in building up the structure. The firm has given its name to a special and popular fabric.

Then we step from Staffordshire into the Land o' Cakes, and bring up again at Aberdeen against stoneware of another kind—more solid and more polished, and baked in the central furnace of the globe. Nor is the many-colored granite sent by the Highlands to our halls and cemeteries by any means the only art-product for which the Centennial is indebted to that unpromising latitude. A capacious show-case filled with Gaelic jewelry, arms and decorations is striking for the great variety of the designs and

the unique and effective character of many of them. Their prevalent style is neither Greek nor Gothic, yet they show delicate fancy and correct taste; and we are at a loss to name any other collection of like extent in the building more instructive as to what the eye and hand are capable of fashioning out of familiar materials than that of Aitchison of Edinburgh.

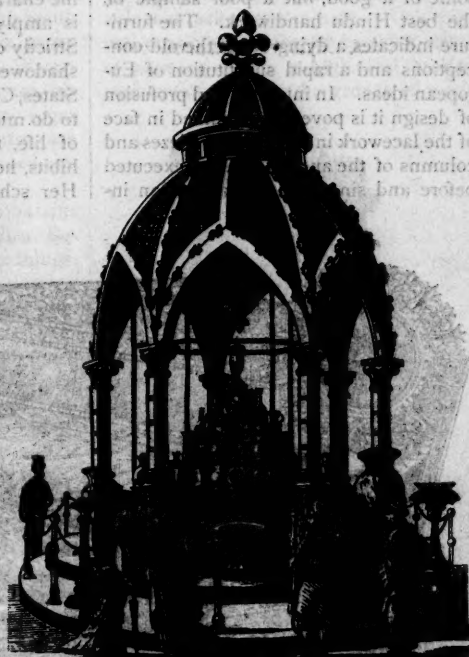
Silks may be classed among the fine arts if only for a background, a warm brocade being a famous stand-by with artists for that office. The London silks are of good strong colors, with a tendency in the figured fabrics to a tile-like or geometrical mode of ornamentation. The Irish appear to our unpracticed eye better. With such colors at hand as those of Romney and many others, English stuffs ought to be unsurpassed in dye.

Sheffield hardly does itself justice, some of the German displays of hardware holding their own well against English competition. The surgical instruments of Mayer & Meltzer (German names), and the artistry in firearms of Greener, Lancaster, Eley, etc., better sustain that side of the hardware department.

"Beauty made the bride of use," as Mr. Whittier hath it, continues to be the be-all, if not the end-all, of British art. The engraving of a gun-barrel, a dog-coll or an umbrella is a labor of love with its votaries and their most profitable customers. The same can no longer be said of bookbinding, to judge by the specimens in the exposition. English students, perhaps, have ceased to pause at the outside, and now make their library friends most welcome in a working dress. The literary corner of the section has, however, much to interest. The shelves and tables of *The Graphic* lay bare the anatomy of that journal, with its co-ordinate systems of pen and pencil, minutely and distinctly. Among the artists it employs

are several leading names, and the original sketches exhibited are far from being their poorest work.

In the British empire are included all the latitudes and nearly all the races.



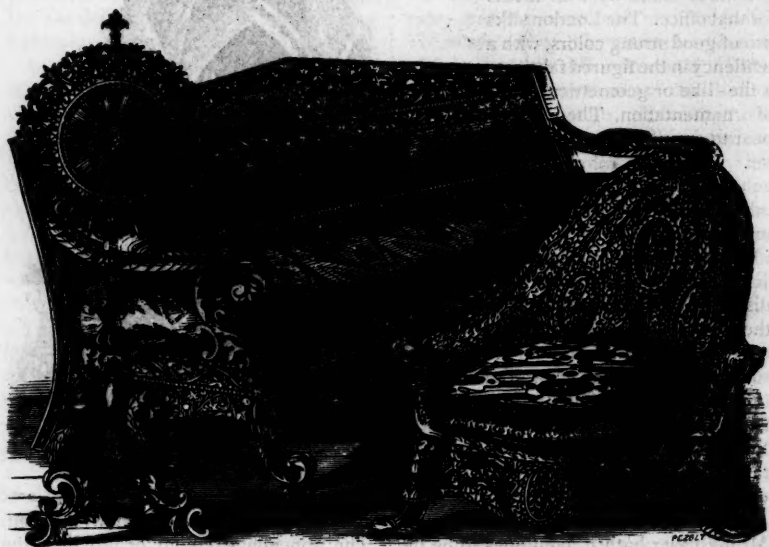
TERRA-COTTA TEMPLE, EXHIBITED BY DOULTON & CO., ENGLAND.

Its display is a world's show in itself. The appendage, colony or province, the long-delayed recognition of whose magnitude and value in the queen's title was lately so grudgingly accorded by the people of the mother-country, possesses a population three times greater than that of any Christian nation represented at the Centennial. India might have illustrated from her records, architectural and literary, the origin of Western civilization and polity, but she was too remote to have her industry, art and traditions satisfactorily outlined on our soil. For whatever reason, her section is more meagrely furnished than that of colonies infinitely less important and worth studying. There are some old arms, cash-

mere shawls, embroidered stuffs, models of boats, fruits, seeds, large photographs of buildings and landscapes, and carved-wood furniture. The gold and wood-carving from Bombay is curious, and some of it good, but a poor sample of the best Hindu handiwork. The furniture indicates a dying-out of the old conceptions and a rapid substitution of European ideas. In intricacy and profusion of design it is poverty personified in face of the lacework in stone on the friezes and columns of the ancient temples executed before and since the Mohammedan in-

vasion. The atrophy thus implied cannot possibly have seized a country so vast, so peaceful, so progressive and so rich.

Another British colony, markedly the opposite of India in age, population, ethnic character, climate and individuality, is amply and handsomely represented. Strictly colonial in character, and overshadowed by Great Britain and the United States, Canada could scarcely be expected to do much more than reflect their modes of life, thought and activity. Her exhibits, however, are not without novelty. Her school-system is placed before us



CARVED FURNITURE, FROM BOMBAY.

broadly and intelligibly. It is obviously one of her favorite public cares, and we cease to be surprised at the handsome show made by her publishers and booksellers. In manufactures Canadian effort seems to confine itself to the supply of special local wants growing out of the climate and other conditions. Stoves, furs, woolen fabrics, saws and cotton yarn lead the list. The art of keeping warm is cultivated with more assiduity than any other. Hence a gay display of blankets, rugs, nubias and wrappings new to southern eyes. From the far-off

settlement of Victoria come "blankets made by the Indians from the wool of the Rocky Mountain goat" — an industry, we imagine, likely to remain an Indian monopoly.

Tropical Jamaica is a neighbor to boreal Canada. She sends rum and sugar — four times as many brands of the former as of the latter, a great deal of sack to her bread. Coffee is a more respectable tippie, just reviving in commercial prominence from the effects of emancipation. Many very pretty woods, a variety of drugs, spices, jams and candies,

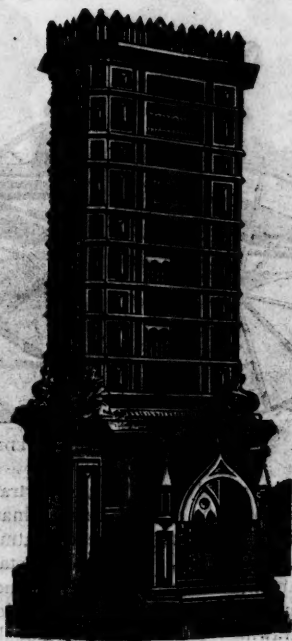
combine to redeem the island from the one distinction of Old Jamaica.

Taking the Antilles for stepping-stones, we pass by Bermuda with its coral and split woods, the Bahamas with their salt and sponges, and Trinidad with its basket-work, gums and hemp, to the South American main. British Guiana, introduced to the scientific world by Water-ton, has not advanced much since his day. It is still rich in bay rum, sugar and coffee, but does not apparently care to make a particularly impassioned appeal to Philadelphia.

Over the way Afric's sunny fountains roll down some samples of gold-dust. Besides this, Guinea furnishes better things, notably palm oil. But she has nothing to keep us long from crossing the Equator to the Cape. That singular jumble of Dutchmen, Englishmen, Hottentots, Kafirs and Bushmen, living together and apart in every form of independence, union and subjection, introduces us to many aspects of its kaleidoscopic life. Constantia wine, worthy an emperor's table, ebony, tobacco, diamonds, charts of docks, wool, are mingled with ostrich eggs, lions' skins, immense tusks of ivory, karosses and other bits of barbarism pure and simple. The Orange Free State, an odd sort of quasi-republic inhabited by seventy-five thousand whites and some blacks, asserts its sovereignty away off in the south-western corner of the building, far from England and her colonies proper. For a country of its size this exhibit is astonishing, and none the less striking for the style in which it is presented. A small glass case in the centre of a pavilion hung round with hides and horns of antelope, rhinoceros, etc., books of butterflies and jars of dried fruit, contains diamonds from the famous gold-fields of South Africa, the heritage and germ of the microscopic republic. Coal, an endowment that by some chance presents itself in all the footprints of British commerce, is not wanting on the Vaal. To judge from the specimens exhibited, however, we should say the South African seams were thin and of poor quality.

A general similarity of products marks the insular and peninsular settlements

of England in the southern hemisphere. Extending through all the zones of that side, they possess in common certain agricultural and mineral staples. Their geological structure aids in accounting for this. Primary, metamorphic and volcanic rocks predominate. Rich mineral ores, unencumbered by thick strata of aqueous origin, a high and broken surface favorable to the growth of wool,



PORCELAIN STOVE, FROM SWEDEN.

and a deficient rainfall discouraging to the cereals, characterize the Cape, New Zealand and Australia. New Zealand's supply of moisture is more ample than that of the others, as her specimens from the forest and the farm show. She contributes a new fibre, phormium, in the raw state and in such manufactured forms as cordage, mats, etc. Wools and plain woolen fabrics are still more prominent on her shelves. Hops lend them an Anglo-Saxon air, and aid us to realize the antipodal Britain that is being built up in the twin islands. The government

machinery assiduously employed in its erection is illustrated by a series of carefully-prepared geological and topographical maps—charts to guide the immigrant to the homestead he needs and to reduce settlement to a science.

But it is to the young colony of Queensland that we must turn for the most elaborate and detailed array of these valuable appliances. No State of the American Union, any more than the Federal gov-

ernment, can show anything to compare with these pictures of the face of the country and its structure. The mineral framework beneath, the natural growth above of timber and grasses, the water-courses, coast-line and estuaries, quarries, surface-washings and lodes, sheep-walks and tillage, methods of transportation by land and water—a perfect portraiture, in short, of the country—we have spread before the eye. Nor can it be



SWEDISH CARIOLE.

said to be strictly a miniature portrait. The photographs are of extraordinary size, and, thanks to a pure dry atmosphere, remarkably distinct in detail. They are, moreover, improved—and not, as often happens, obscured—by color. The drawings of surveys are equally satisfactory. To the reproduction of the country they have developed are added haphazard likenesses of the inhabitants. These serve to show that, perhaps from the shorter period during which climatic influences and new modes of life have operated, the physique of the colonists has not departed so far from the European type as in our case. Though the temperature is not less extreme than ours, and the hygrometric contrast with the Old World greater than in the United States, the people have fewer angles and more *embonpoint*. As the fathers of a coming Pacific empire, and the commercial neighbors and rivals of our own States

on the shores of the same ocean, their faces and that of their land have a special interest for us. The spirit and thoroughness shown in their pictorial bids for immigration warn us that they are destined to be no mean competitors in the commercial race. Nor is this impression weakened by a glance at the shining pyramid that represents the gold extracted in the last eight years, the ingots of tin and copper, the samples of a more valuable export, wool, and of sugar, coal, dried fruits, etc., sent by the great island-continent.

The British empire grows like a tree. We look farther and farther out to the ends of the widening branches for flower and fruit. The trunk from which they draw their being must be sound and hale, as it clearly is, but the atmosphere into which they are pushed, and which gives them much of their sustenance, must also be pure and healthy. We study

and admire in them the effect at once of new and old conditions.

From young, teeming and genial Australasia a step or two, dryshod under glass, lands us in iron-bound Scandinavia. Above us springs, from a stranded galley, an iron mast, with iron rigging twisted and knotted as intricately as hemp. Battle-axes and cross-bows and lances, old and genuine, depend from rocks, and a mail-clad Berserker presses forward to the prow, eager to ravage a fresh coast. With him the savage side of the picture comes to an end. His teeth are drawn, and Norway is seated at the work-bench of the nation, as patient and tame as any of them. To indoor work she has mainly to confine herself. With less than two per cent. of her lands arable, the best products even of her farmers must be won at the fireside. Hence, the numerous and often delicate bits of wood-carving exhibited, done by peasants in the long winter nights and stern winter days—watch-chains, charms, cabinets, etc. We have, too, the newspapers and books that beguile the same hours—*Illustreret Tidende*, with its cuts descriptive and jocular, side-splitting to the Norsk apprehension, but blank and flavorless to the foreigner; the school-desks and copy-books used in compulsory public education; and the stoves, tall and solemn and many-storied in cast iron, or elegant in bronze and porcelain, that keep the nation warm. That the people have, too, a particularly vigorous outdoor life is made sufficiently manifest by the large display of government publications. Charts and elaborate shaded

ferent grades, the plants, animals, mines, manufactories, geology and navigation of the kingdom. One of these tinted charts is deserving of especial study by our shipowners. It shows the movement of the Norwegian marine, now so rapidly encroaching upon our own vessels in



HUNTING-GROUP, FROM SWEDEN.

our own ports. The fisheries alone of Norway employ twenty-seven thousand men, sturdy Lutherans who feed the Latin Catholics during Lent with cod, thriftily reserving the livers for phthisical English and Americans, who will be interested in the trophies of oil-bottles that abet and abut the stoves, the rich furs, the sleighs and carioles, and the curiously-twisted iron bars.

The section occupied by the sister-kingdom is more varied in its attractions. Swedish iron, long unequaled for toughness, is illustrated in every shape, from lumps of ore to wire and mathematical drawings of the furnaces and geological maps of the mines. These engineering productions are not the only evidences of the importance attached by the Swedes, in common with most other European nations, to art-training. The crayon drawings by pupils of the public schools of Stockholm, Örebro, Malmö and Nordköping are of the highest merit, and

decidedly the best of their class in the building. Nothing equal to them can be found in the American school-exhibits scattered over the grounds. In ceramics, Rörstrand excels Staffordshire in design and in the fineness and compactness of material. In color the Stockholm majolica may perhaps rank lower. Some inlaid porphyry and marble is noticeable in this connection as giving further evidence of artistic feeling. An obelisk of friction-matches is a fit transition from the domain of taste to that of fireworks more or less destructive, peaceful and military. The traditions of Gustavus and Charles are not forgotten under the Bernadotte dynasty, and we are treated to a warlike panorama of guns, harness and wax soldiers that might better have been sent to Cronstadt than to Philadelphia. The strength of the modern Goth lies not in sword and shield: we see it in the schoolhouse, the forge and the factory. Mightier than Sweden's little army is the fact that ninety-seven per cent. of her children between eight and fifteen attend school. This guarantee of the intellectual corresponds to the evidences of the physical health and strength of Young Sweden afforded by the costumed figures of the peasantry, notably those in the family group collected round the dying moose.

Thorwaldsen's influence has doubtless overflowed into Sweden from Denmark, in whose terra-cotta with Etruscan designs we trace his inspiration. In purity of form and freshness of coloring it is worthy of his school. Some ebony furniture by Hansen of Copenhagen is in similar taste. If works of this kind represent, as we think they do, Denmark's forte in the exposition, the traditional weakness of "your Dane" may be traced, by one critically inclined, in sundry racks of Kirschwasser.

Reminiscences of Holstein may have induced the distance between the Danish section and that of the German empire. If so, we shall for the nonce bring them into their natural propinquity and spring southward across the isthmus of Lubec. Always possessing a bold, the new power now offers a beautiful, front.

The bronzes, faience and chased silver that blaze out from between her tall black and gold columns upon Britain, France and the United States are as formidable to her rivals as the other columns and reserves she erstwhile set in motion. Her art-products have yet somewhat of the ponderous and unplastic in their style, exact and well studied as they mostly are. The weight of such massy subjects as Bismarck and Wilhelm, who pervade the whole German department, solid and decorative, helps to account for it. Saxony and Bavaria are not enough to leaven the lump. Dresden, indeed, does not put forth her full strength. We should place, however, in the highest rank the porcelain of Wappen, Giesele, Koch and Bein. The grounds are not so rich as some others, but in tone and mellowness the colors are all that could be wished. The observer will come upon many isolated bits of faience of striking merit among the different stands. Bronzes abound, but as a rule they lack sharpness and precision. The details which give character and raise a casting into a work of art are lost.

Meyer's ivory carving is curious and good. The make-up of this display, with its tusks of elephant and narwhal, is unique. The wood-carving of furniture exhibitors is generally faithful, and lacking only in lightness and elegance. No defect in this direction can be ascribed to the wall-paper of Herling, in imitation of silk and Spanish leather—a novelty our upholsterers should study and adopt. Wooden toys, dolls and trifles of that sort fill several gay cases, with manifest advantage to the general effect of Germany's display. This specialty Central Europe will long monopolize. Our farmers will not soon make an industry of whittling or their wives of doll-dressing. Quite as vivid are the exhibits of the colormen. German dyes and pigments are remarkable for brilliance and cheapness, and will continue to stand high in the market so long as German chemistry maintains its present position. The Nuremberg ultramarine would have been a divine vision to the old masters, who paid for lapis-lazuli

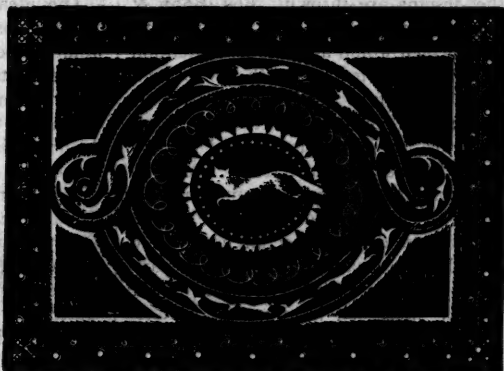
more than its weight of gold, and who, unable to purchase it themselves, were often fain to be watched by their monkish patrons to see that they faithfully accounted for all of the precious pigment that was entrusted to them. Another

delight to them would have been Faber's treasury of black lead and chalks. The chromos would have caused them surprise, though not of a wholly agreeable character. Our surprise is that the display of these lithographs in color is not better. The art seems to have come to a standstill for a time. Lithographers might be tempted to allege that it had caught up with the pictures it reproduces, but we think unjustly, the tendency of modern oil-painters to thinness and monochrome being by

no means universal. Chromos, like photographs, form links between art and literature, and they are less satisfactory in the German section of the Main Building than some specimens of the other form of copy, the autotypes especially of Röttger & Jonas of Dresden. These are certainly admirable—clear in outline without losing atmosphere and effect. Better ideas, not only of pictures but of sculpture, can be conveyed in this way than by the commercial bronzes which overload the counters. The bronze reduction, for example, of that magnificent work, the monumental group in honor of Frederick the Great, can give but a general idea of the original, its niceties being slurred in the casting. A good photograph, or series of photographs, would preserve all of these and give us the exact truth.

Critics who claim familiarity with the actual attainments of North German art in silver, plate, glass, bronze and porcelain allege that its display here argues a cynical contempt for American taste, and that its treasures were all kept at home. If so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously will the kaiser's mercantile subjects answer it, for the average judg-

ment of our purchasers in such matters is good. Our people know how to select if not yet to execute; and this fact will be discovered by England and France at the expense of any dubious competitor. Germany's immense publishing trade,



RUG OF VARIOUS FURS, FROM SWEDEN.

too, might have had more to say for itself. There is some solid work in book-binding, and the photographs of topographical maps in relief are things we ought to imitate. Prussia's specialty in the province of material for bijouterie, amber, appears almost exclusively in the rough. The interest of this collection would have been enhanced by a series of the insects, eight or nine hundred species, found imbedded in the fossil resin.

In the less prominently-situated section of Austro-Hungary we strike a palpably different artistic vein. This relic of the Holy Roman Empire lies nearer Italy, and breathes a whiff of southern air borne over the Alps. We find that Austria possesses, with something worth seeing, the art of welcoming those who desire to see it. A graceful fountain, with a border of plants and encircling seats for the weary, attracts one within her confines. Bohemian glass is first inquired for. It sustains its reputation. Among the exhibitors of it may be named Lobmeyr of Vienna and the factory of Count Harrach. This charming industry has wandered into the Tyrol, Innsbruck showing remarkably rich glass of an olive-green tint. A very curious

product is the "glass-wool" of Schreiber & Neff, a brilliant but, we should imagine, unhealthy textile. Wagner's glass is marked not only by the delicacy of its coloring, but by the boldness of the engraving and the strong relief into which the designs are thrown. Leil, Böhn & Lux present repoussé work in silver and plate which would attract more attention in a place less teeming with that branch of the fanciful. Ecclesiastical work—reliquaries, shrines, crucifixes, etc.—abounds, but manifests its usual tendency to degenerate into tinsel. The smoker's bijouterie in meerschaum and amber is not so far beyond the like exhibit in the United States section as it would have been a decade since. Thanks partly to the cigar-excise and partly to the largely-increased immigration of Germans, the pipe has risen into an American "institution," with a corresponding development of its manufacture and decoration. It has its museums, its schools and its literature, and concedes to its worshipers by the Danube no advantage but that of being nearer the mines of sea-foam.

Furniture made of bent wood, in infinite luxuriance of curve, twist and trelis, bronzed, gilt and carved, is quite peculiar to the Austrian section. Kohn's pavilion, constructed of this material, is a study. The exhibit of Thonet Brothers is rich in color and upholstery. This style has great capabilities, and they should be cultivated by our manufacturers. In musical instruments much was expected from Austria, and the display of them is ample and varied enough to satisfy the most ardent connoisseur in noise. The Indian, meditating over a cask of whisky, estimated its contents at fifty fights; and in the mouths of these trumpets, gaping for the battles of the future, one may read the record of many an embryo charge and rally, and long lists of killed and wounded. The empire enters also the lists of the spinners of cotton, wool and silk, and shows that in substantial, as well as elegancies, 1873 was not lost on her.

Especial mention is due to the photomicroscopic pictures of Haack. They

show trichinæ and other parasites, enlarged with a distinctness that leaves nothing to be wished. They are wholly free from the granular coarseness that destroys the value of ordinary "thrown-up" photographs.

The idea of making near neighbors of the most widely-separated nations would appear to have governed many of the allotments in the Main Building. Austria is next door to the United States, and a tour to Bohemia through England, Scandinavia and Prussia leads us directly home. A pause upon our own soil will prepare us for another excursion. We are reconciled to repose by a look at Tiffany's silver, placed in the forefront of the American battle and flashing defiance on France, England and Prussia. Glitter, at the same time, is hardly a word for the contents of this representative booth. They are rather quiet in style and appearance, correct, rich and tasteful as are the designs. The variety of surface, color and texture given to silver is a feature more observable than in the collections opposite. A fine example, as regards both design and workmanship, is the Century Vase, which is conspicuous among the exhibits of the Gorham Company.

Though several other exhibitors show fine work in the precious metals—among them Morgan & Headly, Caldwell & Co., and Haas & Co. of Philadelphia—their displays are far exceeded in bulk by those of the britannia and plated-ware trade, which has become quite a prominent industry in the United States. Adams & Co. of Providence, Rogers Bros. of West Meriden, and the Middletown Plate Company have shelves filled with evidence that art has been mustered into this service. The forms are well studied, and for the combination of elegance and adaptation to use these stalls are not excelled by anything in those of Europe. Good art-schools, as yet, to say the least, a novelty in this country, must effect still greater improvement. If this sham silver is to become the standard American metal for household use and ornament, it is well that artists should make it as presentable as possible. Not much more

valuable than clay, it is almost as plastic and susceptible of finer modeling.

Another art-manufacture, more recently introduced, is that of celluloid, an imitation of coral. Being cheaper, more manageable and quite as pretty, it bids fair soon to supersede the marine product.

Still more of a handicraft is the carving in tortoise-shell, beautifully illustrated by Hildreth & Co. of Northboro', Mass., and Adams & Co. and Spaulding of Providence. This is all legitimate work of hand and eye, done with chisel and saw, and much of it in the highest degree



CENTURY VASE, EXHIBITED BY THE GORHAM COMPANY.

commendable. We may perhaps class with these minor ornamental efforts the wax flowers, fruit, etc. from Miss Bloodgood's works. They are by far the best wax imitations in the building.

Of our ceramics there is not much to be said. Galloway, Graff & Co. of Philadelphia have some well-executed casts from the antique. Porcelain is not an art-product with us, and in its simpler forms it has made less progress in this country within the past half century than most other manufactures. The same may be said of glass; and here lies one of the fields of improvement in which

most may be expected from the exposition. The Etruscan Company of Trenton seems determined to strike out for itself a new path.

Cornelius's lamp designs maintain their old reputation. They are better than the average of the German makers in beauty and lightness. The few American bronzes exhibited in the field of art proper indicate want of study.

Many displays of marble mantels, étagères, etc. prove the riches of our quarries and the promise of our carvers of stone. Fauchère & Co. of New York exhibit some exquisite work of this kind.

One of their mantels is wrought in an agate-like alabaster, called in the trade onyx-marble. It is pearly and semi-transparent, and takes the chisel well. A baptismal font in Vermont statuary marble is the chief attraction of an excellent exhibit by Struthers & Sons of Philadelphia. The polished granite of several exhibitors ought to render us independent of the Scotch cutters. St. Johnsbury, Vermont, supplies a gray stone not inferior to that of Aberdeen.

In furniture of wood the display is worthy of that prominent and progressive industry. It is difficult to select names, but the work of Cooper & Brothers, Philadelphia, is both novel and elegant in style, and the carving well done. Schasty & Co. show some rococo sets in reproduction of the fashion of the Revolution. Bent wood, we think, might have come out in greater force. We must not forget to name a buffet in walnut, marble and bronze by Karcher of Philadelphia.

Wood-carpet is a curious invention. It, like wall-hangings of veneer, is still, we believe, on trial. Inlaying by machinery promises to add largely to the decorative uses of our long list of fine timber trees.

The show-cases and pavilions of the American section argue a fund of native taste and fancy that awaits little more than education to enable it to bloom into true art. Here, for example, are two stands which would earn admiration in the French or Italian quarter. One of them is filled with paints and artists' materials. The other enshrines an assortment of tacks. Oils, chemicals, fruit-extracts and a number of other staples smoothe their ordinarily unattractive front with similar grace. Mechanical toys have brightness enough to be independent of so elaborate a setting. They are a new product in the United States. For many years the hope of competing with France and Germany in toys was abandoned. The cheaper and more common kinds are still left to those countries, but a class in which mechanism acts, and which can be made in quantities by machinery, has been successfully appropriated by our producers.

The domestic supply of carpets, a much more important industry, as the census shows, is on an old and sound footing. The exhibit is ample and good, including the coarsest and richest fabrics. As they are conspicuous individually, and have a quarter to themselves where they can be readily compared, we need hardly print the notes we have made on their comparative merit. The colors are often rich and in good keeping, but in other cases both tint and design clamor loudly for art-schools. The same may be said of oil-cloth. We may name among the carpet-manufacturers most prominent for merit in ornamentation Smith & Sons of New York. Others join in giving earnest of a determination not to let their designs fall behind the education of the popular eye. The condition and tendency of public taste is, in fact, as truly reflected by the carpets as by any other decorative product. The large single pieces do not compete with those sent from France, Holland and England, one reason being found in the inadequacy of the home demand for them.

Paper-hangings play a prominent part in the finish of American interiors. They are not so fully represented as might have been desirable. A sunny and riant character prevails among those on exhibition. Gilt, white, the grays and positive colors are more at odds with the requisites of harmony and depth of tone than the more sober schemes of color which mark European specimens. Imitations of different woods, and the attachment of wood itself to a backing of paper, are becoming popular, and will tend to give the decoration of our walls more mellowness and repose.

Paper, the flimsy clothing of so much more of our art and all our literature, presents itself in every form, from the crude and purely utilitarian shape of roof-sheathing to the most delicate note paper—a sentiment itself in tint and texture—and *éditions de luxe* from the leading publishers of the United States. We turn from a dingy and ill-smelling sheet that would enable several cottages to defy the storm, and proclaims itself the largest ream ever made, to elaborate show-

cases, delightful alike to authors, readers and bookkeepers. The last will dwell with professional rapture on the wide array of account-books, dense of leather, manifold of tracery and tooling, and flexible as broadcloth. To judge from the massive journals, day-books, etc. of Short & Forman of Cleveland, the conclusion is natural that that city does not expect a commercial decline as sudden and rapid as its rise, but looks forward to centuries of thrift worthy of monumental records.

Books more generally instructive and less monotonous in the character of their contents, chronicles of other things than

dollars and cents, rear themselves in brilliant profusion in a tall pavilion common to several publishers. This enables the cursory observer to compare at a glance the productions of the "Murrays, Lintots, Tonsons of the times." J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia occupy a handsome pavilion of their own, distinguished not more by the variety and style of the long list of publications exhibited than, in the estimation at least of the visitor who likes to unite study and comfort, by the seats which surround it, and make it, like the Austrian and French sections with their fountains and



VIEW OF BOOK DEPARTMENT.

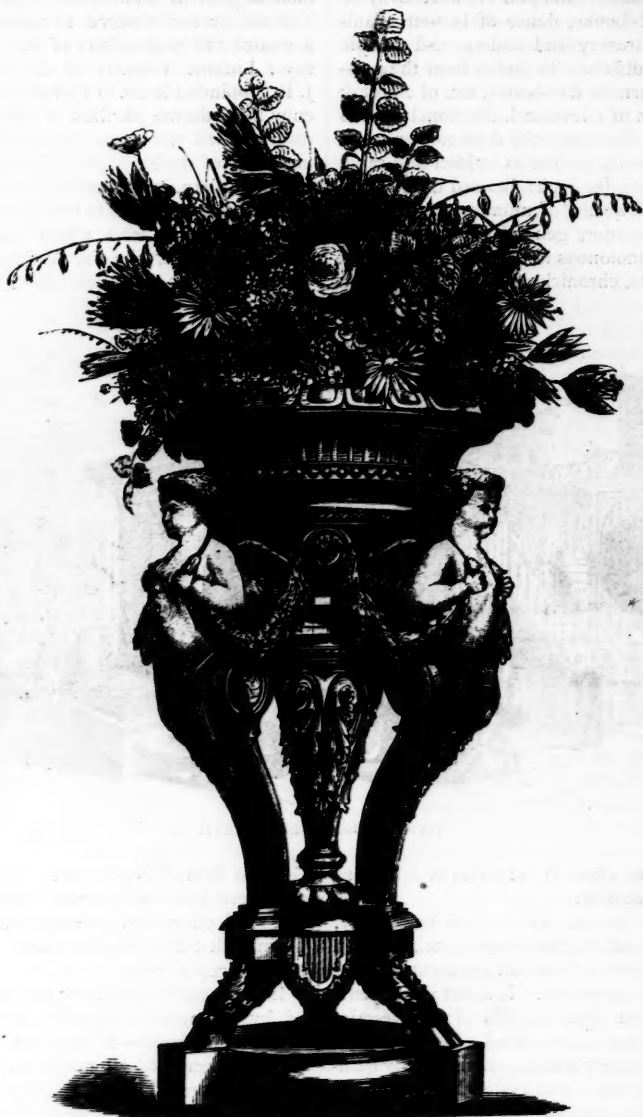
sofas, an oasis in the midst of a Sahara of plank floor.

Pens, pencils and school machinery, mathematical instruments, etc., make a show that excludes all apparent need of foreign assistance. It is not many years since our chief supplies of this description came from abroad. Now, metallic pens of every grade, pencils rapidly gaining on Faber, and better than two-thirds of those sold under that name, instruments as good, though not yet so cheap, as the German, and school apparatus, are made at home. A show-case of Kindergarten appliances is filled by a

German firm of New York. It is complete and interesting—the models, flat and solid, cheap and generally excellent. From such collections our schools will select and reproduce.

In this neighborhood our eye is arrested by a singular outgrowth of strictly modern progress—a museum of the postage-stamps of all mankind. What a charm it would have had for Rowland Hill, who died less than a generation ago! To our grandfathers this mode of paying postage was unknown. Now, Fiji, Japan, Roumania, Egypt, the Decan, the Sandwich Islands and some

scores of other new-found lands and | special set of devices for making private correspondence free of the mails.



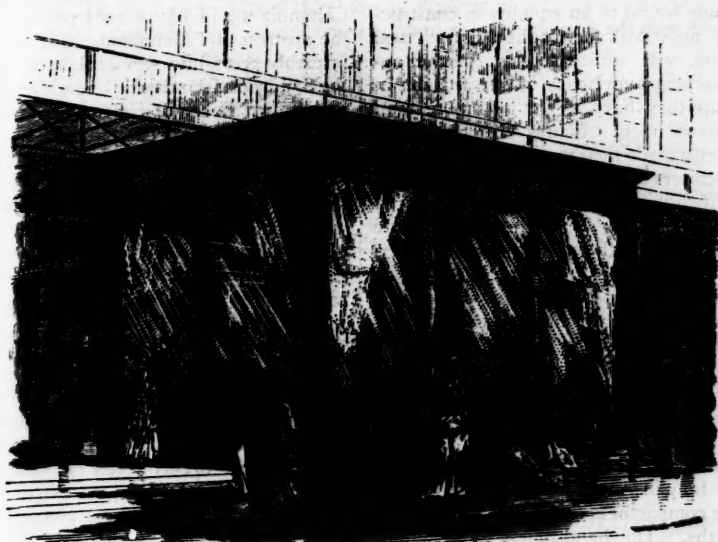
ZINC VASE AND FLOWERS, EXHIBITED BY THE CHICAGO ZINC COMPANY.

As specimens of local art, taste and culture, this collection would have more interest were the stamps all made at the place of issue. But they are mostly sup-

plied by engravers in Europe and the United States, and have accordingly a strong family likeness. Our engravers furnish the outlying nations with plates for this and similar purposes quite largely. The Japanese bonds executed by the American Bank Note Company prove that the mikado and his counselors have

yielded to the temptations of credit, and are studying the art of making its path charming to the eye.

From gilt and floriated bonds and paper money to other products of attractive but delusive exterior is a natural transition. Sheet and cast iron coated by the galvanic process with zinc and copper fill



CASE OF SILKS, EXHIBITED BY CHERNEY BROTHERS.

a large space in the United States section. A vase of flowers by the Chicago Zinc Company shows that the Graces are not unpropitious to Industry wooing them in this homespun garb. Shams for architectural pinnacles and cornices, more solid-looking lock, bell and drawer handles, and small bells and gongs of more genuine composition, lead up to legitimate brass and bronze castings, and point us on to a divergence from fine art and its pretence in the direction of honest iron and steel. The American axe, begotten of continental forests, has hewn its way across the world from English parks to Australian groves of blue gum, and stands confessedly at the head of all axes. Firearms, also, in certain classes an acknowledged specialty, are well represented. Iron in more rudimental

forms—rolled, drawn and carbonized—appears in quantity, if not in variety and novelty of treatment, not unworthy a country second only to Great Britain in its product of this metal, and turning out yearly about as much Bessemer steel as the ancient mines of Sweden do of iron. For all that, we see nothing here to remind us of the intricately-twisted forms in which the Swedes, at the opposite corner of the building, present us their charcoal iron.

Not until we undertake to explore the wilderness of minor manufactures do we realize that our country has long since shed its colonial wrappings and has become an industrial world able of itself to fill a world's fair. The five acres allotted to its thirty-five hundred exhibitors under this roof are occupied without an over-

display of any one branch, and with many imperfectly illustrated. A walk through the section proves that some known industries hardly appear at all, and that nevertheless there are few things of any substantial consequence which we do not manufacture. A bare list would be a long one. The item of watches, in which we have lately sprung at one bound to an equality in constructive merit with the English, French and Swiss, will suffice to suggest the approaching supremacy of our artisans in fields they have as yet not more than entered upon. Pianos also they have quietly made their own. European manufacturers seem to have abandoned competition in them upon our own soil or in the general market, for they exhibit none to compare with the array on the American side.

More prominent and long-established manufactures are more content, apparently, with simply holding their own. An immense display of cotton and woolen fabrics could not fail to be made by the district extending from Delaware to Maine. The solidity of the sheetings and prints must strike foreigners, while we may in return study with advantage the compactness and dye of their woolen cloths. The handsomest thing among American woollens is the Minneapolis blanket. The Spaniards and Dutch approach it closely, but, we think, do not equal it in combined softness and density. Flannels, hosiery and other fabrics of that class are of merit commensurate with the exactions of our winter climate.

In silk-weaving we have to draw upon the future. A great deal of silk is shown, but it does not come up to Lyons, or even Dublin. The neutral solid colors of Cheney Brothers and the gayer silks in figures of the Passaic Works claim mention. There can be no good reason why the enormous annual tribute sent abroad for silks should not soon be canceled.

The display of the United States, as a whole, is not below what was looked for by our own people. In the finer departments of art-manufacture its position

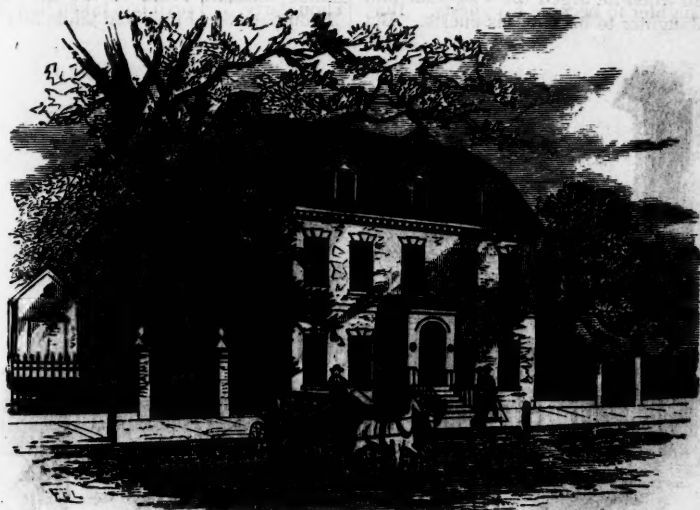
remains one rather of expectancy and experiment. But the material and the capacity seem to be there.

Though no longer a colony, the Union has not attained a metropolitan position, and can marshal no train of dependencies like those of England, France, Spain and the Netherlands. If absolutely required to appear at court with a retinue, Columbia would be as hard put to it as the mistress of Tillietudlem. She would probably press into service Liberia and the Sandwich Islands, the one with white and brown livery of coffee and arrow-root, and the other decked with the sugarcane and feather fans.

Nay, we do Hawaii injustice. For so small a community, and that declining in population, its exhibit is most creditable. It includes ornamental woods of great beauty neatly inlaid, olona and several other textile fibres of value, sugar, rice, corals, sulphur, and, better than all, a file of school-books printed on the island. The books are well chosen and well printed. They do not include the whole list employed, many being imported from the United States. The children number twenty-seven per cent. of the population; and from the extent and success of the public-school system, the inspector-general of which, Mr. H. R. Hitchcock, is Hawaiian commissioner to the exposition, we should infer that this isolated society of Polynesians was quite up to the average culture of one of our backwoods settlements.

In this paper are thrown together the sections of some nations calculated to illustrate each other by resemblance or by contrast—the like in like as well as the like in difference. The building we now traverse is, however, it will be remembered, only a part of the ground upon which at the Centennial they meet for comparison. In parceling them out for description we shall keep this in view, and endeavor to associate those which can best be measured between themselves by the classes of subjects to which the Main Building is appropriated.

A GLIMPSE OF PHILADELPHIA IN JULY, 1776.



RESIDENCE OF MORDECAI FLOYD.

MR. HENRY KEEN WALDO of Queen Anne's, as we learn from a MS. diary kept by him, came to Philadelphia in July, 1776, with several other gentlemen of Virginia, who assembled to counsel and support their delegates in Congress. They were all leaders in the province; their property, and indeed the destiny of their lives, depended on the action of the Congress in this present crisis; and they could not wait patiently for weeks until the post-riders should bring news of the result to Richmond. Mr. Waldo had been a member of the House of Burgesses and of the Committee of Safety: he had in both adopted the extreme views of young Jefferson and the plebeian Patrick Henry, rather than the temporizing policy of Peyton Randolph, Braxton and other men of his own more aristocratic class.

He had brought his daughter with him, their body-servants, groom, etc.: the whole party traveled on pack-horses,

and put up at the Indian Queen Inn, but on the day of their arrival were so earnestly entreated to accept the hospitality of Mordecai Floyd, a wealthy Quaker, that they removed to his house on High street, just below Fourth.

Mordecai Floyd was one of the great importers in the India and Barbadoes trade: his fortune had grown of late years to such large proportions that he was among the few merchants in the little town who were able to live in dwellings separate from their warehouses. His house, two-storied, hip-roofed, built of English black and glazed brick, stood just where the town touched the country. His sister Hannah regulated the sober yet affluent conditions of the little household. Miss Betty Waldo, no doubt, thought its small rooms, great cleanly kitchens and trim garden a picture of snug comfort after the barn-like wooden houses and lavish wastefulness of the Virginia gentry.

There are one or two little facts given

in Mr. Waldo's diary from which readers of sentimental leanings might infer that Mordecai Floyd, a bachelor of middle age, had some tenderer object in view than the wish to oblige a business friend when he urged the Virginian and his daughter to become his guests. But

if that were the case, Mr. Waldo evidently had no suspicion of it. He mentions in his diary his surprise at discovering the scholarship of his host, whom he had "supposed to possess only the shrewd, money-making sense of the Thee-and-Thou party." Floyd had taken him into



THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE.

the little brick house which contained the library that James Logan had willed to the town, and had fingered the huge leather-covered volumes with a familiarity which awed the Virginian, whose knowledge embraced some remembered scraps of Terence and Horace, and an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Pope's poems, *Sir Charles Grandison* and other fashionable novels of the day.

He states in explanation that "Floyd belongs to a small clan of Quakers among whom Penn's good-breeding and learning are not only tradishuns, but heirlooms. The majority of the sect are poorly educatted, and the women speak much false grammar." The Virginian had not the least doubt of his own qualifications as literary critic.

He arrived on the third of the month. After the heavy dinner of meats and pastry usual among Friends at twelve

o'clock, Mordecai betook himself to his warehouse, and Mr. Waldo to the London Coffee-house, where he was soon joined by a high-featured, ungainly man in gray cloth coat and small-clothes, his thick foxy hair drawn back from a reddish-colored face and tied with a black ribbon. Mr. Waldo (who wore lace, a full suit of brown velvet, his hair powdered, buckles of diamonds and dress sword) was a little annoyed that his leader, Jefferson, should so neglect externals, and give to the Philadelphia Tories a false idea of his social rank. This matter, however, soon passed out of his mind. Mr. Jefferson walked with him up High street to the shop of James Randolph, of which the Virginia delegation made a sort of head-quarters. The bill introduced by one of them, Mr. Richard Henry Lee of Westmoreland, had passed in Congress the day before, and the colo-

nies by it were virtually separated from the mother-country. The paper drawn up by the committee of which Jefferson was chairman, declaring them free and independent, was to be brought up for signing the next day. Our Virginian, a new-comer, was aflame with excitement at hearing of these great matters. His hand continually sought his sword as he sat listening to the account of work done by his neighbors in the past week—not speaking, for he was a man of much dif-

fidence and but humble opinion of himself.

When he and Mr. Jefferson had quitted the others and were walking up the muddy street together, he said, "This is a new nation which has been created. I have done nothing. I will take my daughter home at once, raise troops in Queen Anne's and join Colonel Washington. I take shame to myself to have been idle so long." He was much moved, and wondered no little at the calmness of



MR. JEFFERSON AND MR. WALDO.

his companion. Mr. Jefferson, however, was at the time chagrined at some alterations in the wording of his paper suggested by the committee, and was even graver and more silent than was his wont. He proposed that Mr. Waldo should accompany him to the house of Dr. Franklin, whom he wished to consult on some important matter before going with other delegates to a state dinner at the City Tavern.

Mr. Waldo, used to the quiet streets

of the country village of Richmond, found quite a metropolitan air in the stir and bustle of the little Quaker borough. The setting sun threw a ruddy glow over the forest to the west and the one or two country-seats, with their stiff, box-bordered gardens, that broke into its edge. These dark woods were threaded by divers shady lanes, down which the cows were slowly coming home from pasture, and by streams that glittered in and out of the thickets and rank grass, broaden-

ing into muddy creeks as they crossed the town. This forest made one barrier to the town, the glittering Delaware the other, along which the masts of the shipping stuck up into the reddened sky with fine black lines. The streets ran between woods and river, straight, narrow, lined with low, solid, gloomy houses, red and black in color, with beetle-browed roofs and overhanging stoops. Here and there one of the "great mansions" emphasized the street with its pretentious gardens, wooden statuary, stabling and kitchens swarming with black and white slaves. Mr. Waldo caught sight of certain stately dames in brocade and towering head-gear carried in sedan chairs to and from these houses, no doubt on their way, although it was still broad daylight, to one of the fashionable tea-drinkings whose "deadly weariness" his Virginia neighbors had warned him to escape. Other ladies, gay in flowered chintzes and lawn aprons, sat knitting on the stoops, chatting with their friends as they went by. There a couple of gallant French officers stood hat in hand, paying their devoirs to an ugly old matron, while her daughter sat with shy yet saucy eyes in the background; there a busy housewife stepped down on the plank sidewalk, trading with a Dutch farmer, in his suit of yellow tow, on horseback, his wife and baskets on the pillion behind; on a broad stoop sat a Quaker shopkeeper and his plump wife with folded hands, placidly surveying the passers-by, the shop (the "Bunch of Feathers" or "Key of Gold") invitingly open to the public, with its display of paduasoy, shaloons and saggathies, while his 'prentice in leather apron and the maid-servant within carried on their coarse courtship in full sight, unrebuked.

The Virginian, fevered by excitement, saw groups and houses as pictures in a significant panorama: on every side he detected indications of the change at hand. To-morrow past, the little town could never sink back into the drowsy dependency of a single Quaker family, but would become the field of an experiment such as the world had never yet seen. The indications of the change were

insignificant enough; a few strangers from the feebler colonies brightening the dull-tinted streets with stately dress and color, toupee and velvet, crimson and purple, sword and chapeau, while the drab-hued, phlegmatic Quakers looked at them askance and sourly; from the Northern Liberties came the music of the city battalions at drill; now passed a dozen painted Indians in hunting-shirts, not lounging lazily under a load of peltry, but erect, keeping step to the tap of the drum; again, a band of fighting Quakers, young fellows, cockaded, in blue and buff; from the peaks of the privateers anchored in the harbor floated a new flag, bearing a rattlesnake on a field of blue ready to strike; the very gangs of 'prentice-lads in their smock shirts and leathern aprons crowded about Dock Creek, and the black slaves at work in the reeking kitchens gabbled together of Washington's hungry soldiers or of Howe's well-fed Hessians, and often, too, of the chance of escape to join one army or the other.

They passed a large mansion on High street surrounded by green-houses and a lawn shaded with gray old cedars. One or two coaches and a landau—all, indeed, that the town could boast—were drawn up in front of it: there was great stir of preparation within. Richard Penn, one of the Proprietaries, entertained tonight the dignitaries of the province and some of the Most Honorable Congress. High street, down which they walked, was the centre of the Quaker town—not only of its business, but social life. One or two other houses besides the Proprietary Penn's were lighted, and gave signs that a solid supper or the fashionable thin feast of tea, small cakes and dignity was going on within. The Philadelphians, pushed unwillingly to economy in the last two years, had gladly relaxed the strain to show hospitality to the leaders of the other provinces as they arrived. The Virginian, however, with whom hospitality was a daily affair, looked with more interest at the novel sights and sounds of the trading portion of the street. It was the eve of market-day: the chimes of Christ Church were ringing

as usual to announce the fact. The yellow-covered wagons of the Dutch farmers were already ranged in line under the open market-sheds, while their owners were drinking beer and eating blood-puddings at the Black Boar or the Rose and Crown.

Mr. Waldo stopped curiously, too, to observe the Town Hall, a little dark building, where all public meetings had

been held by the colonial governors: the Friends' squat, well-shaded meeting-house was its nearest neighbor, but under a penthouse attached to its side stood the pillory and whipping-post where the black, Irish and Palatine slaves were daily taught submission. Pillory, whipping-post and meeting-house were all now deserted and silent in the quiet evening: a gray pigeon fluttered drow-



THE TOWN HALL.

sily up to the leaden-framed window of the hall and curled its head under its wing to sleep on the broad sill. Down near the river, however, the auctioneer's block stood in the open street, and he could be heard distinctly calling out the several lots for sale to a few of the Dutch farmers who were gathered about him: "One yearling heifer, warranted;" "Two roan nags, accustomed to pull in harness;" "Likely negro wench, who has had smallpox;" "Blacksmith, German, warranted healthy and industrious—for eight years." A written placard posted on the wall of Christ Church burying-ground gave notice "to the gentry and tradespeople that a lot of fifty negroes, just landed from the Guinea coast, would be sold at noon to-morrow."

Mr. Jefferson, noting his companion's eager interest in the town, pointed out the great barn-like wooden building erected for Whitefield by his disciples, and showed him in the green banks of one of the broad creeks one or two caves, yet remaining, in which the first Swedish and English settlers had found shelter nearly a century and a half before.

As they approached Franklin's house, however, all other thoughts fled before the awe with which the stranger regarded this most prominent of all Americans. Belonging himself to the younger branch of a noble English family, he felt a certain contempt for the low-born printer in his leather apron, and, as he knew nothing of science, regarded all "tinkering" with electricity as only a superior

sort of shop-work. But to the man whose testimony had been received with respect by Parliament, who had been flattered by peeresses and mentioned by princes as the foremost leader of his country, he was ready to pay a genuine homage. As they neared the house he tried to recall some state ceremonial, that he might bear himself becomingly in the presence of the great man. He wished that he had inquired what form of presentation to him was usual, that he might have been better prepared. A word of recognition at most was all that he could hope for from the great philosopher before he retired to hold counsel of state with Mr. Jefferson.

A gate barred an oblong green yard from the street. Mr. Jefferson clicked the latch, and they went in. "Under a mulberry tree," says Mr. Waldo, "on a wooden bench, sat a stout-trunked old man with bald head, and a fringe of white hair about a shrewd, simple face. His daughter poured out tea on a little table near, and her two unruly children romped unchecked under everybody's feet." He gives us snatches of the doctor's conversation, which turned upon a two-headed snake in a bottle, and its political signification, "observed much humor and keen wit in his remarks," but was evidently sorely disappointed to find the great sage and statesman more homely and human in his talk than his companions at home, the fine gentlemen of Richmond. "I took my leave with profound sentiments of gratitude for the invitation to return, and betook myself to good Mordecai Floyd's, where supper waited for me."

The meal, as he describes it, consisted of smoked venison hams, heavy joints of cold meat and hot cakes served on glittering pewter dishes bearing the Floyd arms. The homespun linen was delicately fine. The port and madeira, imported by Mordecai for his own use, bore a bouquet finer than any known to the Virginian, although he stocked his cellar by order from Perez, wine-merchant in London to the royal dukes.

"These Quakers pad their lives very comfortably," he said to his daughter.

"No wonder they want to keep the province in their own hands and let Liberty go hang."

He was irritable all the evening. He began to notice the tender gravity with which his host waited on pretty Miss Betty, and wished heartily he had remained with her at the Indian Queen Inn.

Supper being over, they adjourned to another room. Hannah Floyd drew out a white satin cushion, on which she worked in cross-stitch: her brother read aloud from Dunlop's little *Weekly Packet* news from England only six weeks old. Hannah entertained her guest with accounts of the footpads who attacked unwary travelers in the town, frequenting the neighborhood of Chestnut and Twelfth streets, until the young girl shuddered and turned pale.

"Hunger during the want of the last year has made the common people unruly as thy negro field-slaves, friend Henry," said Mordecai, laying down his paper. "But last week they stoned a witch to death here in front of my house."

"We find burning the more effectual cure for that evil," said Mr. Waldo gravely.

The Devil, Mordecai stated as they continued the subject, had been busy in the province that winter. Cases of possession were frequent. Certain well-known business-men (whom he named) had publicly stated that they had made a compact with the fiend, and in anguish of soul had summoned their neighbors to see them carried away bodily. Only the prayers of those thus summoned, he thought, had postponed the catastrophe. Prayer-meetings were now being held in a house on Second street to exorcise the Devil from a woman. Devout men kept up the supplication unceasingly while the awestruck populace looked on. He proposed that Mr. Waldo should visit this prayer-meeting to-morrow, to which his guest reverently assented. The talk then turned on the monastery on the Wissahickon in which a nobleman from Transylvania dwelt with his disciples. Mordecai was uncertain whether these men

were possessed by evil spirits of divination or merely a fanatic zeal of devotion. He told of a Quaker hermit living in a cave on the York road who protested against the sin of slavery to all passers-by.

"That man," said Hannah severely, "is possessed by a spirit of foolishness, as are many of our faith. I see no evil in slavery. Many of our servants came to us heathens from the Barbary coast, and are now godly Christians, I trust."

Miss Betty, despite this ghostly talk, found the evening creep on heavily. Women, at that day, even in the colonial metropolis, were reduced to personal chit-chat for amusement. Of books they knew little—of art, nothing: music, except at church or military parades, was rarely heard. They never traveled except on pack-horses to some other village in the wilderness: of foreign countries they had only the few dim glimpses of London life given at intervals in Dun-



THE AFTER-SUPPER PARTY.

lop's *Packet*. But in Virginia the high-bred ladies were wont to resort to cards, and on occasion to races, for amusement. Even shy little Miss Betty, though a member of church, betted recklessly, and had often, after a lucky evening at play or the success of one of her father's horses, dropped as many as a hundred guineas at once into her netted purse. She did not venture to mention cards in the Quaker's house: no doubt it occurred to her to wonder whether she could ever conform to this drab-colored life, and to look speculatively at honest Mordecai's downright face and dignified bearing as though they had much to do with the question.

Hannah Floyd, with a keen, sarcastic twinkle in her demure eyes, replied to her questions as to the amusements in vogue among the modish Christ Church people. "The Dancing Assembly," she said, "seems by report to be as formal and dreary a concourse as Friends' meeting doubtless appears to world's people. It is managed with military precision: no gentleman can select his partner, or leave her when given to him. A young lady neglecting her turn in dancing was fiercely called to order by the manager the other day, who demanded of her, 'Whether she supposed she came there for her own pleasure?'"

Discussion of politics was avoided by

the Quaker and his guest, who knew how certainly they would differ. At nine o'clock chamber candles, hot punch and cakes were brought in, and before ten the household was wrapped in slumber, while over the little town darkness and quiet reigned.

During the days which followed Mr. Waldo appears to have taken an eager part in the discussions which were produced by the adoption of the Declaration. There was fierce clashing of interests, couched in vigorous though formal English, whenever radical Virginia farmers and Massachusetts lawyers met the Tory merchants and Quakers of Philadelphia. Our hot-headed lobbyist from Queen Anne's was ready to endorse whatever his friend Jefferson had written: he declared he had no patience with the province of New York, which had not instructed her delegates to vote on this extreme question of revolution, and swore that while he had some respect for Allen, Galloway and other Philadelphians who openly joined the British, he thought hanging too good for the others who voted against or dodged the resolution of independence, though among them were John Dickenson, who had done much to stir up the colonies to mutiny, and Robert Morris, whose money was always at the command of his town and province. "They have missed their chance of immortality," he cried loudly when the decisive vote was made known.

"Needy men, such as these radical friends of thine, may properly manœuvre for a supply of future cheap fame," said Mordecai tartly, "but the great India merchants and Quaker rulers have more solid property in life, which they do well not to venture." He could not see the Quaker rule destroyed and his own property endangered and preserve his good-natured phlegm. No doubt Jefferson and Franklin appeared to him windy, dangerous demagogues, incendiaries recklessly firing the fair and solid temple to liberty reared in the wilderness by Penn.

The Declaration passed, however, and was signed by Hancock and Thomson. On the day appointed to proclaim it to

the people, the eighth of July, our Virginian was early abroad. He had grown familiar now with the grassy, ill-paved streets—had ventured as far out into the forest as the dull, stone-built hamlet of weavers called German-Town, and down to the Swedish church at Wicacoa, where some of the old men yet wore their leggings and coats of skins. But he was usually to be found in the open green where stood the new State-house with groups of the delegates trampling down the whortleberry-bushes and thistles as they paced to and fro discussing the proceedings within. On this day the members gathered early, even those among them who had forced the decisive action being doubtless anxious to note its effect upon the public mind and temper. There was not even one daily newspaper then to betray each sudden and significant change in the beating of the popular pulse: the trading and working classes expressed themselves rarely in public meetings; yet it was upon these classes and their reception of the Declaration that the success of the terrible experiment must ultimately rest. Leaders of humanity know doubtless that their bugle-calls will echo throughout all time, but they usually keep a shrewd outlook to know what their next-door neighbor thinks of the noise they are making to-day.

The crowd of intelligent hearers who gathered about the State-house that morning was larger than Mr. Waldo had expected to find. The Quakers, men and women, had assembled in many grave groups, those belonging to the governing class to discover precisely what they had to dread, although there were even among these many whose kindling eyes beneath the broad-brimmed hat betrayed that at heart they rose to the height of the occasion, and suddenly discovered that the future of the country lay outside the narrow limits which they had mapped. Mr. Waldo saw on the outskirts of the crowd, though holding themselves aloof from it, many of the fashionable wealthy class—his own Tory friends who had entertained him with stately heavy feasts since his arrival. Their coats and

small-clothes of rich velvet and satin, and their powdered wigs and swords, separated them from the mob of workmen in their leather aprons and tradespeople in coarse cloth; but there was an actual barrier between the classes more

absolute than garb or outward show, and a vague rumor had gained ground that the manifesto about to be read was meant to undermine these barriers at home, as well as King George's foreign tyranny. The Pennsylvania lords, as Adams call-



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE PEOPLE.

ed them, wore, therefore, irritable faces that morning. The meaning of the political crisis, too, had been grasped by the great mass of the population with keen good sense. Three months before, the Committee of Safety had called for a public protest against the right of the Quaker Assembly to form a new government, and, although a heavy storm raged, by nine o'clock in the morning a crowd of five thousand angry men surged in and out of the corridors of the State-house. The same crowd was present now, waiting the hot-breathed moment of their success. As the morning wore on the multitude increased. The hush of expectation deepened over the little town; the Colonial and Continental flags were hoisted on the shipping in the harbor; the two or three cannon were placed in position by the State-house; the Associators drilled in five battalions in the woods, waiting the solemn announcement

which was to be made to them separately. The solid concourse about the State-house drew toward it momentarily the floating particles of population which drift into every current—staring, wide-eyed boys coming home from school; gangs of Indians who had been quartered for the week under the penthouse built at the west side of the State-house; and slaves from Guinea in their red and yellow turbans and with gold balls hanging from their ears, who stood chattering and watchful in the background.

Mr. Waldo perceived at a little distance his host Mordecai Floyd, and joined himself to him. His body-servant, Sallust, a shrewd, intelligent mulatto of middle age, in the red-and-brown livery of the Waldos, made his way from the outskirts of the crowd and stood close behind them.

Mordecai's broad face was not so rudely as was its wont, and his eye betrayed

great anxiety, but he greeted Mr. Waldo with his usual calm friendliness. They stood watching the sheriff's deputy, John Nixon, and the little group of Associators as they descended the State-house steps and gravely made their way, bearing the momentous document, across the green to a high wooden platform in its centre.

"When David Rittenhouse built yon little stage," said the Quaker, "he did not anticipate that from it we should proclaim ourselves a nation of traitors."

The Virginian's hand sought his sword, but he could not quarrel with a Quaker any more than with a woman. "For what was the little stage built?" he asked quietly.

"As an observatory from which to note the transit of Venus seven years ago. The dimensions of the solar system were then first determined, and David and yon little platform bore honorable part in the work."

"Transit of Venus, eh?" rejoined Mr. Waldo with a perplexed face. "Whatever that may be, friend Floyd, it is my opinion that the wooden stage has been reserved until now for nobler uses. Generations to come will look upon this green as holy ground—as the spot where Liberty first planted her foot in the New World."

"Liberty, friend Henry," rejoined the Quaker calmly, "has lived and thriven peacefully here nigh to a hundred years. Under the rule of the Penns men have had a chance to worship God, and to earn their own living as nowhere else in the world. What more can Jefferson or Franklin promise them?"

"What more? Harken but a moment and you will hear."

John Nixon had now mounted the platform, and while a profound silence fell upon the multitude his voice rang out clear and distinct.

The Virginian, under his breath, kept up an enthusiastic echo:

"All men are created equal; 'An inalienable right to life and liberty; 'Governments derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed.' Do you hear, friend Mordecai? It is not alone a defiance of King George yonder;

it is a platform of human rights broad enough for the whole world to stand upon."

The Quaker had expected to hear only the proclamation of a demagogue: he was a man of keen susceptibility, and was startled out of his iron imperturbability by the lofty eloquence to which he listened. His eyes burned, he drew his breath heavily, he looked with stern suspicion at the eager Virginian and the crowd agape about him, doubting much whether they were capable of comprehending the full force of the principles laid down. It was no time for noisy excitement: it seemed to him that the very dead in the neighboring graveyard might be wakened from their long sleep and stand silent and watchful when words so momentous to the world as these were uttered above them. He stood as in a dream, scarce hearing the surging, shouting multitude, the salutes from the fleet and the roar of the cannon on land which followed the last word.

When the great bell of the State-house rang out overhead, however, the sound recalled him to himself. He looked up at the tower with kindling eye. "'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof!' It would seem as if God Himself had dictated the prophecy," he said.

The cheers of the crowd rose higher, the air was full of the echoes of distant church-bells, to which the salvos of artillery made a deep and rolling bass: there was a surge and a rush of the multitude toward the Supreme court-room.

"What is it they do now?" asked Mordecai.

"The Associators tear down the king's arms," Mr. Waldo replied. "They will be burned to-night and the ashes scattered. So is kingcraft dead in America."

"And instead—?"

"The people shall govern."

The Quaker looked about him dubiously at some fellows of the baser sort, their eyes bleared with drink, their jaws bloody from last night's fighting in the Northern Liberties. "Are these men to take share in governing me, who can in no sense govern themselves?" he said.

"I fear thy friend Jefferson hath made a fatal mistake, and that the country will find to her cost."

"No!" cried the Virginian hotly. "The right to life and liberty is inalienable. All men are created—"

He turned as he spoke to face his slave Sallust, who pressed forward, his eye

meeting his master's in an agony of hope and expectation. "*Me? me? Am I a free man to-day?*" he cried. He had his cap in his hand, and was tearing off the gold badge of slavery as vehemently as he had seen his betters tear down the king's arms.

"Damnation!" cried the Virginian.



INDEPENDENCE SQUARE AS IT NOW IS.

"Stand back, sirrah! Do you think this bill of rights touches our chattels?"

The Quaker shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

* * * *

The day and the people who made it real have faded back into gray and spectral shadow. Whether Sallust ever drew a free breath, or how the grave Quaker's suit prospered with his fair guest, there is no record left to show.

Among the first comers this summer to the Centennial Exposition was Colonel Henry Keen Waldo of Richmond, Virginia, whose family date very far back their settlement in Queen Anne's county. The colonel had won his rank through faithful service in the late war, but that angry heat had now quite died out of his

life, and he was glad to go back to his school-boy enthusiasm for the Great Republic, which Virginians had helped to bring into being. He was glad that before he died he could stand, as one might say, by her cradle, to see the old State-house, touch the old bell, and persuade himself that Jefferson and Lee and Washington were also present at this second birthday.

Arrived in Philadelphia, therefore, he soon found his way to the State-house and stood in the crowd assembled in the square, trying to satisfy himself as to the precise spot from which Nixon had read the momentous words. A Quaker, with kindly, shrewd face under the broad-brimmed hat, to whom he applied for information, stopped to help him. His companion, a light mulatto in color, Col-

onel Waldo presently discovered to be a member of Congress from one of the Southern States—a man of much natural force and honest intention, but who had been greatly hampered in his efforts by the lack of early education and the countless ways in which the strong prejudice against his color everywhere showed itself.

"I believe the wooden stage stood here," said the Friend, planting his cane midway between Fifth and Sixth streets gates. They all stopped, the Virginian with ill-concealed emotion.

"The young heir has reached maturity early," he said. "There was no grain of promise in that day that has not yielded a great harvest! The little strip of civilization along the edge of the wilderness has widened across the continent; so that for each of the delegates to whom Philadelphia then opened her gates now millions will come up to see the old homestead of the nation. One of my ancestors, as I have read in his diary, traveled from Virginia in 1776, making the long and dangerous journey on pack-horses. Pack-horses, indeed! Look at the countless steam-engines now, sir, ploughing the country from sea to sea! And Franklin's mere spark at the end of a key spread into living lines of intelligence, binding the world together."

The old colonel, in his hearty, eager manner, went on to insist that the growth of the nation had been healthy, as well as marvelous in extent. The Exposition with its teeming thousands, representatives of all grades of heathendom and civilization, was, in his opinion, only the product of the principles laid down by Jefferson, of human equality and human brotherhood. "We hear the echoes

of the old bell to-day," he said, "which rang that July morning a hundred years ago."

His new Quaker friend differed with him widely in opinion. He had much to say of Rings, of corruption from Washington to the lowest village officials. "The rule of the Penns," he said, "in my opinion, was the most just and honest which America has ever known. Thomas Jefferson made a fatal mistake in the principles laid down in the Declaration, and that we have learned to our cost. Thee and I are governed by men incapable of governing themselves."

Colonel Waldo fell back from transitory facts to principles, which he held to be enduring. "All men," he began, "are created equal—"

He turned as he spoke and met the eyes of the colored Congressman fixed on his own with a half-amused, significant query. "I too?" they said. "Do you hold me as your equal to-day?"

He hesitated, and, loath to stumble and fall over dangerous ground when his mood was so high, raised his hat to take leave of them.

"I shall gladly meet thee again," said the Friend. "My name is Mordecai Floyd. The Floyd family was well known in old Philadelphia."

Colonel Waldo paused a moment before he turned away. He had that vague haunting feeling which sometimes overcomes us that this scene was not new to him—that once before he had stood in the summer sunshine beside the old State-house with these two men's faces close to his own.

Then he hurried on his way, and they met no more.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

PSALM OF THE WEST.*

LAND of the willful Gospel, thou Worst and thou Best!
 Tall Adam of lands, new-made of the dust of the West!
 Thou wroughtest alone in the Garden of God, unblessed,
 Till He fashioned lithe Freedom to lie for thine Eve on thy breast—
 Till out of thy heart's dear neighborhood, out of thy side,
 He fashioned thine intimate Sweet and thine Eve and thy Bride.
 Cry hail! nor bewail that the wound of her coming was wide.
 Lo, Freedom reached forth where the World as an Apple hung red;
Let us taste the whole radiant round of it, gayly she said:
If we die, at the worst we shall lie as the First of the Dead.
 Knowledge of Good and of Ill, O Land! she hath given thee;
 Perilous godhoods of choosing have rent thee and riven thee;
 Will's high adoring to Ill's low exploring hath driven thee—
 Freedom, thy Wife, hath uplifted thy life and clean shriven thee!
 Her shalt thou clasp for a balm to the scars of thy breast,
 Her shalt thou kiss for a calm to thy wars of unrest,
 Her shalt extol in the Psalm of the Soul of the West.
 For Weakness, in freedom, grows stronger than Strength with a chain;
 And Error, in freedom, will come to lamenting his stain,
 Till freely repenting he whiten his spirit again;
 And Friendship, in freedom, will blot out the bounding of Race;
 And straight Law, in freedom, will curve to the rounding of Grace;
 And Fashion, in freedom, will die of the lie in her face;
 And Desire flame white on the Sense as a fire on a height,
 And Sex flame white in the Soul as a star in the night,
 And Marriage plight Sense unto Soul as the two-colored light
 Of the fire and the star shines one with a duplicate might;
 And Science be known as the Sense making love to the All,
 And Art be known as the Soul making love to the All,
 And Love be known as the Marriage of Man with the All—
 Till Science to knowing the Highest shall lovingly turn,
 Till Art to loving the Highest shall consciously burn,
 Till Science to Art as a man to a woman shall yearn,
 —Then Morn!
 When Faith from the wedding of Knowing and Loving shall purely be born,
 And the Child shall smile in the West, and the West to the East give morn,
 And the Time in that ultimate Prime shall forget old regretting and scorn,
 Yea, the Stream of the Light give off in a shimmer the Dream of the Night forlorn.

Once on a time a soul
 Too full of his dole
 In a querulous dream went crying from pole to pole—
 Went sobbing and crying
 For ever a sorrowful Song of Living and Dying,
How life was the dropping and death the drying
Of a Tear once fell in a day when God was sighing.
 And ever Time tossed him bitterly to and fro
 As a shuttle inlaying a perilous warp of woe

In the woof of things from terminal snow to snow,
Till, lo!

Rest.

And he sank on the grass of the earth as a lark on its nest,
And he lay in the midst of the way from the east to the west.
Then the East came out from the east and the West from the west,

And, behold! in the gravid deeps of the lower dark,
While above the wind was fanning the dawn as a spark,
The East and the West took form as the wings of a lark.

One wing was feathered with facts of the uttermost Past,
And one with the dreams of a prophet; and both sailed fast
And met where the sorrowful Soul on the earth was cast.

Then a Voice said: *Thine, if thou lovest enough to use;*

But another: *To fly and to sing is pain: refuse!*

Then the Soul said: *Come, O my wings! I cannot but choose.*

And the Soul was a-tremble like as a new-born thing,
Till the Spark of the Dawn wrought a conscience in heart as in wing.
Saying, *Thou art the Lark of the Dawn; it is time to sing.*

Then that Artist began in a lark's low circling to pass;

And first he sang at the height of the top of the grass

A song of the herds that are born and die in the mass.

And next he sang a celestial-passionate round

At the height of the lips of a woman above the ground,

How Love was a fair true Ladye, and Death a wild hound,

And she called, and he licked her hand and with girdle was bound

And then with a universe-love he was hot in the wings,

And the sun stretched beams to the worlds as the shining strings

Of the large hid Harp that sounds when an All-lover sings;

And the sky's blue traction prevailed o'er the earth's in might,

And the passion of flight grew mad with the glory of height,

And the uttering of song was like to the giving of light;

And he learned that hearing and seeing wrought nothing alone,

And that music on earth much light upon Heaven had thrown,

And he melted-in silvery sunshine with silvery tone;

And the spirals of music e'er higher and higher he wound

Till the luminous cinctures of Melody up from the ground

Arose as the shaft of a tapering tower of sound—

Arose for an unstricken full-finished Babel of sound.

But God was not angry, nor ever confused his tongue,

For not out of selfish nor impudent travail was wrung

The Song of All Men and All Things that the All-lover sung.

Then he paused at the top of his Tower of Song on high,

And the Voice of the God of the Artist from far in the sky

Said, *Son, look down: I will cause that a Time gone by*

Shall pass, and reveal his heart to thy loving eye.

Far spread, below,

The sea that fast hath locked in his loose flow

All secrets of Atlantis' drownèd woe

Lay bound about with night on every hand,

Save down the eastern brink a shining band

Of day made out a little way from land.

Then from that shore the wind upbore a cry:
Thou Sea, thou Sea of Darkness! why, oh why
Dost waste thy West in unthrift mystery?
 But ever the idiot sea-mouths, foam and fill,
 And never a wave doth good for man or ill,
 And Blank is king, and Nothing hath his will;
 And like as grim-beaked pelicans level file
 Across the sunset toward their nightly isle
 On solemn wings that wave but seldomwhile,
 So leanly sails the day behind the day
 To where the Past's lone Rock o'erglooms the spray,
 And down its mortal fissures sinks away.

Master, Master, break this ban:
 The wave lacks Thee.
 Oh, is it not to widen man
 Stretches the sea?
 Oh, must the sea-bird's idle van
 Alone be free?

Into the Sea of the Dark doth creep
 Björne's pallid sail,
 As the face of a walker in his sleep,
 Set rigid and most pale,
 About the night doth peer and peep
 In a dream of an ancient tale.

Lo, here is made a hasty cry:
Land, land, upon the west!—
God save such land! Go by, go by:
Here may no mortal rest,
Where this waste hell of slate doth lie
And grind the glacier's breast.

The sail goeth limp: hey, flap and strain!
 Round eastward slanteth the mast;
 As the sleep-walker waked with pain,
 White-clothed in the midnight blast,
 Doth stare and quake, and stride again
 To houseward all aghast.

Yet as, *A ghost!* his household cry:
He hath followed a ghost in flight:
Let us see the ghost—his household fly
 With lamps to search the night—
 So Norsemen's sails run out and try
 The Sea of the Dark with light.

Stout Are Marson, southward whirled
 From out the tempest's hand,
 Doth skip the sloping of the world
 To Huitramannaland,
 Where Georgia's oaks with moss-beards curled
 Wave by the shining strand,

And sway in sighs from Florida's Spring
 Or Carolina's Palm—
 What time the mocking-bird doth bring
 The woods his artist's-balm,
 Singing the Song of Everything
 Consummate-sweet and calm—

Land of large merciful-hearted skies,
 Big bounties, rich increase,
 Green rests for Trade's blood-shotten eyes,
 For o'er-beat brains surcease,
 For Love the dear Woods' sympathies,
 For Grief the wise Woods' peace,

For Need rich givings of hid powers
 In hills and vales quick-won,
 For Greed large exemplary flowers
 That ne'er have toiled nor spun,
 For Heat fair-tempered winds and showers,
 For Cold the neighbor sun.

Land where the Spirits of June-Heat
 From out their forest-maze
 Stray forth at eve with loitering feet,
 And fervent hymns upraise
 In bland accord and passion sweet
 Along the Southern ways:

"O Darkness, tawny Twin whose Twin hath ceased,
 Thou Odor from the day-flower's crushing born,
 Thou visible Sigh out of the mournful East,
 That cannot see her lord again till morn!
 O Leaves, with hollow palms uplifted high
 To catch the stars' most sacred rain of light!
 O pallid Lily-petals fain to die
 Soul-stung by subtle passion of the night!
 O short-breath'd Winds beneath the gracious moon
 Running mild errands for mild violets,
 Or carrying sighs from the red lips of June
 What wavering way the odor-current sets!
 O Stars wreathed vinewise round yon heavenly dells,
 Or thrust from out the sky in curving sprays,
 Or whorled, or looped with pendent flower-bells,
 Or bramble-tangled in a brilliant maze,
 Or lying like young lilies in a lake
 About the great white Lily of the moon,
 Or drifting white from where in heaven shake
 Star-portraiture of apple trees in June,
 Or lapp'd as leaves of a great rose of stars,
 Or shyly clambering up cloud-lattices,
 Or trampled pale in the red path of Mars,
 Or trim-set quaint in gardeners'-fantasies!

O long June Night-sounds crooned among the leaves,
O whispered confidence of Dark and Green,
O murmurs in old moss about old eaves,
O tinklings floating over water-sheen!"

Then Lief, bold son of Eric the Red,
To the South of the West doth flee—
Past slaty Helluland is sped,
Past Markland's woody lea,
Till round about fair Vinland's head,
Where Taunton helps the sea,

The Norseman calls, the anchor falls,
The mariners hurry a-strand:
They wassail with fore-drunken skals
Where prophet wild grapes stand;
They lift the Lief'sbooth's hasty walls,
They stride about the land—

New England, thee! whose ne'er-spent wine
As blood doth stretch each vein,
And urge thee, sinewed like thy vine,
Through peril and all pain
To grasp Endeavor's towering Pine,
And, once ahold, remain—

Land where the strenuous-handed Wind
With sarcasm of a friend
Doth smite the man would lag behind
To frontward of his end;
Yea, where the taunting fall and grind
Of Nature's Ill doth send

Such mortal challenge of a clown
Rude-thrust upon the soul,
That men but smile where mountains frown
Or scowling waters roll,
And Nature's front of battle down
Do hurl from pole to pole.

Now long the Sea of Darkness glimmers low
With sails from Northland flickering to and fro—
Thorwald, Karlsefne, and those twin heirs of woe,
Hellboge and Finnge, in treasonable bed
Slain by the ill-born child of Eric Red,
Freydisa false. Till, as much time is fled,
Once more the vacant airs with darkness fill,
Once more the wave doth never good nor ill,
And Blank is king, and Nothing works his will
And leanly sails the day behind the day
To where the Past's lone Rock o'erglooms the spray,
And down its mortal fissures sinks away,
As when the grim-beaked pelicans level file
Across the sunset to their seaward isle
On solemn wings that wave but seldomwhile.

Master, Master, poets sing;
 The Time calls Thee;
 Yon Sea binds hard on everything
 Man longs to be:
 Oh, shall the sea-bird's aimless wing
 Alone move free?

Santa Maria, well thou tremblest down the wave,
 Thy *Pinta* far above, thy *Niña* nigh astern:
 Columbus stands in the night alone, and, passing grave,
 Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-silence yearn,
 Heartens his heart as friend befriends his friend less brave,
 Makes burn the faiths that cool, and cools the doubts that burn:—

“Twixt this and dawn, three hours my soul will smite
 With prickly seconds, or less tolerably
 With dull-blade minutes flatwise slapping me.
 Wait, Heart! Time moves.—Thou lithe young Western Night,
 Just-crownèd king, slow riding to thy right,
 Would God that I might straddle mutiny
 Calm as thou sitt'st yon never-maneged sea,
 Balks't with his balking, fliest with his flight,
 Giv'st supple to his rearings and his falls,
 Nor dropp'st one coronal star about thy brow
 Whilst ever dayward thou art steadfast drawn!
 Yea, would I rode these mad contentious brawls,
 No damage taking from their If and How,
 Nor no result save galloping to my Dawn!

“My Dawn? my Dawn? How if it never break?
 How if this West by other Wests is pieced,
 And these by vacant Wests on Wests increased—
 One Pain of Space, with hollow ache on ache
 Throbbing and ceasing not for Christ's own sake?—
 Big perilous theorem, hard for king and priest:
Pursue the West but long enough, 'tis East!
 Oh, if this watery world no turning take!
 Oh, if for all my logic, all my dreams,
 Provings of that which is by that which seems,
 Fears, hopes, chills, heats, hastes, patiences, droughts, tears,
 Wife-grievings, slights on love, embezzled years,
 Hates, treaties, scorns, upliftings, loss and gain,—
 This earth, no sphere, be all one sickening plane!

“Or, haply, how if this contrarious West,
 That me by turns hath starved, by turns hath fed,
 Embraced, disgraced, beat back, solicited,
 Have no fixed heart of Law within his breast,
 Or with some different rhythm doth e'er contest
 Nature in the East? Why, 'tis but three weeks fled
 I saw my Judas needle shake his head
 And flout the Pole that, east, he Lord confessed!
 God! if this West should own some other Pole,
 And with his tangled ways perplex my soul

Until the maze grow mortal, and I die
Where distraught Nature clean hath gone astray,
On earth some other wit than Time's at play,
Some other God than mine above the sky!

"Now speaks mine other heart with cheerier seeming:

*Ho, Admiral! o'er-defalking to thy crew;
Against thyself, thyself far overfew
To front yon multitudes of rebel scheming?*
Come, ye wild twenty years of heavenly dreaming!
Come, ye wild weeks since first this canvas drew
Out of vexed Palos ere the dawn was blue,
O'er milky waves about the bows full-creaming!
Come set me round with many faithful spears
Of confident remembrance—how I crushed
Cat-lived rebellions, pitfalled treasons, hushed
Scared husbands' heart-break cries on distant wives,
Made cowards blush at whining for their lives,
Watered my parching souls, and dried their tears.

"Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,

*Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,
From Portugal, to take us: we are dead!—
Hold Westward, pilot, calmly I replied.*
So when the last land down the horizon died,
*Go back, go back! they prayed: our hearts are lead.—
Friends, we are bound into the West, I said.*
Then past the wreck of a mast upon our side.
*See (so they wept) God's Warning! Admiral, turn!—
Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.*
Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.
*So do the very Heavens in fire protest:
Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—
Hold straight into the West, I said again.*

"Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea.

*Lo! herebeneath (another coward cries)
The cursed land of sunk Atlantis lies:
This slime will suck us down—turn while thou'rt free!—
But no! I said, Freedom bears West for me!*
Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise,
And day by day the keel to westward flies,
My Good my people's Ill doth come to be:
*Ever the winds into the West do blow;
Never a ship, once turned, might homeward go;
Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome main.*
*For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before
We sail outside all bounds of help from pain!—
Our help is in the West, I said once more.*

"So when there came a mighty cry of *Land!*

And we clomb up and saw, and shouted strong
Salve Regina! all the ropes along,
But knew at morn how that a counterfeit band

Of level clouds had aped a silver strand;
 So when we heard the orchard-bird's small song,
 And all the people cried, *A hellish throng*
To tempt us onward by the Devil planned,
Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh green weeds,
Pelican, tunny-fish, fair-tapering reeds,
Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die
In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.
Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell, and rest!—
Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
 From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
 Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light.
 Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
 I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
 What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
 Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
 What seest? *Admiral, nought but sea and sky!*
 Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's gun!
 Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis done!
 Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
 God's, East—mine, West: good friends, behold my Land!"

Master, Master! faster fly
 Now the hurrying seasons by;
 Now the Sea of Darkness wide
 Rolls in light from side to side;
 Mark, slow drifting to the West
 Down the trough and up the crest,
 Yonder piteous heartsease petal
 Many-motioned rise and settle—
 Petal cast a-sea from land
 By the awkward-fingered Hand
 That, mistaking Nature's course,
 Tears the love it fain would force—
 Petal calm of heartsease flower
 Smiling sweet on tempest sour,
 Smiling where by crest and trough
 Heartache Winds at heartsease scoff,
 Breathing mild perfumes of prayer
 'Twixt the scolding sea and air.

Mayflower, piteous Heartsease Petal!
 Suavely down the sea-troughs settle,
 Gravely breathe perfumes of prayer
 'Twixt the scolding sea and air,
 Bravely up the sea-hills rise—
 Sea-hills slant thee toward the skies.
 Master, hold disaster off
 From the crest and from the trough;

Heartsease, on the heartache sea
God, thy God, will pilot thee.

Mayflower, Ship of Faith's best Hope!
Thou art sure if all men grope;
Mayflower, Ship of Hope's best Faith!
All is true the great God saith;
Mayflower, Ship of Charity!
Love is Lord of land and sea.
Oh, with love and love's best care
Thy large godly freightage bear—
Godly Hearts that, Grails of gold,
Still the blood of Faith do hold.

Now bold Massachusetts clear
Cuts the rounding of the sphere.
*Out the anchor, sail no more,
Lay us by the Future's shore—
Not the Shore we sought, 'tis true,
But the time is come to do.
Leap, dear Standish, leap and wade;
Bradford, Hopkins, Tilley, wade:
Leap and wade ashore and kneel—
God be praised that steered the keel!
Home is good, and soft is rest,
Even in this jagged West:
Freedom lives, and Right shall stand;
Blood of Faith is in the land.*

Then in what time the primal icy years
Scraped slowly o'er the Puritans' hopes and fears,
Like as great glaciers built of frozen tears,
The Voice from far within the secret sky
Said, *Blood of Faith ye have? So; let us try.*
And presently

The anxious-masted ships that westward fare,
Cargo'd with trouble and a-list with care,
Their outraged decks hot back to England bear,
Then come again with stowage of worse weight,
Battle, and tyrannous Tax, and Wrong, and Hate,
And all bad items of Death's perilous freight.

O'er Cambridge set the yeomen's mark:
Climb, patriot, through the April dark.
O lantern! kindle fast thy light,
Thou budding star in the April night,
For never a star more news hath told,
Or later flame in heaven shall hold.
Ay, lantern on the North Church tower,
When that thy church hath had her hour,
Still from the top of Reverence high
Shalt thou illumine Fame's ampler sky;
For, statured large o'er town and tree,
Time's tallest Figure stands by thee,

And, dim as now thy wick may shine,
The Future lights his lamp at thine.

Now haste thee while the way is clear,
Paul Revere!
Haste, Dawes! but haste thou not, O Sun!
To Lexington.

Then Devens looked and saw the light:
He got him forth into the night,
And watched alone on the river-shore,
And marked the British ferrying o'er.

John Parker! rub thine eyes and yawn:
But one o'clock and yet 'tis Dawn!
Quick, rub thine eyes and draw thy hose:
The Morning comes ere darkness goes.
Have forth and call the yeomen out,
For somewhere, somewhere close about
Full soon a Thing must come to be
Thine honest eyes shall stare to see—
Full soon before thy patriot eyes
Freedom from out of a Wound shall rise.

Then haste ye, Prescott and Revere!
Bring all the men of Lincoln here;
Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,
Let Acton, Bedford, hither file—
Oh hither file, and plainly see
Out of a wound leap Liberty.

Say, Woodman April! all in green,
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen
In all thy travel round the earth
Ever a morn of calmer birth?
But Morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across yon village-green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill.
Lay down your arms, damned Rebels! cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard;
The men in fustian stand unstirred;
Dead calm, save maybe a wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as bluebirds do,
Now in this little tender calm
Each hand would out, and every palm
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke
Or ere these lines of battle broke.

O men in red! if ye but knew
 The least of the all that bluebirds do,
 Now in this little godly calm
 Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm—
 The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eyes
 Who pardons and is very wise—
 Yon voice that shouts, high-hoarse with ire,

Fire!

The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall:
 The homespuns' anxious voices call,
Brother, art hurt? and Where hit, John?
 And, *Wipe this blood, and Men, come on,*
 And *Neighbor, do but lift my head,*
 And *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*
Seven are killed. My God! my God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod.
Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
Monroe and Porter,—these are down.
Nay, look! Stout Harrington not yet dead!
 He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.
 He lies at the step of his own house-door;
 He crawls and makes a path of gore.
 The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;
 He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;
 He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,
 But his head hath dropped: he will crawl no more.
 Clasp, Wife, and kiss, and lift the head:
 Harrington lies at his doorstep dead.

But, O ye Six that round him lay
 And bloodied up that April day!
 As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell—
 At the door of the House wherein ye dwell;
 As Harrington came, ye likewise came
 And died at the door of your House of Fame.

Go by, old Field of Freedom's hopes and fears;
 Go by, old Field of Brothers' hate and tears:
 Behold! yon home of Brothers' Love appears
 Set in the burnished silver of July,
 On Schuylkill wrought as in old broidery
 Clapsed hands upon a shining baldrick lie.
 New Hampshire, Georgia, and the mighty ten
 That lie between, have heard the huge-nibbed pen
 Of Jefferson tell the rights of man to men.
 They sit in the reverend Hall: *Shall we declare?*
 Floats round about the anxious-quivering air
 'Twixt narrow Schuylkill and broad Delaware.
 Already, Land! thou *hast* declared: 'tis done.
 Ran ever clearer speech than that did run
 When the sweet Seven died at Lexington?

Canst legibler write than Concord's large-stroked Act,
 Or when at Bunker Hill the clubbed guns cracked?
 Hast ink more true than blood, or pen than fact?
 Nay, as the poet mad with heavenly fires
 Flings men his song white-hot, then back retires,
 Cools heart, broods o'er the song again, inquires,
Why did I this, why that? and slowly draws
 From Art's unconscious act Art's conscious laws;
 So, Freedom, writ, declares her writing's cause.
 All question vain, all chill foreboding vain.
 Adams, ablaze with faith, is hot and fain;
 And he, straight-fibred Soul of mighty grain,
 Deep-rooted Washington, afire, serene—
 Tall Bush that burns, yet keeps its substance green—
 Sends daily word, of import calm yet keen,
 Warm from the front of battle, till the fire
 Wraps opposition in and flames yet higher,
 And Doubt's thin tissues flash where Hope's aspire;
 And, *Ay, declare*, and ever strenuous *Ay*
 Falls from the Twelve, and Time and Nature cry
 Consent with kindred burnings of July;
 And delegate Dead from each past age and race,
 Viewless to man, in large procession pace
 Downward athwart each set and steadfast face,
 Responding *Ay* in many tongues; and lo!
 Manhood and Faith and Self and Love and Woe
 And Art and Brotherhood and Learning go
 Rearward the files of dead, and softly say
 Their saintly *Ay*, and softly pass away
 By airy exits of that ample day.
 Now fall the chill reactionary snows
 Of man's defect, and every wind that blows
 Keeps back the Spring of Freedom's perfect Rose.
 Now naked feet with crimson fleck the ways,
 And Heaven is stained with flags that mutinies raise,
 And Arnold-spotted move the creeping days.
 Long do the eyes that look from Heaven see
 Time smoke, as in the spring the mulberry tree,
 With buds of battles opening fitfully,
 Till Yorktown's winking vapors slowly fade,
 And Time's full top casts down a pleasant shade
 Where Freedom lies unarmed and unafraid.

Master, ever faster fly
 Now the vivid seasons by;
 Now the glittering Western land
 Twins the day-lit Eastern Strand;
 Now white Freedom's sea-bird wing
 Roams the Sea of Everything;
 Now the freemen to and fro
 Bind the tyrant sand and snow,
 Snatching Death's hot bolt ere hurled,
 Flash new Life about the world,

Sun the secrets of the hills,
 Shame the gods' slow-grinding mills,
 Prison Yesterday in Print,
 Read To-morrow's weather-hint,
 Haste before the halting Time,
 Try new virtue and new crime,
 Mould new faiths, devise new creeds,
 Run each road that frontward leads,
 Driven by an Onward-ache,
 Scorning souls that circles make.

Now, O Sin! O Love's lost Shame!
 Burns the land with redder flame:
 North in line and South in line
 Yell the charge and spring the mine.
 Heartstrong South would have his way,
 Headstrong North hath said him nay:
 O strong Heart, strong Brain, beware!
 Hear a Song from out the air:

"Lists all white and blue in the skies;
 And the people hurried amain
 To the Tournament under the ladies' eyes
 Where jousted Heart and Brain.

"*Blow, herald, blow!* There entered Heart,
 A youth in crimson and gold.
Blow, herald, blow! Brain stood apart,
 Steel-armored, glittering, cold.

"Heart's palfrey caracoled gayly round,
 Heart tra-li-raed merrily;
 But Brain sat still, with never a sound
 Full cynical-calm was he.

"Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three
 From his lady's white hand caught;
 Brain's casque was bare as Fact—not he
 Or favor gave or sought.

"*Blow, herald, blow!* Heart shot a glance
 To catch his lady's eye;
 But Brain looked straight a-front, his lance
 To aim more faithfully.

"They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled;
 Brain rose again, ungloved;
 Heart fainting smiled, and softly said,
My love to my Beloved."

Heart and Brain! no more be twain;
 Throb and think, one flesh again!
 Lo! they weep, they turn, they run;
 Lo! they kiss: Love, thou art one!

Now the Land, with drying tears,
 Counts him up his flocks of years,
 "See," he says, "my substance grows;
 Hundred-flocked my Herdsman goes,
 Hundred-flocked my Herdsman stands
 On the Past's broad meadow-lands.
 Come from where ye mildly graze,
 Black herds, white herds, nights and days.
 Drive them homeward, Herdsman Time,
 From the meadows of the Prime:
 I will feast my house, and rest.
 Neighbor East, come over West;
 Pledge me in good wine and words
 While I count my hundred herds,
 Sum the substance of my Past
 From the first unto the last,
 Chanting o'er the generous brim
 Cloudy memories yet more dim,
 Ghostly rhymes of Norsemen pale
 Staring by old Björne's sail,
 Strains more noble of that night
 Worn Columbus saw his Light,
 Psalms of still more heavenly tone,
 How the Mayflower tossed alone,
 Olden tale and later song
 Of the Patriot's love and wrong,
 Grandsire's ballad, nurse's hymn—
 Chanting o'er the sparkling brim
 Till I shall from first to last
 Sum the substance of my Past."

Then called the Artist's God from in the sky:
 "This Time shall show by dream and mystery
 The heart of all his matter to thine eye.
 Son, study stars by looking down in streams,
 Interpret that which is by that which seems,
 And tell thy dreams in words which are but dreams."

The Master with His lucent hand
 Pinched up the atom hills and plains
 O'er all the moiety of land
 The ocean-bounded West contains:
 The dust lay dead upon the calm
 And mighty middle of His palm.

And lo! He wrought full tenderly,
 And lo! He wrought with love and might,
 And lo! He wrought a thing to see
 Was marvel in His people's sight:
 He wrought His image dead and small,
 A nothing fashioned like an All.

Then breathed He softly on the dead:
 "Live Self!—thou part, yet none, of Me;
 Dust for humility," He said,
 "And my warm breath for Charity.
 Behold my latest work, thou Earth!
 The Self of Man is taking birth."

Then, Land, tall Adam of the West,
 Thou stood'st upon the springy sod,
 Thy large eye ranging self-possess,
 Thy limbs the limbs of God's young god,
 Thy Passion murmuring *I will*—
 Lord of the Lordship Good-and-Ill.

O manful arms, of supple size
 To clasp a world or a waist as well!
 O manful eyes, to front the skies
 Or look much pity down on hell!
 O manful tongue, to work and sing,
 And soothe a child and dare a king!

O wonder! Now thou sleep'st in pain,
 Like as some dream thy soul did grieve:
 God wounds thee, heals thee whole again,
 And calls thee trembling to thine Eve.
 Wide-armed, thou dropp'st on knightly knee:
Dear Love, dear Freedom, go with me!

Then all the beasts before thee passed—
 Beast War, Oppression, Murder, Lust,
 False Art, False Faith, slow skulking last—
 And out of Time's thick-rising dust
 Thy Lord said, "Name them, tame them, Son;
 Nor rest, nor rest, till thou hast done."

Ah, name thou false, or tame thou wrong,
 At heart let no man fear for thee:
 Thy Past sings ever Freedom's Song,
 Thy Future's voice sounds wondrous free;
 And Freedom is more large than Crime,
 And Error is more small than Time.

Come, thou whole Self of Latter Man!
 Come o'er thy realm of Good-and-Ill,
 And do, thou Self that say'st *I can*,
 And love, thou Self that say'st *I will*;
 And prove and know Time's worst and best,
 Thou tall young Adam of the West!

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER XLI.

IN HIS RIGHT MIND.

NOTHING is easier to a clever woman than to catch a heart at the rebound. Samson, wounded and sorrowful, lays his weary head in the lap of that watchful Delilah who has been biding her time, knowing that it would come, and when he wakes up again he finds his locks shorn, and his strength, with his freedom, gone. Then it is too late. Sorrow, revolt, complaint,—all are of no avail. He has nothing for it but to accept the irremediable quietly and sleep on, determined to find his dreams pleasant and his pillow sweet, as some good, careless fellows do. Others, unfortunately for themselves, resent the mistake that they have made and the snare into which they have fallen, and cannot, do what they will, reconcile themselves to their disaster or refrain from shaking their chains dismally. Adelaide had been Edgar's Delilah, watchful, patient, respectable. She had bided her time and waited, and now she was reaping her reward. Samson had delivered himself into her hand, and she had bound him with fetters stronger than green withes. The decisive words had been spoken, the needful preliminaries arranged, and a few days now would see the great aim of her life fulfilled, and the crowning stone flung on the cairn of the delusive past. It was a proud moment for her; and all the more in that she owed her success mainly to her own tact and determination, for the very fitness of things which had helped to bring this marriage about had been the fitness which she herself had created.

There was to be no vulgar parade, no noisy rejoicing, at this wedding between the owner of the Hill and the rector's daughter; only simple arrangements of that solid magnificence and proud exclusiveness which are so dear to English county families, and which assort

better with their condition than the more noisy demonstrations, the more showy finery, of the town-bred rich. Besides, though the marriage was one in every way satisfactory, judging by outside facts—the only measuring tape held by the world—it had its own secret history which did not agree with a very demonstrative ceremonial; and Adelaide was wise, though she was ambitious. She was content to have and to hold that which she had so long desired, without laying too much stress on the manner of assignment. To be installed mistress of the Hill and head of the society for ten miles round were the two clauses in the marriage lines which were to the real purpose. Whether she had one bridesmaid or a dozen, and whether her father gave a breakfast to ten guests or a hundred, were adventitious circumstances not affecting the central fact. And if we have that central fact set square and firm, who in his senses troubles himself about the fringe of adventitious circumstance? When we are buying a house we look to the beams and the walls, not to the Banksia roses up the porch or to the volute of the cornice.

The marriage between these two persons so manifestly made for each other had not been arranged in a dark corner, but neither had it been paraded in broad day or published at the market-cross. If there was no bond of secrecy to be kept, no blare of trumpets had been sounded. It was quietly announced now to one, now to another, as it might chance, and thus filtered noiselessly through the place and beyond till it came at last to Alick Corfield down at Monk Grange, doing his best to lift up Leam in her own esteem by his devotion, and to soften the intenser bitterness of her life by the unchanging sweetness of his love.

Here again his principles and his affection, his conscience and his heart, came into collision. Should he tell her of this

marriage? She ought to know, must know some day, but he shrank from the painful task of enlightening her. Good and true in soul as he was, he was weak where his affections were concerned. He had been bred on a wrong plan for the practice of sharp mental surgery, and though capable of suffering martyrdom on his own account, was incapable of giving pain to others, least of all to those whom he loved.

Wherefore he held his peace, and Leam was still ignorant of the fact that Edgar Harrowby was, as North Aston phrased it, in his right mind at last, and about to marry Adelaide Birkett, as he ought to have done when he first came home. Sufficient to the day, he thought. Leam's health had run down too much to make it advisable to give her any kind of shock, and it was best to let her present wounds heal before others were inflicted. Let her, then, rest in peace and blessed unconsciousness of the evil to come, till it could be no longer warded off. If he was doing wrong not to tell her, he would bear the burden on his own soul, as he had been content to bear that other, and would, had it been possible, have borne others even weightier.

Edgar had behaved very well: Adelaide had behaved very well. On all regarding Leam he had kept absolute silence, and she had respected that silence. He had not confessed that he had been the accepted lover of Leam Dundas for the space of two days and a half; and she, though she knew that something had happened between them, never inquired how much, nor yet what had been the circumstance which had sent Edgar to her broken-hearted on that Friday evening, and which, in all probability, had been the circumstance that had caused Leam's mysterious disappearance. In her heart she was curious enough. That was but natural: she would not have been a woman else. Outwardly, she was restrained and sensible, and let the mystery pass as a thing not interesting, because not concerning her. But she often pondered on it in secret, and wearied herself in conjectures, not one of which was absolutely

true, though the main thread of all was not far from the truth—Leam had done something shameful, and Edgar had found it out.

What that shameful thing was, and how Edgar had found it out, remained the double heart of the mystery which no conjecture could lay bare. It said something for Adelaide's strength of purpose that she could accept her ignorance on such a matter so quietly. Perhaps she looked through the coming years to the time when marriage had made her safe and she need not be so careful as now, when by coaxings at the right moment, and, if coaxings would not do, by reproaches, tears, untiring iterations, which, like constant droppings wearing down the granite, grind down into plasticity the hardest will at last, she would be able to force from the husband safely secured in the matrimonial fastnesses what it would be dangerous to even filch by a clever trick from the free-standing lover, with marriageable loopholes still before him. At all events, she refrained from questioning now, and Edgar was profoundly grateful to her for her sweet delicacy and sympathetic feeling.

For himself, his satisfaction in his marriage was of a rather grim kind. It was marriage and it was not love, which for a man whose line of life had hitherto run the reverse way seems hard to bear. It was all the difference between gray days and rosy ones; and to those used to roses, leaves gray and dead are poor substitutes. Still, the marriage had its confessed advantages, and he must be content to have saved so much out of the fire. On this broad philosophic basis, then, he built up his hopes for the future, and made no doubt that he should get on as well as his neighbors. And when he was meditating after dinner, well fed, resigned and soothed, he used to ask himself, Would Leam have been the right kind of wife for him, after all? If the Hill had been a South Sea island, and himself and Leam the only inmates, there would have been no doubt as to their fitness for each other; but he was Major Harrowby, a magistrate and a

gentleman, fettered by conventionalities of all kinds, not a dusky youth with a floral wardrobe and as few responsibilities as garments; and being this, perhaps—with a heavy sigh—Adelaide was the wiser bargain. She looked very pretty to-day, and talked very nicely, and he was glad she liked those *quenelles*: he liked women to have good taste.

All this was the right kind of thing for a woman of Adelaide's composed temperament and quiet habits. The tumultuous passion of an ardent lover would have embarrassed her, and the constant presence of an adoring one would have bored her; and she disliked to be embarrassed quite as much as she disliked to be bored. What she wanted was reasonableness, social success and decorum; and she had all in the exact proportions desired. Therewith she made herself content, and regretted nothing of that inner sweetness, that poetic fervor, which, not having, she did not miss, and which, had she had, she would not have understood.

When the morning came the village flocked to the church to see a wedding by no means so pretty as Josephine's, but infinitely more stately. It was the solid compressed weight of gold as compared with the fluffy bulk of feathers; and only fools like feathers better than gold. To be sure, certain circumstances were the same as before. There were the village children, for instance, but instead of the brilliant combination of scarlet and white and blue that had made such a pretty show in the early summer, their dresses now were a dull dark purple, as more serviceable in the coming winter. To be sure, too, they strewed flowers on the fair bride's path as she left the church, successful at last, but for the roses and jessamine, honeysuckle and fair Mary lilies that had been dear, comely Josephine's metaphorical way of walking, hollyhocks and dahlias, chrysanthemums and melancholy amarantus, were Adelaide's. The sisters of the bridegroom assisted again as before, but instead of the bright rose-color which composed so well and symbolized flowers, the silver gray in which the Misses

Harrowby were dressed had a suggestion of mourning that was scarcely inspiring for the occasion. No pretty girls—the one like a monthly rose, the other like a burning pomegranate bud—were there to eclipse by their beauty the faded homeliness of the elders; only the bride herself to show in solitary beauty amid so much that was less than fair. And even little Fina was but a spectator this time, not an official, and not so much caressed by Major Harrowby as before.

There was no ball in the evening; no fond wishes roused into activity because of the suggestiveness of that morning's ceremonies; no intoxicating revelations, no bewildering ecstasies to grow out of it. All was as cold and smooth as ice—the dresses, the breakfast, the speeches, the emotions: he was simply in his right mind, and she was Mrs. Harrowby of the Hill.

There was no rushing off, either, to Paris and a fatiguing continental tour as the best method of beginning married life and rubbing down the inevitable angles of awkwardness and difference. Edgar had not the heart to travel, and Adelaide had the true insular contempt for all things foreign and unknown. It was more to the taste of both to go to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland than to any overrated millpond of Como or Lucerne. September is a grand month for the North in general, and they were not yet more than halfway through; the early autumn tints of wood and mountain-side are even more enchanting than the tender greenery of the spring; and both argued in concert that every patriotic Briton ought to be acquainted with the choice bits of his native land before running after transmarine show-places. Hence they agreed, mutually consulting and consenting, that they would make a quiet little home-tour which would fulfill a duty, save fatigue and not keep them too long from home. But as the rank and file of hearers are mainly thick-witted, the report got about in North Aston that they were going to Scotland; and it was Scotland that Alick heard from his mother, and Scotland that Mr. Gryce

did not write to his sister. Had he known the truth, he would have given Alick a hint, and Leam would have been watched, lest by a miracle she had fallen into danger; for, after all, it would seem as if it must needs be a miracle that would bring her path and theirs to a common point of contact.

CHAPTER XLII.

MY QUEEN STILL.

HAD Leam been suspicious or egoistic, she would have seen that something unusual was pressing on Alick at this time. Always tender and respectful, his manner had had for the last few days a certain loving watchfulness of protection, a certain chivalrous devotion and knightly kind of reverence, which implied something hurtful from which to defend, something humiliating from which to shield her.

It would have given any one else cause for thought, but Leam, once so sensitive and intolerant, seemed now to be scarcely touched by anything from without. When she caught Alick's melancholy eyes fixed on her, full of tears, she only thought, "Poor Alick! how unhappy he is! That is my doing;" and when he hovered about her, treating her with as much deference as if she had been some saintly princess condescending to her vassal, she murmured, "How good he is to me! and I am so wicked!" But she did not look deeper, nor ask herself why this goodness was so specially active now.

And Alick was unhappy—as much for the change in Leam herself as for the grief that had to come to her when she should hear how soon the man whom she loved so faithfully had consoled himself and taken another to fill the place which was to have been hers. If she would but be more like herself, and not so pathetically patient, not so mournfully gentle! he thought tearfully. If only she would look at him with the old superb disdain, then turn away her eyes with the girlish scorn that had so often made him blush and writhe with pleased

embarrassment, call him stupid, tell him he should not talk nonsense, that he knew nothing of what he was saying, and treat him with that grand manner of calm contempt, that exquisite assumption of superiority, which was the most delicious thing he had ever known, he would not be so unhappy. But now so patient, so humble, so sad. As a Christian he knew that he ought to rejoice to see the pride of her heart broken and the grace of humility and penitence in its stead; but as the boy who had grown into the man, worshiping, this spectacle of the discrowned queen with her purple in the dust and her sceptre fallen from her hand was one that nearly broke his heart to see.

His beloved young queen! If she had been faithful to her mother, so would he be to her; and how stained and soiled soever her royal robes, with her crown trodden under foot in the mire and her sceptre broken in her guilty hand, she should still be to him regal, revered, adored—his queen if discrowned, his saintly princess condescending to her vassal—no matter how much she had been humbled, how far abased by sin and its shadow, shame. When with him she should at least feel her best self, and that she was with one to whom she never could be aught but noble and beloved. If circumstance and conscience had humiliated her, the reverence of love, the fidelity of respect, should reinstate her; and never in his most adoring moments at the old home had Alick paid her the profound devotion that he paid her now.

One day they met on the fell as usual. They often met on the fell-side, for Alick, whose windows commanded Windy Brow, had learnt Leam's habits by heart, as Edgar Harrowby had done before him, and a good field-glass told him all that he wanted to know. This was the day of Edgar's marriage with Adelaide. It was just about this time, eleven o'clock, that the ceremony was being performed, and the vows, consecrated to Leam, passed on to her successor. But how little that beloved and discarded one knew what disloyalty to her memory was being enacted at this moment! and how ter-

rible it would be to her when she did know, as some day she must!

Alick watching her as she wandered slowly on before, he striding after her to overtake her—as he should before she had quite reached the fell-top—felt his heart burn with indignation against the man who could not find in his love enough grace for her sin, who would not share her crime by his own sacrifice of ideal purity. To him Leam, blood-stained and besmirched, was better than any one else clad in shining garments and accepted; and he hated Edgar Harrowby, not because he had been loved, but because he had not been brave enough to accept the conditions of that love; for, though Leam had told him nothing directly, he was sure that he knew all, and that she had fled from North Aston because, having confessed, Edgar had renounced.

He felt, too, as if he could not let her out of his sight to-day—as if he must be at hand to protect her should the blow by some bad miracle fall on her dear head. It seemed as if the very bracken on the fell would whisper to her what cruel thing was being done to her memory to-day, and as if he alone could help her, he alone protect her.

Presently she stopped and sat down on a jutting bit of rock. Once so fibrous, firm, well knit, now her strength was soon exhausted. She easily lost her breath; her heart had become more troublesome than ever was poor madame's; and the small arched feet that once gripped the ground like feet of steel now moved slowly and languidly, all their elasticity gone like the rest of her former power. Hence, she never got far from home now, and she was fain to walk so slowly, especially on an ascent, that Alick's long legs had no difficulty in overtaking her, how far soever her start might have been.

He soon drew up to her, and stood before her as she sat. "Are you well to-day?" he asked anxiously, looking down on her as he stood towering above her, honest and ungainly, his rugged face full of tenderness.

She was very white—white even to her lips—and looked, he thought, strangely

wasted. The curling rings of dark hair, golden-edged, that came from beneath her hat were matted against her forehead with the treacherous damp of weakness, and the mournful eyes, far too large and bright, with their dilated pupils and look of fixed pain, were encircled by dark lines that made them look even larger and more mournful than before. Alick had thought her fearfully changed when he had first seen her on his arrival, but, to-day she looked as if the bond between her and life had suddenly worn so slight it needed but a feather's touch to break it altogether.

"Well? Yes," she answered quietly.

"Why do you ask?"

"I thought you looked a little ill—a little delicate," said Alick anxiously.

She drew a deep breath, checked at once by a sudden pain. "No," she said when the spasm passed, "I am not ill, but I am tired: I am always tired now."

"You ought to see a doctor. Why does not Miss Gryce send over to the town for one?" said Alick, looking vaguely into the distance.

"Why should she?" answered Leam.

"It is nothing."

"It makes us all anxious to see you look so ill," he urged. "For our sakes you ought to take care of yourself, my dear, and see some one who would do you good."

She looked at him plaintively. "Who are 'us'?" she said. "I have no one now."

Tears filled Alick's eyes. Ah! it had been always thus: he was nothing, never had been anything, to her. He who had loved her best had harvested least.

"Am I no one?" he asked, with nothing of jealous pain, only with a hopeless kind of despondency that scarcely rose to the level of entreaty, still less of reproach. "You know what you are to me," lovingly.

She looked distressed, for a moment almost frightened.

"No, do not be afraid," he continued, answering her look. "I will not offend you, Leam. I love you too well to pain you by my own selfishness. I only want to help in your peace, your happiness."

"So you do," she answered kindly. "You are all I have now. I should be very unhappy without you."

"There is not much happiness for you here anyhow," he answered. "At the best, and wishing to do the best, who can be of any good to you? I am only an awkward kind of animal who would fight for you to the death, if need be, and protect you with my life, Leam, if it had to be done; but I am no one. And Miss Gryce is good in her own way, and means to do what is right, but her place is no place for you. You have nothing there you ought to have, and how terrible it is to see you suffer as you do in such a household!"

She raised her hand. "Hush!" she said gently: "I suffer only what I deserve." And again looking at him kindly, she repeated, "And I have you."

"I know I ought to be glad to hear you say so; and for myself, oh, you do not know, my dear, what pleasure it gives me—no, it is more than pleasure—to think that I can be of any use to you. But I cannot bear it, all the same," said Alick, his lips quivering. "It breaks my heart to see you so humble and so patient, grateful to *me*!—so unlike your old imperious self. If only you would scold me sometimes, and tell me I am absurd, and a stupid cold-blooded Englishman, and know nothing, as you used to do, I could bear your bitterest contempt better than this patience. It does not seem natural or good from you to me."

"I used to be imperious when I had the right," said Leam, "or thought I had. Now every one is better than I am. You always were, but others are now."

"No, no!" cried Alick vehemently. "No, Leam! Remember—you were such a child: God himself cannot be angry with you, such a mere child as you were."

"The thing is the same," she answered with a shudder.

"But if man sees the fact, God understands the circumstances," cried Alick. "And the infinite Mercy reaches to all and redeems all."

"Listen, Alick," said Leam suddenly, raising her head and speaking as one

who intended to speak to the point. "I do not care to talk of myself, but I want to say something. When I went to school and they taught me, told me things I did not know, had not heard of—or, if I had, had disbelieved and despised—I began to see, after a time, that there was really something in the world besides mamma and Spain, and that mamma did not know everything, as I once thought. Then I began to think of what I had done. The older I grew the more I thought of it, and the more I saw it was wicked. I had not done it for wickedness, but it was, all the same. I thought I was doing right at the time: I only thought of mamma, and that I would protect her, and hinder her from being unhappy. When I came home I began to be most miserable of all. Everything reminded me; and I was so sorry for papa, and poor little Fina too. I had the thought of it always with me. I never lost it quite, though sometimes I did not think of it so clearly as at others. Sometimes I felt as if I must tell it to papa. I knew you knew, but I was ashamed to speak to you. I did not want to hear you say that you knew: I felt as if I could not have borne that."

"And yet you might have trusted me," said Alick in a low voice. "I respected you too much to give you pain."

"I knew that," she answered; "still, I did not want to have to humble myself to you. Then—" she stopped: a slight color came into her wan face and her eyes filled with tears, but she conquered her emotion and her reluctance, for this was a difficult passage to proud, reserved Leam, but she conquered herself as part of her penance, and went on—"then Major Harrowby was with me a good deal. You were ill, all the others were away, and I saw him nearly every day. I never thought of it when I was with him. I do not know why, but he seemed to rest me like sleep, and I never felt when with him that I had done such a dreadful crime. It went on like this till papa married. That evening he told me he loved me. And then, Alick, I knew that I loved him, and had loved him from the first without knowing it. Don't

let me cry, dear Alick—don't, please!" She broke off with a sudden sob, covering her face with her hands.

"No, Leam, you must not cry," said Alick, his own voice full of tears. "It will make you ill, dear: you must not. And nothing, no one, is worth one of your tears," he added vehemently, cursing Edgar in his heart with a passion that startled even himself.

After a few moments Leam lifted up her face again. Once more will had conquered weakness, and her eyes were dry. "You are so kind to me," she said a little faintly. "You must not think I do not feel it because I do not say much. But I want to tell you all. I was so happy then!" she went on to say, clasping her thin hands nervously in each other. "For just two days, Alick—two days out of my life, my whole life. I cannot tell you what those two days were to me. When I look back it seems as if it had been a sudden ending of incessant pain or coming into the light from the dark. It was like heaven, and I felt so innocent and free! Then there came that dreadful storm. Do you remember it? I was in my own room, and," shuddering, "one flash shot right over the Commandment table. It seemed to fall like a line of fire across *that* one: you know what I mean. Then I knew that I had been spoken to by some one from heaven, and made to understand that I was not fit to be his wife. I was a murderess. What an awful word! I had forgotten till now who and what I really was. Now I had to remember. For his own sake, and because I loved him, I must give him up. And I did. I told him the truth, and we parted."

"It was a cowardly shame," flashed Alick angrily: "he was not worthy of your love."

"No, no, don't say that," she answered. "It was right, quite right. He could not marry such a wretch as I am; and would I have degraded him so much, when I loved him as I do? He was quite wise and right to let me go. He loved me; I know he loved me, and I am sure he loves me still: he is too noble to change like the wind. He could

not do that. Perhaps when I die, and I am made good in purgatory—fit for him, great and good as he is—we shall meet in heaven and not part again. I do not think I could go on living if I did not believe that. It is the only thing I ask of God and the saints—to make me good enough to live with him in heaven when we both die. And sometimes I feel as if God would be good and kind, and would listen to me and grant this to me."

She said this with a child's fervor and a child's simplicity, looking up to the sky with a prayer in her eyes that interpreted itself.

Alick did not speak. He felt suffocated, choked, by the bitter thought of how pitifully she was mistaken—by the knowledge that the love on which she had counted for all eternity had not lasted two short months—that to-day was Edgar's wedding-day, and while she spoke of living with him for ever he had forgotten her for Adelaide Birkett and the marriage which it was conventionally fitting and socially wise that he should make.

"I will tell you all now," Leam said after a pause. "After I had confessed to Major Harrowby, I felt as if I could not live at home any longer, and as if I did not care who knew. I went to Mr. Gryce: I met him in the wood where I had seen him go, and told him, too, everything. He helped me, as he had said he would one day, for he had found it out, I do not know how. He made me call myself Leonora Darley, and brought me here as his adopted daughter. I do not think anything hurt me more, after I lost *him*, than to deny mamma's name and call myself by a false one. It was like denying mamma."

"But it is safer if you do not want to be known," said Alick soothingly.

"Yes," she sighed, "it is safer, but it is horrid all the same. But I have no right to complain," she added hastily, as if to atone for the little flash of the old spirit that had broken out. "It is better too, as you say. No one knows me here; and no one at home knows where I am."

"Not your father?"

"No," she answered, her color rising.

"I wrote to papa and told him what I had done—told him everything, and that I would never trouble him again. As he took no pains to find me out, no one will. Sometimes I think, though, he, Major Harrowby, will want to find me. I seem to dream of it sometimes."

Alick shivered. "I hope not," he said in an altered voice.

"Better not," murmured Leam in a sad, heartbroken way.

"Better let me be the only one who knows where you are," he said earnestly. "You can trust me."

"And him too," said Leam, as she would have said it of her mother.

"I hope so, but I only know myself," answered Alick.

"Yes, I can trust him; and you too," she said with the sweetest little inclination of her head. "I know how good and true you are, Alick."

"Oh, if she could but have loved me!" thought poor Alick. "How I would have protected and cared for her—soothed her wounded spirit and raised her again in her own esteem! But she gave her love where it was not prized, and Adelaide Birkett is fitter for him than Leam." Which was the same, to his mind, as saying that to Edgar darkness was more beautiful than light, the winter a fairer season than the spring. Presently, answering his own thoughts, he said, in his honest, clumsy way, "But you will forget him in time, Leam: you cannot go on like this for ever. It will wear you out: you must forget him and everything else, and be yourself again."

She looked up at him in astonishment. "Forget Major Harrowby!" she repeated in a low distinct voice. "What are you saying? How could I forget him? Have I forgotten mamma? Why should I? He is the best and greatest man I have ever known. So noble! so true! I should die if I forgot him."

Alick groaned and turned away, and Leam looked at him for one instant in the superb way of olden days. Then her eyes softened and her face grew tender. She laid her hand on Alick's arm, and said with exquisite pathos, "Do not envy me the only joy I have. You are good

to me—so good, my friend, my only one—but Edgar!" She hid her face in her hands, and Alick knelt down by her in a burst of anguish almost as bitter as her own.

After this there was no more talk, and a long silence fell between them. Leam indeed seemed to have exhausted herself. Silent, reserved and frail, her long speaking, so unusual and so uncongenial to her, had evidently tried her greatly. The strong September wind, too, blew sharp and keen, and now the excitement of her confession was over she became faint and cold. But she got up and drew one or two checked, half-sobbing breaths, looking round as if wakened up out of a sleep, and, shivering, said she would go home.

She tottered, however, as she tried to walk, and was forced to take Alick's arm to keep her from falling. Truly, she was strangely weak to-day. She wiped the clammy damps from her forehead and her lips, and said, in a half-pleasant, half-mournful tone, that she was ashamed to be so silly, and that she did not know what had come to her.

As Alick felt her slight hand on his arm, and when he had to stop and let her lean against him to recover breath and gain strength enough to go on, he felt sick at heart for fear, but oh how tender, how full of love! In her palmiest days he had never loved her as he did now, when, broken and humiliated, she dropped the last remnant of her pride, and to the full confession of her sin added also that of her weakness.

"How good you are!" she said again, as they were standing there on the fell, she leaning against his arm as if it had been the branch of a tree, the back of a chair, or any other merely inanimate method of support, he not only concealing, but conquering, all personality of his love that he might the better support, protect and assist her. "How kind and generous! I wonder you can bear with me at all."

"Surely," he remonstrated, "I am honored by you, Leam—honored that you let me be anything to you—your dog, your slave."

"Do not say that," she said. "You are pure and good, and I—" She shuddered.

"And you are my queen still," he answered. "Were you stained from head to heel with the soil of sin, you would always be the same to me, dear—always my flower, my poem, my lady supreme and before all others."

"Poor Alick!" she sighed; and then no more was said till they reached the gate of the desolate home which was all that crime and sorrow had left her.

At the gate she turned and said simply, "I love you very dearly. You know that, don't you? You are my good, faithful Alick—like my own brother. You do not think me ungrateful?"

"God bless you!" said Alick fervently. "Now I am rewarded. Some day perhaps it will come—when we are both old people, and you have forgotten all this pain—some day, when we are old."

She smiled faintly, not quite taking in his full meaning. She did not refuse his sketchy picture, destroy his vague hope, but she knew in her heart that her life of love and happiness was over, and that it was not to be restored to her on this side the grave. But she smiled because of the irradiance on the faithful face of the man who loved her, and when they parted she pressed his hand for the first time in her life, and said again, "Good Alick! dear friend! I do love you in my way. Don't you know that I do?"

"As your dog," he said, with the delighted gratitude of a dog, "and you are my queen, now and ever."

This was their manner of parting on the day of Edgar Harrowby's marriage with Adelaide Birkett at North Aston, just about the time when the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed at the breakfast by Cyril Fairbairn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON THE FELL-SIDE.

THE autumn this year at the Lakes was one of the finest that had been known for many seasons. The winds were still, the rain forgot to fall, but the

ground was not parched nor vegetation withered, for each evening the sunset mists crept up from lake and river to hang in soft clouds and wreaths about the hillsides and along the low-lying meadows, returning to the earth the sweet freshness which they had taken from it. Through the day the skies were cloudless, opalescent, brilliant, like the skies of a new creation; the granite rocks and rugged mountain-tops stood out in clear air, bold in outline and with purple shadows firm and deep; the fells were full of color and the woods rich in autumnal tints; altogether, it was an ideal time for the Lake-land, and the country was at its best.

Though the days were short, yet they were so beautiful while they lasted, and allowed of so much to be done, that Edgar and Adelaide scarcely regretted the rapid closing in of the evenings. Besides, to tell the truth, neither was an enthusiast for this kind of majestic scenery, though both professed to be enchanted as the right thing on a wedding-tour. It was the little farce each played to each and both failed to see through. The inns were luxurious, and not being overcrowded at this "back end of the season," the two handsome young people, with their shining luggage, gorgeous attire, manners of command and well-filled purses, were as minor royalties to the landlord and waiters, and the "best of everything" was brought like tribute laid at their feet.

They went everywhere, if the way was not too rough, the excursion not too long, and Adelaide would not be too much fatigued—saw everything in a leisurely, grandiose way, not giving themselves much trouble, but "doing the Lakes" with that conscientious indifference which makes the doing the main fact, and lets the enjoyment take care of itself. It was very beautiful, very quiet, very fascinating altogether; nevertheless, they would not be sorry, they thought, when the tour was over and they were settled at North Aston to begin life in earnest on their own plan and in their own domain.

They had worked gradually through

their self-appointed task, beginning with Coniston as their first centre and ending with dear Derwentwater as their last; and now they were returning home. It was time, for quite suddenly the weather had parted with its gorgeous brilliancy and had become dim and broken. The chill frosts of early October had killed the colors which a fortnight ago had been so intense, while the rising wind blew down showers of fluttering leaves, and the trees, which only so short a while ago glowed with crimson and shone with gold, were now mere naked boles, rayed with branches bleak and bare. The glory had disappeared, and it was indeed time to go home.

They were returning by way of Carlisle and the beautiful banks of the Eden. Edgar had a fancy, too, to see something of the country lying to the north of the mountains, that tract, rough and wild, at the back of Skiddaw, which no one ever sees. Besides the old couplet,

Caldbeck and Caldbeck fells
Is worth all England else—

as halting in grammar as it is inexact in statement—had always struck his imagination. What if that rough tract was a mineral El Dorado, and there was more than a chance of a fortune to be made by the pick and the borer? A friend of his, who had visited the country, had once said so, and Mr. Gryce had been heard to speak enthusiastically of the Roughton Gill Mines; also of some others wherein he had dropped much of that inherited gear which Sister Keziah kept in stockings and between the flock and the cover of her mattress. Edgar, a gambler in his own way like most men, had a fancy for abstract mining, and thought he should like to see this wild district with its hypothetical fortune lying a hundred feet below the surface. So they set off on Saturday, intending to drive from Derwentwater by Bassanthwaite and Ulldale to Caldbeck, where they would "rough it" for the night, and the next day, Sunday, take a short survey of the country, and then move a stage onward to pretty, leafy, restful Sebergham. It would be a pleasant ending to

the tour, if only the weather would keep fair.

Things began fairly well for the travelers. They set out perhaps a little late, considering the time of year, but Adelaide was not an early riser, and they would be housed before the dead dark came on them. They got through the beautiful part of the drive under Skiddaw and through Bassanthwaite creditably enough, when Edgar, who had a good organ of locality, and believed in himself even more than he was justified in doing, saw, as he walked up the Hawse, that a short cut would take him over one of the outlying fells, whence he could strike the main road and meet the carriage after a practicable little détour which would be only a pleasant walk. He waited for the carriage to join him, and told Adelaide that he meant to cut across the fell—it was a mere trifle, not over two miles at the outside—and that he should meet her after she had gone about five miles round.

"I will come with you," said Adelaide. "You are sure it is not more than two miles?"

"I should say it is not quite that," he answered; "but," anxiously, "you had better not come, dear. The way may be rough, and you are not a very heroic walker."

"I am good for two miles," she said; "and really it is rather cold in the carriage. Besides, it is so dull sitting here alone. No, I will come with you, Edgar."

"As you like, of course," he said reluctantly, "but I do not vouch for anything. And I do not want to see you tired."

"I shall not be tired by a two miles' walk," she answered with her calm decision; and though he had proposed this diversion mainly to be a short time alone—the honeymoon closeness of companionship beginning to pall on him—for the sake of that politeness which he was too well bred to let drop even with his nearest relations, he was obliged to consent to her proposal to go with him, and even to feign the pleasure he did not feel.

It was now about one o'clock, and

after they had left the carriage and were ascending the fell, the day, which had not been too promising from the beginning, broke suddenly, as days sometimes do in the North. The sky, which had been always sunless and overcast, became thick and heavy with clouds; the wind dropped, but the air was damp and cold; and a mist crept up from the earth which gathered and thickened till soon the whole distance, and now things near at hand, were blotted out as if a shroud was being woven round the face and form of prostrate Nature. Colder grew the still and windless air, denser the rolling clouds of mist—so dense that it was as penetrating as rain; all landmarks were gone and path there was none: and there, alone on a rough fell-side, without a guide, a compass, or the faintest knowledge of their direction, caught in a mist through which they could not see two feet before them, Edgar and Adelaide transacted the last chapter of their honeymoon book of travels. No shouting brought back a human echo; once they heard the far-off barking of a dog and the bleating of some frightened sheep, and once they fell into the midst of a herd of startled cattle, whereat Adelaide screamed, and was nearly knocked down by one of the young steers starting off at full speed, scared on his side by her cries; now they came upon a bog, where they sank in an instant far over their ankles, and now they stumbled and slipped on a steep bank of shingle, lying there like one of the waste places of creation.

They did not know with what treacherous swiftness these mists gather up from the mountain-sides and roll along the moorlands, nor how utterly bewildering they are. Seen through them, no object has its proper value. A boulder is an unscalable mountain-wall, a sheep is as big as a cow, and a cow like an elephant, and you see the precipice only when it is yawning at your feet, and perhaps when it is too late to save the fatal step that plunges you into eternity. It was of no use to sit down now and to bewail because they had been caught in one of these treacherous uprisings and

swathed with Nature in her shroud. They must struggle on in the hope to find a place of refuge somewhere: if only the poorest hut of a moorland hind, it would be welcome to them in their present straits; and they must do their best, go on, keep up both strength and courage, for the chance of finding such a shelter if nothing more satisfactory.

Adelaide had not said much. She was frightened, and now began to be tired; but she did not cry—to be seen. Scarcely either could she reproach her husband with their misfortunes. It had been his proposal certainly to walk across the fell, but her own will to accompany him, and one can hardly rate a man for the sudden uprising of a mountain-mist. Nevertheless, if she was silent she was more angry than sorrowful, and thought the reproaches which she did not say. As the hours passed her fatigue and fear increased, and her reticence and self-control slackened in proportion. She had held on bravely enough for about two hours, but now her courage gave way, and sitting down on a stone she declared that she could go no farther, that they were lost for ever, and that she should die here where they were; and why had Edgar been so foolish and so wicked as to walk across the fell when he knew neither the country nor the distance, and when he might have seen the mist coming up? Women in distress are never reasonable, and Adelaide was no better than her sex.

Edgar's methods of comfort were for very little. His wife was not enough in love with him personally to be content in that love or consoled by his caresses. And truly the situation was painful. There have been more deaths than one of those lost on the mountains and the moors, and why not they as well as others? Shoutings were in vain: there was nothing to be seen through this dense cloud enveloping everything, and no chance of being found by wandering hind or passing traveler. It was terrible. Wet to the skin, chilled to the marrow, lost in a thick white fog on a pathless fell-side moor, no wonder that poor Adelaide sat down and cried when her

powers were exhausted, and with them her endurance.

The day wore on, and the desolate bride more than once wished aloud that Edgar had never left his precious Leam Dundas to come to her. The glories of her state as mistress of the Hill were fading fast out of her mind, and to die on a wretched Cumberland moor as Edgar Harrowby's wife was not the kind of apotheosis which she coveted. She had wanted to be his wife for the solid goods that her wifehood would bring her, not for the silly transports of a lovesick girl mated to the man of her choice, and content with a desert if shared with him. That was all very well in story-books and poetry, but when you come to the concrete miseries of wet feet, thin boots, garments soaked through and through, rain, hunger, danger, distress and desolation, poetry flies into space and only the concrete miseries remain. Adelaide's appreciation of romance was limited, and just now she would have preferred the Yellow Dwarf in a luxurious castle to Edgar Harrowby and this cold, bleak, misty fell-side wilderness of bog and shingle.

Bitter thoughts like these, crudely spoken, coldly heard, did not help to make their miserable situation more tolerable; but they stripped off the disguise which had been carved out by fitness, and showed her own soul nakedly to herself, and to Edgar as well. It was like tearing away a beautiful veil from a hideous object to hear her bitter reproaches, her still more bitter regrets. It made Edgar feel as if all life had suddenly become a lie—as if he had lived until now in a dream, and had just awakened out of it; yet he recognized in himself a strange kind of indifference to the discovery, as if he had known all through his dream that he had not married Adelaide Birkett for love, nor yet believing in her love for him. He had dreamt that he had, but even in his dream he had not been persuaded.

Conventional fitness is a fine basis for a marriage in its own way, but then the marriage must remain in the conventional groove. When you come to love and

the elemental facts of human nature, to possible death on a bleak fell-side, and to circumstances which do not admit of posturizing, then the conventional fitness is nowhere, and the gap where love ought to be, and is not, is the chief thing visible.

This miserable state of things lasted for hours that seemed an eternity, and then, as the evening came on, the mist lightened and gradually dispersed, so that Edgar could see where they were, and something of the surrounding country. They were on the top, or rather on the slope, of a fell. About two miles and a half below them lay a small cluster of houses—about half a mile off, one solitary square stone house, pitched straight before them on the descent. There was not another human habitation to be seen, save one, a little shieling on the ascent opposite to where they stood. Here, too, was a road—as Edgar conjectured, the road which led from this little hamlet below to Caldbeck and the world beyond.

"Can you exert yourself so much as to get to this house below us?" Edgar asked, speaking to his wife with a certain distant, chilling courtesy that made her wince more than his anger would have done.

Now that she was saved, and was not going to die on the fell-side, how sorry she was that she had let her true mind be seen! But men are foolish creatures in the hands of a clever woman; and she would, maybe, recover by tact all that she had lost by impatience. She put her hand over her eyes, as if to clear them. "Yes, with your arm," she answered with a deep sigh, suggestive of flinging off a weight and coming to herself. "I think I have been a little delirious," she then said plaintively, and again cleared her eyes and again sighed deeply.

"It has been a trying time," said Edgar coldly, offering his hand; "but come, you had better not sit longer. Let us take advantage of this break and make the best of our way to the house below."

He spoke quietly, but with the air of a man who does what he should out of self-respect, not love, and whose tenderness is not personal so much as official.

"How good you are!" said Adelaide prettily as she laid both her hands in his, and with pain and difficulty rose to her feet.

He made no answer, but drew her hand on his arm, and, always carefully tending her, always helping and protecting her, went in unbroken silence down the half mile intervening between them and Windy Brow. And as Adelaide was really stiff and tired and uncomfortable, she left off trying to coax him, and nursed her misery and displeasure in a silence as unbroken as his own.

It was dusk when they opened the broken gate hanging on one hinge, more like a gap than a guard, between the dilapidated fences, and passed up the weed-grown path lying by the side of the potato-patch and the cabbages, in full view of the windows of the sitting-room. As they came up Edgar's quick eyes saw a figure dressed in gray, with a dead-white face, pass swiftly by the window, and as he knocked at the door he heard an inner door hastily locked. Stories of murderers and maniacs flashed across Adelaide's mind, who also had seen the flitting figure and heard the hasty locking of the inner door. She clung to Edgar tremulously.

"Shall we venture in?" she whispered.

"Do you desire not?" he asked. "Shall we go farther? I am at your service."

She looked at him angrily. The cold politeness of his tone seemed to divorce them more than the rudest anger would have done, and she resented his resentment as an offence which might well annoy her.

"No," she said haughtily. "We will go in. You can take care of me if there is any danger."

"And if I have to take care of myself?" he asked, with a certain mocking accent that was, to say the least of it, unpleasant.

"Your first duty is to me," replied Adelaide with intense insolence and command.

Besides, though a coward, she was dead tired at the moment; and of the two fatigue was stronger than fear.

Red-armed, red-haired, touzled Jenny

opened the door on the two battered, dripping strangers standing in the dusk without. She glowered at them as if they had been spirits fashioned by the mist, ghosts of the dead newly risen, or as if they had been brigands and burglars with designs on her own poor savings and her mistress's fabulous hoards.

"We have lost our way on the mountains: can you give us shelter?" asked Edgar in that rich voice which was one of his personal charms, and with the indescribable accent of an English gentleman accustomed to command.

"I'll ast t' mistress," was Jenny's reply, the door held cautiously ajar.

"Jenny!" cried Miss Gryce from some unknown depths, "what's astir?" What's to do at the street door? Who are you chattering with? Come away, I say. It's no kind of night to be hovering at the street door with a pack of idle vagabones. Come in, I say, and shut up."

"We have lost our way on the moor," said Edgar in a louder voice. "Cannot you give us shelter?"

And Adelaide's smaller treble added, "You must not shut the door. You must let us in."

At the sound of a woman's voice, Miss Gryce—who had a heart, though it had to be somewhat skillfully dug for—came out from the kitchen, where she had been spending the last hour in economizing the fraction of a farthing, and went to the door to see and judge of these newcomers for herself. And Leam up stairs in her own room, standing rigid, struck to stone by her bedside, heard Edgar Harrowby and Adelaide Birkett brought into the house and preparations set afloat for their fit shelter and reception.

Locked in her own room, she was left in peace. She was not of much use at any time when practical work was about, and since this strange weakness which had taken such possession of her she was even of less use than before. Miss Gryce therefore left her to herself, hoping that she slept. But she heard all that happened as clearly as if she had been on the spot. Her senses, sharpened to unnatural activity, told her everything that was said and done, as if no

such impediments as closed doors or hindering walls stood between them. She heard all that Edgar said by way of explanation to Miss Gryce—how that they had left the carriage at a certain part of the road to join it again by a short cut over the fell; how that then the mist had come up and enveloped them; and how that they had wandered, they knew not how, nor where, nor whence, till they had fallen on this place. She knew how Miss Gryce looked when she took snuff and their measure at the same time; and how Edgar looked—bold, commanding, manful—with Adelaide's fair, impassive face quietly accepting homage as her due, and care and protection as her right. And then she heard Adelaide's feet on the stairs, and knew when she was ushered into the room, next her own, where she was to take her rest and forget the fatigues and fears of her adventurous walk. She heard her fretful complaints and peevish bemoanings at the shortcomings of the accommodation, with Jenny's unintelligible replies, which only annoyed her more. She seemed to see as well as hear, and pictured the whole scene visibly—even to Jenny's kneeling on the floor and taking by main force the soaked boots from off the swollen, blistered feet. Then the bewailings ceased. Adelaide, comforted by food, slept, and Edgar down stairs waited for a while before he too should take his rest and forget for a few hours the new chapter of the heart which this walk in the mist had opened for his instruction. It was a chapter that he might have learnt slowly, by quiet, unexciting passages—a thing to grow into, like old age or dyspepsia, or perhaps a thing to never learn, concealed as it would be by habit. But now that he had read, had learnt, he could not forget; and the lines would be on his memory for ever, the text on which his life would be reasoned and transacted from now to the end of time.

Ah, Leam Dundas had loved him! Even that flattering, smooth-tongued Violet—venal Violet, whom he had left so suddenly these seven years ago, mad with jealousy and rage at what he believed to be her treachery—even she

had loved him better than this. But Leam, proud, shy, loyal Leam—Leam, so full of fire, so single hearted and so honorable—how she had loved him! Oh that this black spot had never been on her young soul! that he might have loved her to her life's end as he had loved her for those few hours, and received from her for all time what she had given him then! So, thinking of Leam, beloved if accursed and abandoned, he fell into a light kind of slumber, sitting by the little window looking on to the broken gate and the rising ground beyond.

By this time the moon had risen white and wan. The thin vapor that yet hung about the frosty air was like a silver film of exquisite purity and delicate power, giving that ethereal, almost mournful beauty to everything on which it fell which one involuntarily associates with past sorrows and dead loves, with spiritual forms and a life beyond and higher than the coarse, material life of the world. The house was as still as the grave. Every one was in bed except Edgar and Leam, and all were sleeping but Leam.

Leam opened her mother's jewel-case. A fancy took her to touch once more the withered leaves of that spray of lemon-plum, crumbled now to dust, which Edgar Harrowby had drawn playfully over her face under the cut-leaved hornbeam on the lawn. She took it in her hands, pressed it against her face, kissed it as if it had life and feeling to respond to her own: then softly unlocked her door and stole down stairs.

She would see him once, just once, at a distance, reverently, humbly—not intruding on his notice, only worshiping at a distance at the shrine which she had been too vile to keep as her own. There was no harm in it. She did not imagine that Adelaide was his wife. She took her presence there with him naturally, as that of a favorite friend and companion; and yet if, as she believed, only as a friend and companion, a pang seized her to think how soon he had forgotten her even so far. And yet, again, what was she that she should not be forgotten? It was right and good that he had set her

aside so quickly. It was part of her punishment, and she must bear it. Adelaide, at the least, was free from crime, and Adelaide loved him. Enlightened by her own heart, she knew now that the reason why the rector's daughter had hated her was because she had loved Edgar: her hatred had meant jealousy of his love, not hatred of herself, Leam, apart from him. Yes, she loved him, but neither Adelaide nor any one loved him as did she herself, poor outcast Leam! But she was a leper and he was a king, and the gulf between them was impassable.

Yet she must see him just this once more, herself unseen: she must offer for one little moment the voiceless worship of her secret love, and then go back into the darkness for ever—the darkness closing very near about her now.

Noiseless as a falling shadow, she stole down stairs and came to the door of the sitting-room where Edgar was. It stood ajar. She pushed it cautiously open, and saw Edgar Harrowby sitting by the window, his head on his hand, dreaming of her. The candle had burnt itself out: only the veiled moonlight streamed over the fell and moor, and cast a pale reflection into the room. It showed his noble head resting on his hand, his face pale and beautiful as a tired god's. That beloved face! What pain and pleasure commingled it was to see him! She felt like one dead come back to earth watching the beloved, unseen of them and unsuspected. He was asleep. He would not feel her; he would not see nor know her; and, shrouded as she was in the shadow, he could not recognize her if even he should awake. She must go near to him and do him reverence. He was her god, and she was a sinner kneeling before him. She glided across the room, knelt for a minute by his side and bent her lips on the hand resting on his knee.

Edgar stirred drowsily in his sleep. What was this?—a touch, a perfume, a presence he seemed to remember? Who was there? He started up and roused himself. Did his eyesight mock him? Surely he saw a gray figure steal through

the open doorway in the shadow, the scent of lemon-plant was about him, and on his hand—what was this? a tear? Whose?

But he heard and knew no more. His dreams had given him Leam—only his dreams! Then he sighed and shook himself clear of the haunting thought, and so wearily went up stairs; only a thin partition separating him, sleeping, from Leam Dundas, waking—Leam, who recognized then the fact, which she had not understood before, that he and Adelaide were man and wife.

Forgotten, discarded! so soon indeed! Poor Leam! Now for the first time she felt that the bitterness of her punishment almost equaled the shame of her guilt.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DAY OF REST.

THE church-clock sounded one, and the land had entered into the Sabbath of its rest, but there was no rest for Leam. She could not go to bed, for she dared not trust herself to sleep even if she could have slept, and she felt as if she should die of suffocation if she attempted to lie down. She sat in her quiet, tense way by the window, looking out on the moonlight and the frosty vapor; and then she turned again to her mother's jewel-case and took out the spray of lemon-plant—now turned to dust like her hopes, her happiness—intending to destroy it for ever; for how should she keep a love-relic of Adelaide's husband?—and in taking it out she lifted some of her mother's jewels.

That beloved mother! how vividly she remembered her, how passionately she loved her still! Perhaps she loved her even more in that she had committed this crime for her, in that she had sacrificed her life here and her soul hereafter for the false thought if the true feeling of guarding and protecting her. How well she remembered the day when she wore these coral beads, and that when she hung her—Leam's—little neck and arms with these strings of pearls! She heard her say again when

her father gave her these golden coins, and when her husband—that false-hearted Sebastian, mockery of a saint—had bought those rubies and those sapphires. For an hour and more Leam handled these jewels to chase away the consciousness of Edgar in memories of her mother, but at last the effort became more than she could bear, and the attempt died out in a sob. As she was putting away the sapphires she inadvertently touched the secret spring—which had got strained and weakened, and of the existence of which she had hitherto been ignorant—and thus dropped the division which hid the back of the case from the ordinary looker-in. There fell forward, with the division, a large and heavy green velvet pocket-book, with the initials V. E. H. embroidered in raised gold-work on the cover.

Surprised, she opened the book and came upon letters written in Edgar's handwriting to a certain "beloved Violet"—a certain Mrs. Harrington whom he called "love," and "life," and "darling wife," and "best beloved;" to a photograph of himself inscribed to his "darling Violet;" to a photograph of madame—not in weeds—subscribed also "darling Violet;" to one of himself and madame in a confiding attitude together; and to one of Fina, when she was about five months old, with "For her father, Edgar Harrowby," in madame's handwriting. She read the first letters half bewildered, scarcely understanding the full meaning of her discovery, not taking in what she read, but seeming to herself to be reading some horrible nightmare story. Then by slow degrees the truth came to her, burning itself into her brain, mounting in crimson to her cheeks—shame, horror, despair, all battling in her poor heart together as she grew to a clear understanding of madame's shameful secret and Edgar's hidden life.

And she! She had been really nothing to him—only a plaything, an occasion like the rest. First madame, then herself, now Adelaide! Is this the kind of thing men call love? It would seem so, judging from him and from her own

father. But it was not what Leam, in the narrow limits of her ignorant purity, cared to dignify by that name. Love was something single, true and pure; and this— She had no word by which to call it. Neither her experience nor her vocabulary compassed the life and sentiments of such a man as Edgar Harrowby; nor could she understand how, with such a life, such sentiments, could exist any nobleness or manly worth. How could it have been? He, so good and great as he always seemed!—how could he have lived this hideous life of falsehood and treachery and deceit, pretending love now here, now there, first to one and then to another—pretending what he could not possibly feel?

These swift changes, these facile inconstancies, to a girl like Leam, so tenacious and single-hearted, were inexplicable crimes, and in such a man as to her imagination Edgar Harrowby was—knightly hero, noble saint, a very demigod—utterly incomprehensible. Edgar when she had confessed her crime to him had not felt more instinctively revolted than she did now when she discovered the reality of his career and laid bare his infidelities. Her brain seemed on fire, her heart was broken. The only thought possessing her was how to escape from the house where he was sleeping with his wife, not six feet from where she stood. She felt it a kind of dishonor to breathe the same air as himself. She knew too much to stay under the same roof with him, even as one apart, unknown and dead.

But, bad as he was, she loved him, and she would destroy this record of his guilt. No one but herself should ever know how deeply he had sinned. She would take that pocket-book far out on the fell, and bury it deep among the heather where man should never find it, and thus keep his secret safe and his name still honored. It was the last thing that she could do for him. She had loved him: for that love's sake she had sacrificed herself, and to keep his honor untouched had renounced him; and now she would shield him from discovery, and bury the evidence of his shame and sin

out of the sight and ken of all till the day of judgment should reveal it. Poor Leam! what grief and what delusion her two great loves had brought her!

The house was still buried in sleep. Once she heard Adelaide move uneasily on her pillow and moan, and once Edgar woke up with a start and a deep-drawn breath, like a man dreaming of pain. But these sounds soon dropped into absolute quiet, and the house fell again into the stillness of a tomb. The silver mist still hung like a veil between earth and sky, and the world without was as noiseless as the world within. For the second time Leam stole softly down the stairs, undid the bolts and bars, and passed out into the silence, the cold mist and the dim distance.

She did not know where she went nor when she meant to stop. She had but one feeling, to escape—but one design, to hide for ever the evidence of Edgar's crime. So she went on, stumbling wildly up the rough fell-road, when she halted and staggered and fell.

The morning broke soft and gray in a peaceful but not brilliant nor jocund Sabbath—a day which seemed like the subdued and tender echo of yesterday's bitterness of sorrow, bringing rest if not joy, and where, if there were no smiles, there were no tears. Haunted by his dreams, which had given him Leam always, Leam only, Edgar rose early and wandered about the place, taking the downward village-way; but save their own carriage standing by the door of the Blucher he saw nothing of any interest to him. He was glad, however, to see the carriage, so that they could leave their homely shelter and push on to Carlisle. He was ill at ease here. Ah, should he ever be more content? Had not he too parted with his summer, his sunshine, his happiness, and come into the gray gloom of eternal sorrow?

When he went back to the house he found Adelaide in deep distress about her flounces, torn, muddy, destroyed. Her soul lived in her wardrobe, dress was her life, and the destruction of her pretty traveling-gown was to her an infliction

quite as terrible in its own way as the destruction to Leam of her ideal, or as had been to Edgar the discovery of her guilt. How could she wear such a rag as this? she said, weeping, when her husband entered her room. What a miserable journey they had had! what a day it had been altogether! And this dreadful house, this room! Look at the dirty windows, thick with dust and cobwebs—they could not have been cleaned for a year—the soiled curtains, the patched uncleanly counterpane; and, weeping afresh, her horrible gown. To Adelaide, speckless, spotless Adelaide, dirt and disorder were crimes in those about her: when they touched herself they were degradation so deep as to be on a level with immorality.

Edgar listened to her lamentations with a man's wonder at a woman's personal woes; then quietly told her that he had sent for the carriage, which had put up at the village, and that she would soon have her maid and her traveling trunk, and so be out of her millinery misery. This so far consoled her that she left off weeping, though she still bewailed herself, and held that she had been specially ill used of him and fate: she had her list of grievances off by heart, and she was minded that Edgar should learn to the full what she had suffered, and in that learning perhaps forget what she had inflicted.

It was strange how her comparatively small discomforts and not surprising peevishness jarred on her husband to-day. At one time he would have laughed, and comforted her with a man's good-humored superiority to such minor matters as lace and muslin. Perhaps he would have liked her all the better for her care of her person: it was so far flattering to him. But to-day her petulance wore another aspect altogether, and set him at odds with her more than before. It was like the intrusion of the petty miseries and mean annoyances of daily life into the solemn story of a tragedy, the tender strains of a threnody; as indeed it was, too truly.

Still perplexed at that vision of last night, and haunted by a mad idea which

he could not dominate—feeling the presence of Leam, though he knew that she was not here, could not possibly by any jugglery of events, as he believed, be here—Edgar asked their uncouth hostess carelessly at their homely breakfast if she had any one living with her beside the servant?

"Only a sort of a niece," said Keziah—"a kind of adopted daughter of my brother Emmanuel."

"Emmanuel! That is an unusual name," said Edgar.

"Ay, it's not a common sort, I reckon," she said. "Nor is our surname: Emmanuel Gryce isn't a name as is picked up at every street-corner." She laughed as she spoke. Like most Northerners, she had a large amount of family pride.

Edgar felt his face grow pale. "Does your brother Emmanuel Gryce live at North Aston?" he asked.

"Ay, that's where he is just now, though he's a sad, rambling sort of a body, and never bides long anywhere. But that's his home just now. Do you happen to know him?"

"Yes," said Edgar. "We live at North Aston, my wife and I. And your niece, his adopted daughter—is her name Gryce too?"

"No, she's one Leonora Darley," said Keziah, suspecting nothing. "I don't know where he fished her up, nor who are her forebears, but that's the name she goes by."

"Is she in the house?" he asked, looking down on his plate, not daring to trust his eyes, scarcely able to command his voice; Adelaide's cold blue eyes looking at him half in surprise, half in suspicion.

"Yes, she is in the house sure enough, abed," answered Keziah. "She is only in bad health, isn't the poor lass, and when she's a mind to sleep we let her. She's not oft so late as this, and I'll be rousing her by and by."

"What is the matter with her health?" he asked.

"Eh, who knows! Your bits of lasses are always ailing," said Keziah. "Mayhap some love-trouble—most like. She's close, though, and has not told me aught."

"You are wonderfully inquisitive about

this young lady," said Adelaide with a forced laugh. "What interest can a perfect stranger have for you?"

But she too felt uneasy. It was not that she formulated Leam distinctly: nevertheless, there was a dim kind of fear, a nameless suspicion, and the image of Leam like a shadow in the background. She was not dead; this dreadful woman was the sister of that strange Mr. Gryce of Lionnet; and there was an adopted daughter of evidently unknown antecedents in bad health living with her and invisible. So far she could piece together the fragments of the mystery, and so far she was uneasy. How she longed to get away from this place! She had felt there was danger in it when she passed through the gates and stood by the door. Would the carriage never come? Should they never be able to escape?

No more, however, was said or done. Edgar held his peace. Being a man, a woman's sneer could control him, and the carriage, which had stopped at Monk Grange overnight, as we know, soon after this came up to take them on their journey. To Adelaide's unspeakable relief, they got in without more being said of Miss Leonora Darley, Mr. Gryce's adopted daughter; and they set off, leaving Miss Gryce so much impressed by their grandeur, and touzled Jenny so much taken up by their liberality, as to cause both to forget poor Leam's continued absence, strange as it was to her habits.

But Edgar regretted that they went without seeing this adopted niece. It would have set his mind at rest if he had seen her. Now the moonlight vision that had come to him between sleeping and waking, that scent of lemon-plant, that tear on his hand, would ever remain a mystery, an undying fear and a lifelong pain.

They wound slowly up the rough, steep fell-side road, and presently Edgar, to lighten the load and also to free himself from Adelaide's presence for a time, got out to walk up the hill, and soon drew far ahead of the lumbering carriage. As he walked on he saw at a distance something gray by the wayside. Backed by the russet-brown of the dying bracken

and the gold of the late gorse, that something gray came out in strange distinctness. Was it a stone jutting out into the roadway? No, it was not a stone: it looked more like a human figure than a rock.

He quickened his pace, walking rapidly. The village bells were chiming up from the church at the fell-foot, calling the weary workers to the Sabbath Day devotions, the peaceful service of the day of rest; the scattered sheep on the fell-side were bleating to each other, the faithful collies barking and the distant cattle lowing. But all these sounds were far off and subdued, mere echoes of the life afar: near at hand it was absolute stillness—a stillness in fit accord with the sunless sky and the gray, dim, sombre day. Edgar walked fast, ever faster, and now had distanced the carriage by half a mile or more. He came nearer, nearer to the figure lying on the road, and now so near that he knew it to be a woman, young, slight, with dark hair—a woman of condition, not a tramp nor a peasant.

A little child from a hind's hut near stood beside that prostrate figure. The freshening wind blew back the sunny curls from the wondering rosy face and drove into a little cloud the clean white Sunday frock with the bits of blue about the arms to mark the mother's loving pride in her child. Her dimpled hands were full of withered fern and dying heather, of ox-eye daisies and golden-headed ragwort. She had scattered handfuls over the woman lying asleep there by the wayside, but now she was standing wondering why she laid so still, and did not awake when she was called.

Edgar, breathless, heart-struck, knowing full well what was before him, strode up to the sleeping woman. He knelt on one knee and gently lifted the hidden face, the helpless body, pressing to his bosom tenderly, reverently, the dear head of his dead love. As he moved the body he drew her hand from the heather where it had been thrust, and took from it, clutched tight and rigid with death, the green velvet pocket-book which he had given seven years

ago to Violet Cray, when they lived in St. John's Wood under the name of Harrington.

He took it from her hand and concealed it in his own breast, hiding it just in time from Adelaide, coming up in the carriage.

She stopped and got out to find him thus—kneeling on one knee, supporting the dead body of Leam Dundas, holding to his breast the pale dead face wet with his passionate tears, unresponsive to his despairing caresses.

Adelaide laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Is this manly?" she said in a cold voice. "You knew that she was here."

"Do not speak of her," he answered bitterly, turning away his head. "She loved me, and she is dead."

"Dead!" she echoed, as much displeasure as natural horror in her voice.

It was an offence to one like Adelaide that the girl whom she had always hated, but who had been in a sense her equal and companion, should have died with this tragic unconventionality—a poor lost creature lying by the wayside like one of the waifs of the world for whom is neither love nor care, neither respectability nor decency. When people of Leam's condition die, they should die in their beds, decently as befits the rational and well-conducted, not out on a wild fell-top, drenched with the mists of night and stiffened stark with its frosts. She made a movement as if she would have spoken, but Edgar, who read her heart, thrust her almost savagely aside. "Silence!" he said. "You shall not blaspheme her. She was true and faithful, and if she sinned she has suffered, and will be forgiven. She loved me, but she lies here, and—you are my wife!"

He bent his head and again kissed the pale face on his breast, then lifted her reverently to place her in the carriage.

As he stood up with his pitiful burden the church-bells ceased ringing, and Allick, in his place, began the Morning Service with these words:

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

FIRST PAPER.



"OCH! but the ague an' faver must be bad over there now!"

The place was the city of Baltimore, the time was a sweltering August morning, and the speaker was a respectable North-country Irishman, who had just learned that my home was upon the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Personally, my Milesian acquaintance knew no more of the region across the bay than he did of the Siberian steppes, and he was simply expressing the opinion generally held by Western Marylanders in regard to the habitat of their Oriental brethren. Now, it happened that this was not the first time that I had been favored with foreign sentiments concerning my adopted home and its people. About eight years ago I received an invitation to take up my residence in what to me was a *terra incognita*, and one of

VOL. XVIII.—5

the strongest inducements held out to me by the enthusiastic writer of the letter was the existence of a plain old country church, with "the most beautiful graveyard in the State" attached to it. Just after it became known among my friends that this cheering prospect had overcome all my local attachments, I met an acquaintance who had been on "the Shore" in his youth. He was measuring some corn for shipment, and was separating the yellow from the white. I casually expressed my preference for the latter, but the old man gravely shook his head. "No, sir!" said he: "the yellow is the best. Why, there's a gallon more of whisky to the bushel in it. I hear you're going to move to the Eastern Shore of Maryland?"

"Yes, I leave next week."

"Well, sir, it's a fine place: I've been there. The people are fine people. They make the best apple-toddy in the world."

The reader will now be able to set out with me on our exploring expedition upon equal terms, at least in the matter of his first impressions concerning the Shore. It is really astonishing to find what erroneous ideas prevail—indeed, how little is known at all—concerning this fine section of country, embracing nine of the richest counties of the State, and contributing in a very large degree to its material wealth no less than to its social and intellectual culture.

To obtain a correct impression of Eastern Maryland, we must view it first as a shore. We are leaning on the starboard quarter-rail of a steamer bound from the Rappahannock to Havre-de-Grace at the head of the bay. Wide reaches of marsh stretch out before us, broken here and there by some strangely-shaped outlying island or by the broad mouth of some river which rather spreads itself into the Chesapeake than flows into it. At every few miles the slender white form of a lighthouse cuts against the

sky, or we swerve off into a side-channel to avoid the shoal upon which stands the solitary, airy-looking, circular iron light-station, which answers the salute of our whistle with a few taps of its fog-bell. It is early winter, and long lines of canoes are moored along the shallows, each with its one or two "tongmen" plying their rakes with a strange mechanical play of the arms. Farther out, where the green swells ape the sea under the influence of the freshening breeze, the dredging schooners, under mainsail and jib, are dragging for their shelly harvest. Over the marsh-line the gleam of sails marks the course of unseen creeks, while in every inlet the heavy carrying model of the grain-pungies attracts the eye. Immense beds of ducks are occasionally seen, but at every turn of the wheels the scoter, the "tar-pot" and the southerly flap from the water ahead of the bows, while the loon appears and vanishes in all sorts of unexpected ways and places, like a very goblin of the waters. Groups of cattle and horses dot the marsh and islands, feeding on the salt grass and seemingly miles away from any habitation; but distances are very deceptive to the eye in such localities.

As we ascend the bay the shore-line changes its features. The marsh disappears except in occasional spots of varying extent. Clumps of tall pines mark the points and headlands long before their outlines become visible. Stretches of firm yellow beach slope gently to the water, affording the most convenient fishing-shores. Comfortable homesteads, with their fields and orchards like an outspread map, begin to meet the eye, with now and then the roofs and spires of a village peeping over distant tree-tops or clustering down at the water's edge. As we enter the upper bay we find the shore rising more boldly in wooded bluffs, presenting many beautiful water-fronts for future improvement, and occasionally some fine old-time residence commanding a lovely view. The islands which we pass are edged with gaunt, ragged oaks, bearing in their withered yet powerful arms the immense nests of the fish-

ing hawk and bald eagle, the latter often perched upon some projecting limb or sailing far up in the blue ether, his silvery head and tail distinctly flashing in the sunlight. Change as the shore-line may, however, there is always the same accompaniment of ducks and pungies, tong-boats and dredgers, broad-mouthed creeks and rivers and white sails gleaming against the inland horizon, far away across orchards and clover-fields.

There are few landing-places along the bay-shore, the shallow flats not permitting a near approach to land, but yonder is a schooner loading with grain from the farm a half mile off, on the shore. Ox-teams are placidly drawing the heavy bags right out into the bay, stopping when the water reaches the hubs to transfer them to the small boats which will take them a little farther out to the vessel. There, again, a steamer has heaved to to land passengers and stock at some island-farmstead. The former, with their luggage, are taking the wind and spray quite philosophically in the small boat: the latter have been unceremoniously tumbled into the water to make their way ashore as best they may.

Passing Turkey Point, where the Elk and the North-East empty into the bay, we are fairly out of the Chesapeake and in the wide mouth of the Susquehanna. We have seen as much of the Eastern Shore as is visible from the water, and we must go ashore to learn what lies behind the broken line of marsh and bluff, and to make the acquaintance of the people. As a very large portion of the latter are of somewhat amphibious habit, however, we shall have to take the water again in another paper to study the most important interests of the Shore.

Geographically considered, Eastern Maryland is a conundrum. Extending southward about one hundred and seventy miles from the Pennsylvania line, and about sixty-six miles wide at its broadest part, lies the peninsula in which three States claim territory. Viewed from the western side of the map, it presents a most appropriate resemblance to the head of a duck, the neck being some-

what constricted between the mouths of the Susquehanna and the Delaware, while the bill seems puddling about among the grass-flats and oyster-beds of the lower Chesapeake. There is not a natural boundary or barrier of any kind to separate one portion of this strip from the remainder; but just here comes in the riddle. Why Maryland should appropriate one-half of the upper portion, then run out with no other apparent object than to get a sniff of the ocean, and so cut Delaware short off by the feet, and then leave the lower part to Virginia, is the question which it is so difficult to solve. Going back to our duck's head, we find Maryland in possession of the throat and brain-pan, leaving to Delaware the back of the head and neck, and to Virginia the bill—*et praterea nihil*. The force of this illustration is not readily seen on the ordinary small maps, but on large and accurate maps of the peninsula the resemblance is far more striking than that of Italy to the boot. Again and again has it been suggested that the peninsula should be consolidated in a single State, but the people will not hear of it. Nowhere is the feeling of State pride stronger than among the inhabitants of the Eastern Shore, and they look upon the proposition to attach themselves to Delaware much in the same way in which New Yorkers would regard the idea of becoming Jerseymen. The two Virginia counties are even more widely separated in sentiment from their Maryland neighbors, and the jealousy arising from conflicting oyster-interests not infrequently blazes up into actual hostilities. And yet a total change of feeling in regard to this matter is by no means impossible in the future. A tide of immigration has set in from more northern latitudes which has already produced a marked impression upon the population; and as the great attractions of the country become more widely known, it will undoubtedly swell to proportions which must revolutionize public sentiment in many particulars, especially where that sentiment is the result of the hold maintained by old traditions and local ideas upon the affections of the

people. In Talbot county alone a single energetic land-agent has made sales of property amounting to \$228,660 in the course of twenty-two months. Fifty-five farms have changed owners, the purchasers being men from various parts of the North and West. In Kent and Cecil the same thing has been going on for some time more gradually, Pennsylvania and New Jersey chiefly supplying the new element, and the other counties are rapidly moving in the same direction. The ancient landmarks will ere long be nearly all removed, and with them will go most of the old traditions which link the present generation to the venerable Past. The quaint old-time customs and ways of thinking which still cling about the people must be studied now before they give place to the new order of things. Even the peculiar industries which offer to the stranger an attractive field of observation are undergoing the inevitable change, though these are declining only to be renewed with fresh and increased vigor as the wonderful resources of the country are developed and husbanded by the operation of conservative legislation. The fisheries will soon be restocked; the oyster-beds, now subjected to an exhaustive treatment which no waters could long endure, will be made more productive and improved in quality; and the system of fruit-farming, including the question of transportation and the regulation of the supply, will be brought by experience into a shape more remunerative to the producer. These subjects will come before us in future papers: for the present we must prepare ourselves for their due consideration by a glance at the general characteristics of the country.

And first as to climate and health. Whatever may be the experiences or impressions of a transient visitor, a prolonged residence will convince most persons that the Eastern Shore is the equal, in sanitary particulars, of any part of the country of like extent. But one must find this out for himself. Not only does the outer world persistently slander the climate, but the people themselves seem determined to frighten off all strangers

who brave these outside reports and come among them. Eight out of ten persons to whom you may be introduced will open conversation by asking with a placid smile, "Have you had the chills yet?"

At an evening party in the country, while yet but a new-comer, I was much impressed by the healthful appearance of the company, and especially the sturdy aspect of the children. Imagine the revulsion of feeling when I was ushered in—or rather *out*, as the expression is here—to the supper-room, and observed that the various jellies which formed a prominent part of the feast were served in quinine bottles. Comment was irresistible, but the explanation was reassuring, the vials having been bought at a sale on the Western Shore by the prudent housekeeper because of their convenient size and shape. Undoubtedly there is malaria, scarcely a square mile from Upper Cecil to the Virginia line being altogether exempt. But with as little doubt the miasmatic character is rapidly wearing out under the influence of higher tillage and other causes. Congestive chills are now exceedingly rare; the fierce and deadly bilious remittent, once common, is almost unknown; and the intermittent form which alone remains is of the mildest and most manageable type. But the conservatism of the people still clings to the traditions of the past, and every malady, of whatever form, is set down as "a little touch of the bilious." From all other disease the country is wonderfully free. No epidemics prevail: the inhabitants are robust, and in every community aged persons abound, quite the usual proportion reaching fourscore and upward, while centenarians are not unknown.

The climatic changes are certainly too frequent and sudden for comfort, but they range within narrow limits, and extremes of heat and cold are alike unknown, so that while the slighter forms of catarrh are familiar, the severe pneumonias and continued fevers of the South and the terrible consumption of the North are equally rare. The summer is short and always breezy. The western winds,

dried and heated by their passage over the land, gather cooling moisture from the Chesapeake before they blow upon the Eastern Shore, while the easterly gales come laden with the exhilarating vapors of the broad Atlantic. The severity of winter is seldom felt before the latter part of December, and "open" seasons are the rule rather than the exception. The sleigh-bells rarely ring for more than three or four days at a time, and skating is enjoyed during brief and uncertain periods.

Possibly, the diet of the people has more to do with their health than the climate. To live at all one must live well, and the costliest luxuries of less-favored regions are here the poor man's daily food. Probably no family is too poor to eat animal food at least five days out of the seven. Oysters of fine quality are to be had everywhere for the taking, or at forty to sixty cents per bushel or gallon by those who have to buy. While the world-renowned "diamond-back" terrapin is reserved for the rich man's table, it is the poor man who catches and sells him at twelve and twenty-four dollars per dozen, and contents himself with the mud-turtle and "snapper." The "lordly canvas-back" is for the wealthy alone, but "trash-ducks," including many varieties which city gourmands relish, may be shot on almost any water-course. The musk-rat furnishes a savory dish for any one who will set a choke-snare in the nearest creek, and his skin will purchase the accompaniments to make up the meal. Fish are within reach of all during the greater portion of the year, ranging from the bay-mackerel and sheepshead to the catfish and perch, which cost but a trifle under any circumstances, while they may often be had for the asking at the fishing-shores. At the spawning season the yellow perch, or "neddies," ascend the shallowest streams, and are thrown out by children with huge scoop-nets. Driving through the branches which flow across the roads and are but a few inches deep, it is curious to see shoals of these fish darting between the horse's feet, and even the spokes of the wheels. From

May to October, in ordinary years, fruit is actually a drug. Blackberries and whortleberries and cherries of fine size and flavor grow wild in great profusion, and the strawberry, the raspberry, the apple and the peach are sold at prices which put them within reach of the poorest. As a result of this abundance, there is but little poverty, and beggary is very rare. Tramps there are *few*, save the "peach-pluck," who will sit for his portrait hereafter. During prolonged freezes there is, of course, distress among those whose living depends upon open water, but the trouble is removed as soon as oysters become accessible again.

Excepting Caroline and Worcester, every county of Eastern Maryland possesses more or less of bay-shore, the last-named finding compensation in some thirty miles of Atlantic coast-line. Wherever some little creek has cut out a tortuous passage to the Chesapeake the tides have washed back into its channel until it has become for miles an arm of the bay, rather than a stream flowing into it. Thus, the country has become a meshwork of navigable waters, almost every farm being accessible to craft of some description. The effect of this upon the resources of the region has largely influenced the character of the people, no less than its agricultural features and antiquarian remains. In the early colonial times, while the settlers at a distance from the seaports were obliged to burn the bricks and hew the timber for their dwellings, the wealthy holder of a grant in Eastern Maryland was enabled to import his glazed brick and other building materials from England, and have them landed within easy hauling-distance of the site which he had selected, wherever that site might be. Hence, to this day the country is everywhere dotted with quaint, old-time farm-houses and substantial ancient churches, which stand undecayed until pulled down to make way for more modern structures. The same vessels which carry the oysters to market bring back the shells in ballast, to be dropped on every farm and burned into lime for the improvement of the soil. With water at every man's door,

the people take to it as naturally as ducks. The wealthier classes send many of their young men to the navy—the poorer man the innumerable varieties of craft which navigate the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries. This latter employment stamps its followers with a distinct individuality, and one can probably find nowhere else in the world so many sailors who have never been at sea. Everywhere you meet with the "weather eye," the slouching gait, the salt-water dialect which unmistakably proclaim the mariner. "Captains" are as plenty as Georgia majors, but not one in a hundred knows the roll of the ocean-swell or is familiar with the handling of a square-rigged ship. The universal facility of cheap importation has prevented everything like manufacturing enterprise: the only mills, until very recently, were those for grinding wheat and sawing boards for neighborhood convenience, and these were run by water-power in preference to steam. The railroad and telegraph are still struggling against the slow but cheap and easy water-transportation, and the habit of patiently abiding the uncertainties of wind and weather casts a subtle influence over the character of the people which is just beginning to wear off. But it *will* wear off, and the new population which is coming in will not have all the credit of the improvement and progress which have fairly commenced their march.

The average Eastern-Shoreman is thrifty, intelligent and industrious. He is beginning to set a value upon education, and takes a lively and thoughtful interest in the great outer world. He is apt to grumble about the poor returns of his farming, yet he rarely emigrates, and should he be induced to do so is almost sure to return to his old home. And no wonder, for the land is blest with rare gifts of Nature. The waters which bathe its shores teem with oysters, fish and terrapin, while their surface is alive with the choicest wild-fowl. The canvas-back and red-head, though in lessened numbers, still blacken the waters of the upper bay, the black-head, or flock-fowl, feeds in every creek and estuary, and

the swan and wild-geese sit by hundreds on the flats where grows their favorite food.

The soil, indeed, is well worn and requires careful culture, but wherever this is, bestowed the diligent laborer is rewarded with abundant crops of wheat and corn and clover, while every fruit of the temperate zone is produced in a profusion which the farmer must yet learn to regulate, lest the very abundance interfere with his profits. This fact has led to the development of the fruit interest into a specialty in the peninsular region sufficiently important and interesting in its details to require, like the water-industries of the Shore, a separate paper for its treatment.

Passing downward through Cecil and Kent, one finds as lovely a farming country as the eye can wander over. Should it chance to be early summer, the rolling surface presents its slopes on every side clothed in varied shades of green. Here the rich hue of the waving wheat-fields, broken by long lines of lighter coloring where the young oat-crop fills in the rows on which the corn was stacked in autumn; there the deeper hue of the heavy-leaved maize, blue and succulent in its luxuriant growth—the handsomest crop which a farmer's gaze can rest on; yonder a herd of lazy cattle knee-deep amid the purple bloom of the clover, or a broad expanse of fresh orchard foliage giving promise of ripened sweetness under the glowing kisses of the sun. The farm-houses, one or more of which will always be in sight, have an air of thrift and of substantial comfort, the large barns giving evidence of the expectation, at least, of full crops, and the sleek pigs and fat poultry bearing testimony to the realization of such hopes. Few of these houses are of modern style, while many of them are the long, small-windowed, porchless brick dwellings of a century ago. Should we turn aside to follow some well-worn road to a landing where the whistle has notified us that one of the many bay-steamers is about to cast off, we find a scene of bustle and confusion which tells its own story. Long coops of ducks and noisy geese are piled

about the gangway; bleating crowds of sheep and lambs are huddling toward the bows to make room for the half dozen or more of fat calves which are being forced over the gang-plank, while two or three shouting negroes are twisting the tails and belaboring the horns of the refractory steers which seem to scent the city shambles in the salt air from the bay. Resuming our journey, we note the absence of forest-growth, few trees being visible except the roadside cedars and the dead oaks which bear the inevitable fish-hawks' nests, save here and there a small grove left standing to accommodate the summer camp-meetings. In these upper counties the axe has been used relentlessly to make room for cultivation, and the penalty is beginning to make itself felt in the more frequent and protracted droughts. As we pass southward the country grows flatter, the roads becoming more level, until, when we reach the lower counties, all is low and sandy. Wood becomes more and more plentiful, and the thin look of the cereals warns us that we are in the small-fruit region.

To see all this we have avoided the railroads. When these were projected a fatal blunder was committed in the failure to construct a line as direct as possible from Elkton to Crisfield, with short branches penetrating to the larger towns on either side. Such a main trunk would have developed the resources of the country and paid handsome dividends; and, cost what it may, such a line must eventually be built. But in place of it there is now a system of non-paying short local lines, each independent of all others, and all serving as feeders to the Delaware road, to the great inconvenience of the whole country. To go by rail from any town to any other town in Eastern Maryland one must go through Delaware. The advantages of rapid over cheap transportation for all perishable produce thus tell in favor of the nearest market by rail, and Philadelphia, instead of Baltimore, gets the better portion of the trade—a benefit of no mean value when we consider the immense food-supply thus opened to the former city and the in-

creasing mercantile business of the thriving towns along the route. A growing spirit of enterprise is manifesting itself among the people, especially in the idea of opening new arteries through which the mighty heart-beats of the outer world may force fresh vigor into the life-current of the Eastern Shore. The shortest route to New York is the problem which is puzzling the public brain from one end of the peninsula to the other. The bay-steamer penetrates into the heart of the country through a hundred narrow and tortuous channels, but while the various "heads of navigation" lie so near to each other that the shriek of the steam-whistle often sounds from one to the other, the bay can be reached only by long and circuitous routes, and the ocean only through the bay. The natural remedies for this are canals—if strictly artificial remedies may be called natural—and nowhere are the facilities greater for such works. Thus, from Easton there are two routes to Baltimore, the wharves at the head of Miles and Third Haven rivers being about two and a half miles apart by land and over fifty by water. A steamboat canal is now proposed to unite these two head-water points, while a channel has already been dredged out from the Eastern Bay to the mouth of the Chester, the two together shortening the route to Baltimore by over fifty miles. A still grander project, however, is the proposed ship-canal between the upper waters of Chesapeake and of Delaware bays, through which ocean-steamers may pass to the Atlantic with their rich western freights, with a saving of at least two days of the voyage. When this plan was agitated a year or two ago, a very able engineering argument against it was widely published. Efforts, it said, to sink artesian wells in various places had revealed the astonishing and alarming fact that the entire peninsula rests upon a marshy deposit, beneath which is *free salt water*. The tongue of land which thus projects into the ocean like the snout of an enormous glacier is firmly held in place by the substantial rocky neck which forms its extreme northern portion. This connection would inevitably be severed

by the great ship-canal, and then—*terribile dictu!*—Cape Charles would become Cape Flyaway, and the whole peninsula would settle into the abyss, or float away, a veritable No-Man's Land, to seek and offer safe harbor to the Flying Dutchman! For a while the population of the imperiled district was considerably disturbed, and even after the hoax became patent a decided falling off was observable in popular interest in the great inter-sinic canal.

In such a trip as we have been making one meets chiefly a plain farmer class which has no representatives in the more Southern States; but from the deck of the river-steamer on the Elk, the Chester, the Wye, the Choptank and other streams may be seen the ancient homesteads of some of the wealthiest and most cultured families among the landed gentry of old Maryland. Many of these fine estates have been divided into smaller farms and passed into other hands, the names, even, of their former owners living only among the memories of other days. Many, however, though shorn of the broad acres which were once their glory, and yielding no longer the princely revenues which supported a baronial style in the times of the republican court, are still held by families whose record in the past and refined culture in the present are no whit behind those of the bluest blood of the Western Shore. In a few instances handsome modern structures have taken the place of the old residences destroyed by fire. Such is "The Hermitage," the hospitable home of Mr. Richard Cooke Tilghman. Facing one of the loveliest reaches of the broad and beautiful Chester, its graceful outlines and terraced grounds attract the eye of every stranger who passes out from Queenstown. In most cases, however, the spacious old mansions of colonial days still remain, their red-and-black-glazed bricks hidden with moss and ivy, their walls pierced with rows of great square windows with their dozens of diminutive lights, their rose-bowered porches sadly needing repair, and their central chimney-stacks suggesting the quaint old corner fireplaces within.

The masses of the people, except upon the bay and river shores, are farmers to a man, and their peculiarities are those of an agricultural community, always flavored, however, with the inevitable dash of salt water. Secluded as their life has been from outer influences and marked by a strong spirit of conservatism, it is not strange that their social habits should reveal to us some glimpses of the light of other days. One has a singular sensation of antiquity when he receives an invitation to spend "the evening" out, and finds the carriage waiting at two o'clock. Of course little of this is noticed in the towns, especially those which have become active business-centres, but in retired parts of the country there is much which suggests the good old times of loyalty to the Crown. Such names as "Gray's Inn," "Bohemia Manor," "Oxford," "Cambridge" and "Castle Haven" are most frequent, though "Hungry Town," "Potato Neck," "Tobacco Stick" and the like occasionally obtrude themselves. You pass old, tumble-down mills by the roadside whose heavy, moss-covered wheels may have ground the corn of the forgotten sleepers beneath those blue slate headstones, the dates upon which run far back into the last century. Camp-meetings are in high favor, and in many places the humbler "bush-meeting" attracts a large attendance. The latter is always held at night, and the fitful glare of the brush-fires produces a wild effect, while the slow, dirge-like melodies which float away among the shadows are strangely suggestive of the forest conventicles of other and long-gone times. And yet the influence of the ancient days of an established Church may still be distinctly traced in customs which are fast becoming obsolete. Easter and Whitsuntide are observed as holiday seasons by those who have long lost sight of the religious significance of those festivals. Twelfth-Day cakes are exhibited in the shop-windows, and Hallow-e'en parties indulged in, while many who never read a line of Shakespeare or heard of Ash Wednesday believe that the corn crop will certainly fail if they do not

eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and tansy pudding at Easter. It is curious to find the singular name "peter-boat," applied by the fishermen of the Thames to the slatted boxes in which they keep their fish alive, in constant use on the Chesapeake by men who never heard of the Thames.

It is refreshing, too, when one hears people talking familiarly about "the war," to discover that their minds are not dwelling upon any recent sectional differences. There are, indeed, here as elsewhere through this broad country, bitter heart-burnings still unquenched, which only time and mutual forbearance can remove, but in some sequestered neighborhoods it seems as if only vague rumors of such strife had ever reached the people. *Their* war—the conflict which bequeathed to them historic battle-fields and the "Star-Spangled Banner"—was waged about the year of grace eighteen hundred and twelve. They will proudly tell how a British squadron cast anchor in the roadstead of Worton Creek; how the gallant Kentish militia met and routed His Majesty's marines on the classic plains of Caulk's Field; and how the English commander, like some male and martial Cinderella, fled thence ingloriously to his ships, leaving his slipper as a trophy to the victors,—all this as if it had happened but a year or two ago.

The position of the people of Eastern Maryland during the late war between the States is well known, and among the hundreds of Northern men who are now attracted to this rich and promising country many seem to entertain some fears as to their reception. I have more than once been questioned confidentially upon this point, and will therefore close this paper with the assurance to every such doubter that there exists nowhere a quieter or more law-abiding community, and that every one, whencesoever he may come, who brings industry or capital and an honest character, will find awaiting him a kindly recognition, a hearty welcome and a social position equal to that in which he was entitled to move at home. ROBERT WILSON.

THEE AND YOU.

A STORY OF OLD PHILADELPHIA. IN TWO PARTS.—II.

THE soft September days were past and the crisp October freshness was with us before my little drama went a step further. Wholesome had got into a fashion of seeking loneliness, and thus Schmidt and I were more than ever thrown together. So it came that on a Saturday—which to me, a somewhat privileged person in the counting-house, was always a half holiday—and on Sunday afternoon if I went not to Christ Church, we were wont to wander at will about the lovely country along the Schuylkill or up the Wissahickon, talking of many things. Nor did Schmidt ever tire of the crowded market-place, and although in our walks he talked of what he saw there and elsewhere as with a child's pleasure in his own thoughts and words, they never wearied me. To many he was more odd than pleasant, because on all subjects and at all times he turned himself inside out, with little regard to what he had to say or who heard him. I recall well some of our morning strolls.

"Let us walk serenely," he said. (I suppose he meant slowly enough to think.) "The Wholesome goes before, and with what a liberal strength he walks! How beautiful to see! As if he would give away his legs when he walks, so much is there of strength he needs not in the Quaker life."

"I cannot see yet," I said, "why he must turn Quaker. I would have trusted that man with untold gold or a woman's honor the first half hour he talked to me."

"I like not that sect," returned Schmidt. "It does make nicer women than men. Should there be two religions for the two sexes? and do you think ever Penn and Mr. Fox did take among the women a vote when they went to the queerness of robe which is theirs?"

"I have heard," I said, "that it is only

a continuance of the plainer fashions of their own time."

"And why," he said, "should to-day wear the garments of a century away? And does not Nature mock their foolish customs? Even now behold how pretty a sight is this." And he paused before a stall where the ripe Spanish watermelons split into halves showed their gorgeous red. "How spendthrift is Nature of her tints! and in the peach-time is there a pleasure to eat of this scarlet! I thought it so pretty last week when we dined with Mr. Wilton—the red melons on the shining brown mahogany, and the gray-greens of the apples, and the Heath peaches, soft and rosy, with the ruby of the madeira wine. How charming a thing is a table after dinner what few do ever think!"

"Stop!" I said: "look there!" A little way before us, in simple tints of gray serge, and with rebel curls peeping out under her stiff, ugly silk bonnet, Priscilla was moving down the market. She was busy with her daily marketing, and behind or beside her our old brown Nancy, trim and cleanly, with her half-filled basket. A few steps in the rear was a man who paused and held back as she stopped, and then went on. As I caught his side face and hungry eyes, and a certain hyena-like swiftness of impatient movement, I knew him for the man whom Wholesome had struck on the wharf a few weeks before. Now he was clad in the height of the fashion, with striped silken hose, tight nankeen breeches, a brown swallow-tailed coat, and an ample cambric cravat. The bright brass buttons were new, the beaver hat, scroll-rimmed and broad on top, was faultlessly brushed.

"Ach!" said Schmidt, "a devil which is handsome for little of good! The plain-er parent must have been made to be liberal of money to plume the fine bird."

Just then the man looked round, and, Wholesome being gone on ahead, and seeing no one he knew, he paused beside Priscilla and spoke to her. What he said we did not hear. She turned, a little startled, and dropped her purse. The man set his foot on it, and, stooping as if to look for it, deftly picked it up and slipped it into his pocket.

I started forward.

"Nay," said Schmidt, "the audience shall not spoil the play. Wait."

Her face grew pale, and I at least thought she saw but would not notice the mean theft. A few brief words passed between them. He asked something, and she hesitated, I thought. Then a few more words, and as we went by I heard her say something about the afternoon, and then with a word more he turned and left her.

"Also," said Schmidt, "the plot thickens. How handsome and foul he is, with that visage clean shaven and the nose of hawk! We shall see when all the performers are come upon the stage. Good-bye! I go to see if further he will amuse me."

For my part, bewildered at Priscilla's knowledge of this ruffian, astonished at his gay change of dress, and recalling his emotion on the wharf, I also began to feel an interest in the drama going on about me.

After dinner next day, when her guests save myself had gone away to their several tasks, Mistress Priscilla in the garden grew busy among the roses with the dead leaves and the bugs. A very pretty picture she made, and if I had been a painter it is thus I should have wished to paint her: Against the wall of dark-red brick the long bending rose-branches made a briery hedge of green and leafy curves, flecked here and there with roses red, white and pink; and against this background there was the charming outline of Priscilla in ashen-tinted silk, with a fine cambric handkerchief about her throat, and a paler silk kerchief pinned away from the neck on the shoulders, much as Friends wear them still. A frail pretence of a cap there was also, and wicked double tints of hair the color

of chestnuts and dead leaves and buttonwood bark and such other pretty uncertain tints as have stored away a wealth of summer sun. Now and then she was up on tiptoe to pluck a rose or break off a dead stem, and then the full ripe curves of her figure were charming to see. And so, like a gray butterfly, she flitted round the garden-wall, and presently, quite in a natural way, came upon me demurely reading.

"Thee should be up and away to thee business, friend loiterer," she said.

"I think I shall stay at home this afternoon," I answered, giving no reason.

I saw she looked troubled, but in a moment she added, "Not if I wanted thee to do an errand for me in Front street."

"I have a bone in my foot," said I, recalling one of our boy excuses for laziness.

"But I would pay thee with a rose and some thanks," she returned, laughing.

"No doubt that would pay some folks, but I am not to be bribed. If I were older it might answer; but as I am only a boy, I may tell you how pretty you look among the roses. And I think you are dressed for company this afternoon."

"Thee is a very saucy lad," she replied, half troubled, half smiling, "and—and—I must tell thee, I suppose, that I am looking for a friend to come on a business of mine, and I shall like thee better if thee will go away to-day, because—"

"Because why?" I said.

"Because I ask thee to go."

At this moment, as I rose to obey her, laughing and saying, "But will you not tell me his name?" Schmidt appeared in the window.

"Ah!" said he, smiling his pleased, quiet smile, which rarely grew into noisy mirth, "we masquerade of this pleasant afternoon as a queen of pearls. You would have lacked some one to admire you were I not come back so good-luckily now."

Priscilla blushed, but said quickly, "This lazy boy has been saying much the same things.—Ah!" and she looked worried of a sudden as the knock-

er sounded. "There!" she exclaimed, "some one is coming to see me—on business. Please to leave me the parlor."

"Ah, well!" said Schmidt, smiling, "we will go;" and he turned to enter the house.

"But not that way," she said hastily. "I—I am in trouble: I do not want you to see—I mean— Please to go out by the garden-gate: I will explain another time."

Schmidt looked surprised, but, taking my arm, went without more words down the garden, saying in my ear, in his queer jerky way, "Hast thou ever seen what a smear the slimy slug will make on the rose-leaf?"

I said, "I do not understand."

"But God does, my lad; and when thy rose comes, pray that there be no vile slugs afoot."

From that evening we all noticed a sad change in Priscilla. The gay sallies and coquetry which had defied all bonds were gone, and she went about her needed household work silent, preoccupied and pale. The greatest charm of this woman was in her pretty little revolts against Quaker ways, and her endless sympathy with everybody's tastes and pursuits; but now she was utterly changed, until all of us who loved her, as friend or as more than friend, began to notice her sadness and to question among ourselves as to its cause.

It soon grew to be known among us that in the afternoons Priscilla had meetings at home with a stranger, and we observed also that Wholesome had become silent and abstracted. This was a source of some amusement to our little company of India clerks and supercargoes, who laid it to the fact that Wholesome's sad conduct having been set before the preparative, and then before the monthly meeting, a committee of Friends had waited upon him and wasted much time in fruitless admonitions, the ex-captain proving quite unable to see that he had acted otherwise than became a God-fearing man. I suspect this treason to the creed of Friends sat easy on him, and graver by far were the other questions which beset him on every side.

At last, one afternoon early in October, Wholesome had started a little late for the counting-house, when, as we passed down Arch street near Fifth, he suddenly stopped and said, "I must go back. This thing has gone on long enough. A man must put his hand in the business."

"What is it?" said I, surprised at the sternness of his manner.

"Do you see that person?" he replied, pointing to a fashionably-dressed gentleman on the far side of the way, going up the street with a certain leisurely swagger. It was the man he had struck on the wharf, and whom I had seen in the market place.

I said, "Yes, I see him. What do you mean to do?"

"No matter. I am going home: I have stood this long enough."

"But what do you mean to do?"

"Kill him," said Wholesome quietly.

I was at once shocked, alarmed and a little amused, it seemed so incongruous a threat from a man in drab and broad-brim. But I had the sense to try to dissuade him from returning as we stood under the lindens, he cool and quiet, I anxious and troubled, as any man so young would have been. At last he broke away, saying, "I am going home. You need not come: I do not want you."

"If you go back," I said, "I go also."

"As you please," he returned; and we went swiftly homeward, without a word on either side.

Since then I have seen on the stage many and curious scenes, but none more dramatic than that on which the curtain rose at four o'clock on this pleasant October evening.

Wholesome, pale, cold-visaged, handsome, opened the door as if his being there were a matter of course, and walked into the back parlor. Between the windows, as usual, sat the older dame, of no more mortal consequence than a clock. On the window-step we saw Priscilla, and as we passed out of the nearer window into the garden I observed our dark-visaged friend leaning against the window-jamb and talking earnestly to her.

She rose up, a little flurried and anxious, saying, "Perhaps thee does remember John Oldmixon, Richard?—And these are Richard Wholesome and a new friend, Henry Shelburne."

As she spoke she scanned furtively and with a certain uneasiness the two strongly-contrasted faces. Neither man put out his hand, but Wholesome said, "Yes, I remember him, and well enough. He has not changed, I think;" and as he ended his glance rose to meet the darker eyes of his foe. If will to hurt had been power to slay with the look which followed this silent challenge, there would have been a man dead at Priscilla's feet. John Oldmixon must have been well used to the eye of hate.

"Nay," he said, "we have shifted parts like men in a play I once saw. I went away a Quaker, and am come back a man of the world: you went away a gay midshipman, and here you are a Friend in drab."

"Yes, a Friend," said Priscilla quickly, lifting her eyes to Wholesome's with mute pleading in their fullness.

"I suppose," said I, desirous to turn the talk from what seemed to me dangerous ground—"I suppose there is no rule about Friends' dress, is there? Who sets the fashions for Friends?"

"There are none," she said smiling. "Like the flowers of the field and the trees, our dress is ever the same."

"Ah," said Wholesome, who was getting his passion well in hand, "I think thee will see some new fall patterns in the leaves overhead, Priscilla. Thee has given us a weak example for Friends."

"It has little beauty," said Oldmixon, "this Friends' dress, but it may have its use, for all that. For instance, no one would insult or strike a man in drab, however great the provocation he might give. It is as good as chain-armor."

"Why not?" replied Wholesome, flushing. "A man may be a man, whatever his garb, and I for one should feel as free to chastise a scoundrel to-day as ten years ago, and as ready to answer him."

"Oh, Richard, Richard! thee forgets."

"True," he said, "I did: I forgot you. Pardon me!"

"It is so easy to brag in drab," returned Oldmixon. "That's another of its uses. But that concerns no one here.—Shall I see you to-morrow, Priscilla?"

The last insult quieted Wholesome, as such things do quiet some men. He made no answer, but smiled and went away down the garden whistling—a thing I had never heard him do before—while Priscilla said in a half whisper, "No, not to-morrow. How can you find it pleasing to annoy my friends? Does thee think that a thing I should like?"

"He is not *my* friend," replied the man brutally, and losing his temper as easily with the woman as he had kept it with the man. "Folks who masquerade in Quaker clothes need to be taught lessons sometimes."

"Thee forgets thyself," said Priscilla. "Think a little, and take back thee words."

"Not I," said he sneeringly. "A fellow like that wants a teacher at times."

Priscilla was a woman, and the man thus jeered at was out of earshot, and she loved him; so for once her creed and temper alike failed her, and she said proudly, "I hear it is thee rather that has been to school to him, and did not like thee lesson."

"By Heaven!" said he angrily, "you are no better Quaker than he! I hope my wife will have better manners." He flushed with shame and with wrath at thus coming to learn that Priscilla knew of his humiliation. "Good-bye!" he said, and turned to leave.

But Priscilla was herself again. "I beg of thee do not go in anger," she said. "I was wrong: pardon me!"

"Not I," he returned. "Think a little next time before you speak."

"John!" she said reproachfully, but he was gone.

As he went I saw Wholesome pass quietly out of the garden-gate, and surmising that he had gone to meet Oldmixon, and not knowing what might come of it, I made some excuse, and leaving Priscilla pale and shaken, I followed by the front door.

I was right. As Oldmixon crossed the Second street, I walking behind him,

Wholesome came out of a side lane and touched him on the shoulder. There was no woman now, and both men came out in their true colors.

Oldmixon turned. He looked uneasy, and, I thought, scared. "What do you want?" he said.

Wholesome turned to me: "This is no business of yours: leave us, Shelburne."

"Not now," I said.

"Well, as you please; but step out of earshot: I have something to say to this man which concerns only him and me."

Upon this I walked away, but as their voices rose I caught enough to surprise me.

Wholesome spoke to him quietly for several minutes.

Then Oldmixon replied aloud, "And if I say no?"

"Then," said Wholesome, also raising his voice, "I will tell her all."

"And what good will it do?" answered the other angrily. "Do you think I will release her? and do you think she will lie while I carry this?" and he touched his breast-pocket. "She may never marry me, but you, at least, will be no better off: it will only be said you told a pretty story, thinking to compass your own ends."

Almost without knowing it I drew nearer, unnoted by the two angry men.

"Yet will I do it," said Wholesome.

"You little know her: tell her and try it," said the other.

Wholesome paused. Then he said, "I believe you are right, or let us suppose you so. What is to stop me from delivering you to justice to-morrow—to-day?"

The other smiled: "Just because, if you feel sure this woman will marry me, you love her too well to damn her husband quite utterly."

Wholesome laughed hoarsely, and said, "Don't count on my goodness in that kind of fashion. By Heaven! you have been nearer death within this last week or two than you dream of; and I should no more think twice about the lesser business of putting you out of the way of soiling better lives than about crushing a cockroach."

Oldmixon looked at him keenly, and no doubt made the reflection that had he meant to act, he would have done so without warning. His face lit up as if he were about to speak. Then he changed his purpose, was silent a moment, and said, "Richard Wholesome, there has been enough bad blood between me and you already. Let it stop here. This woman is out of your reach, and always will be while I live. For her sake let us be at peace."

"Peace!" said Wholesome. "You would not believe it if I were to say that if she loved you, and you were any way worth loving, I would help you to her and go away not quite unhappy. But now—" and his scorn grew uncontrollable—"now, to talk of peace—peace with a cur, with a creature who holds a pure woman by a girl's promise which he treats as a business contract—peace with a man who trades on a woman's hope that she can drag him out of the mire of his vices! I wonder at my own self-restraint," he added as the other fell back a step before his angry advance.

"Will you hear me?" said Oldmixon.

"Hear you? No," said Wholesome. "When you hear of me again, it will be through the sheriff."

"Ah, is it so really?" returned the other. "Have your way, then, and see what will come of it;" and so saying he turned and went away.

Wholesome stood an instant, and then, looking up, said, "You here yet? I suppose you have heard enough to trouble you. Do me the kindness not to mention it. I did not mean the talk should have been a long one, and it had better have been elsewhere, but a man is not always his own master."

This I thought myself, but the upper streets of Philadelphia were in that day half country, the wayfarers scarce save on the main highways. I said to him that I had heard a good deal of what was said, but did not fully understand it.

"No need to," he replied. "Forget it, my lad."

That evening late, as we sat at our window in the second story, Schmidt and

I, we heard voices in the garden just below us, at first low, then louder.

"It is Priscilla and Wholesome, not yet gone away to sleep," said Schmidt. "What will he? There is a something which ever she asks and ever he will not. And if she would it ask of the other, which is me, there would be ways to do it, I warrant you, and that quickly. Canst hear, my boy?"

"Hear?" said I aloud, so as to disturb the couple below, who, however, were too intent to heed my warning—"Hear? What business have I with other people's affairs?" and so I coughed again lustily.

"Foolish imp! why shall you spoil my drama?" said Schmidt. "Never have you paid as I have to get an interest in them which play; and think what a rare piece you spoil, and how pretty, too, with this jealous lover on the balcony and the drab Romeo and Juliet in the moonshine beneath! See! what is it they speak? He says, 'Yes, you shall have your way.' And about what, my lord?—Would you mind if that I go below to hear?"

"Now that," I said, "you shall not do."

"And wherefore should I tarry?" he returned. "Are my motives as the crystal to be seen through? And if I listen for ill, that is ill; and if I go to listen for good—"

"Good or ill," said I, "friend Schmidt, we do not do such things here."

"And there is to myself wonderment that it is so," he returned; "and as it is my conscience that will bleed, I go."

"Not so," said I laughing, and began to hail Wholesome in the garden, and to ask him to throw me a cheroot.

As I called out the voices ceased, and Schmidt, quite furious, exclaimed, "There is not so much of amusing in the life of gray and drab here as that an interest shall be taken out of it, and never more be missed. The thing you have done is unhuman."

Meanwhile, Wholesome had thrown up to me his cigar-case, and Priscilla had flitted into the house like a misty ghost through the moonlight.

The little I had heard that night, and what Schmidt had added as comment,

and what Wholesome had said to Oldmixon, could not fail, of course, to make clear to me that here was a mystery which seemed to be growing deeper.

Meanwhile, our daily work went on, while Mistress White grew paler than her white kerchief, and went about her household tasks watched by loving and tender eyes. As I was a sort of extra clerk at our counting-house and received no salary, I went and came with more liberty than the rest; whence it chanced that sometimes I was at home when John Oldmixon paid his frequent afternoon visits. I liked the man little, and since his meeting with Wholesome less than ever. Once or twice I found Priscilla crying after he had gone; and this so moved me that I made up my mind to tell Schmidt, partly because I was curious, and partly because, with a boy's lack of knowledge of the perplexities of life, I hoped to find or hear of some escape for her. I was saved this need by an event which chanced a day or two later.

I came home early in the afternoon with Schmidt to get our rough clothes, as we meant to be gone a day or two down the river in his boat, and to sleep the first night at Chester or Marcus Hook. As we entered the parlor I heard a harsh voice saying roughly, "I will wait no longer. Be as good as your written pledge, or let me go and drift to the devil, as I shall. Only one person can save me."

Schmidt seized my arm and held me back at the door a moment, and I heard Priscilla say, "Can thee fail to see how ill I grow? Will thee not wait but a little while, John—only a little? Richard has promised me thee shall take no hurt: thee knows he would not lie."

All this while, at brief intervals, like a scared bird who sees near her nest a serpent, the old lady from her seat between the windows kept sounding her one note: "Has thee a four-leaved clover?" in a voice shrill and feeble.

Meanwhile, I had turned away as Oldmixon replied to Priscilla, "Not a week longer—not a week! You are lying to me in your heart, and you only just dare not lie with your lips."

This brutal speech was too much for Schmidt. "The man," he said, "which can this suffer should no more breathe the air of God;" and so saying went in abruptly.

As he entered, I being behind him, John Oldmixon, confused and wrathful, let go his rough hold on Priscilla's wrists and rose up, seeking to compose his disturbed features. The German walked straight up to him. "Not ever do we abuse women in this house," he said. "Go straightways out of it."

Oldmixon laughed. "How is this, 'Cilla?" he said.

"What is called a gentleman," said Schmidt, "he is very mild to women. Talk your great talk to me who am a man: what need to shelter by a petticoat?"

By this time Priscilla was her quiet self. "Hush, John!" she said. "Thee will both remember my aged mother."

"Has thee a four-leaved clover?" said the old dame.

"There is of you but a child," returned Schmidt to Priscilla softly: "the ways of foul things like this one you do not know. Leave us but a moment, and never shall he more trouble thy sweetness."

Oldmixon's face grew gray with rage. "Insolent little Dutchman!" he said.

"Hush!" again broke in Priscilla: "speak not thus;" and turning to Schmidt, "This is my husband that shall be. How we may differ is for us alone. I pray thee to go away, and be no more angry for what is to be borne by me with what patience God shall help me to get."

"He does not help me to any patience," said Schmidt, "seeing these things; but if it be as you say, I go; but as for this man—"

"Well?" said Oldmixon.

"Come away, Schmidt," I exclaimed. "This is no business of yours. Come!"

"Yes, go," said Priscilla anxiously, standing like an angel of peace between the two angry men.

"Let it then be so," said Schmidt, "for now."

"And for always," said she.

And we turned and went without more words.

Another week went by, when one morning Schmidt proposed to me that we should walk up the Schuylkill to the Falls; and as I was glad always of his company, we set out after our one-o'clock dinner. Where we walked by ponds and green fields and gardens the great city has come and left no spot unfilled; but now, as then, above Fairmount the river rolled broad between grassy hills and bold rocky points. We hailed a boatman just below Callowhill street, and being set on the far side went away northward along the river-marge. It was lovely then: it is so to-day. We walked on, leaving above us on the bank the sloping lawns of Solitude, Sweetbrier's, Eaglesfield, and at last Belmont, and, now by the water-side and now under the overhanging catalpas of the "River Road," came at last to the "Falls." In those days a vast rock extended two-thirds of the way across from the west side, and so dammed up the waters that they broke in foam through the narrow gap on the east, and fell noisily about six feet in a hundred and fifty yards. The rock, I recall well, was full of potholes, and there was one known from its shape as Devil Foot. Of all this there is to-day nothing left, the dam at Fairmount having hidden it under water, but in those times the view from the rock took in a lovely sweep of river down to Peter's Island and far beyond it.

That was a day to remember, and it brought out all that was most curious and quaint and sincere in my German friend. It was mid-October, and a haze which was gray or gold as shade or sun prevailed lay moveless everywhere.

Said Schmidt to me, basking on the rock, "Have you learned yet to look with curiousness at this pretty Nature which for us dresses with nice changes all the days?"

His speech often puzzled me, and I said as much of it this time.

"It is my bad English which I have when I try not to talk my Spenser or my Shakespeare, to which I went to school. It was not a mystery I meant. I would but this say, that it is gainful of what is most sweet in living to have got that

wise nearness of love to Nature. Well! and I am not yet understood? So let it be. When a music which pleases you is heard, is it that it fills up full your throat some way and overflows your eyes?"

I was ever sensitive to harmony, and could follow him now. I said, "Yes, there are songs which are most sweet to me—which so move me that I scarce willingly hear them."

"Thus," he said, "I am stirred by the great orchestra of color which is here, but music I know not. How strange is that! And if," he said, "you were to shut your eyes, what is it in this loveliness would stay with you?"

"Oh, but," said I, "no one thing makes it lovely. It is not only color, but sounds, like this rush of water at our feet."

"It is as you say," replied Schmidt. "And what a sweet-tempered day, with a gray haziness and a not unkindly coolness to the air where the sun is not!"

"A day like Priscilla," I said demurely.

"Yes," he replied, "that was well said—like Priscilla. How lovely sad that is," he went on, "to see the leaves shiver in the wind and rain all reds and golds through the air! And do you see this picture behind us, where is that great green fir, and around it to the top, like a flame, the scarlet of your Virginia creeper? And below these firs on the ground is a carpet—a carpet all colors near, and gray pinks to us far away; and under the maples what you call—ach! the wild words which fail me—fine broken-up gold and red bits. It is what you call stippled, I mean."

"And the curled leaves afloat," I said, "how pretty they are!"

"And the brown sedges," he added, "and the crumpled brown ferns, and over them the great splendid masses of color, which do laugh at a painter!"

Then we were silent a while, and the blue smoke went up in spirals from Schmidt's meerscham. At last he said, in his odd, abrupt way, "To talk helps to think. This is a strange coil we have about our good Priscilla. I have been going it over in my own mind."

"I understand it so little," said I, "that

I am unable to help you. Can you tell me more of it than I know already?"

"And why not?" said Schmidt frankly. "This is it—"

"But stop!" said I. "If it involves other folks' secrets, I do not want to know it."

"That is my business," returned Schmidt, deliberately filling his pipe. "What I do I settle with my own conscience if I have any; which I know not clearly. How amazing some day to be called to an account for it, and then to put hands in the moral pockets and say, 'Where is it?' Let me talk my dark thoughts out to daylight."

"Well, then," I said, laughing, "go on."

"And first of Oldmixon. There is, I have come to know, a black history of this man in the war. Our good Wholesome was in the way to help him with money, so much that to pay he could not. Then is there a not nice story of a shipwreck, and boats too full, and women which he would throw overboard or not take in from a sinking ship, and sharp words and a quarrel with Wholesome, and these followed by a stab in the darkness, and a good man over in a raging sea and no more seen of men."

"Good Heavens!" said I: "do you mean he stabbed Wholesome?"

"It is so," said he, and went on.

"And then?" said I.

"Next," he said, "is some foul horror of women shrieking lonely on a vessel's deck over which go the wailing seas. But this Wholesome is by a miracle afloat for hours on a spar, and saved by a passing ship."

"But knowing all this," I said, "why does he not tell it and drive the wretch away?"

"Because," returned Schmidt, "there is another side—of a little Quaker girl, the ward of Nicholas Oldmixon, who is on a time before this saved from great peril of fear more than of death by this man, John Oldmixon, and then such love between them as may be betwixt a fair woman and a foul man."

"But," said I, "this does not seem enough to make our present tangle."

"Assuredly never," he went on. "But also the man takes to worse ways, and to the woman's girl-love comes later her belief that here is a soul to save. And, come what will, she, when he has fled away, writes letters in which she makes foolish promise to marry him when he comes back."

"But will she keep such an absurd promise?" I said.

"Is she a woman?" he answered. "There is a mingled creature of angel and fool which will do this thing, and let no man stop her."

"But," I added, "you have not told me why Wholesome does not go to the recorder and tell his story, and have the scoundrel arrested."

"Ah, true!" he said. "A day more and the thing would have been; but the beast, well warned by our foolish Quaker war-man, he goes swiftly to Priscilla and is penitent over again, and will she save him?"

"And then?" said I.

"This Quaker woman she turns my man Wholesome her finger around, and says, 'God has set me the task to marry this man, John Oldmixon, and save his soul alive'—whatever that may mean—and so she has Wholesome's good promise that he will leave the wretch to her and his conscience for ever."

"And so it ends," said I, "and Priscilla is a dead woman. If I were Wholesome, I would save her despite herself, even if she never married me."

"But you are not Richard Wholesome," he returned. "There is half of him Quaker and half a brave gentleman, and all of him the bond slave of a woman's foolish will."

"Then is it a tale told?" I said.

"Hardly do I know," replied Schmidt, rising. "There are two ends to all things. Let us go: the twilight falls, and how lovely is the golden light on the yellow hickories yonder!"

And so we strolled homeward lazily, the chill October evening air growing damper and the twilight well upon us before we reached the city.

Just as we were come to our own door, Schmidt, who had been long silent, stop-

ped me and said, "There is a thing I would say to you for lack of an elder to listen. But first make me a promise that no man's ear shall get the value of what I have said to you."

"I will tell no one," I answered.

Then he paused: "This more I want of you. I have much weighed it before I thought to put on one so young what may come to be a burden; but also there is none else. Some time if that I send or write for you to follow me, do it swiftly as I may direct. Will you?"

I said yes with a sense that it was to one of my bringing up a little too romantic, and so far absurd; yet his tone was earnest, and even sad, and I therefore took care not to smile.

"That is all," he returned; and we went in.

All that time is broken up for me into distinct scenes like a play, some of them, as I said before, having the clearness of pictures, being like these but the scenes of a moment. The days and hours between are less well defined in my memory. There is one of these brief pictures which hangs as it were in my mind, and which I could wish that some one would paint for me.

The next day was Sunday, and Wholesome, as had often chanced of late, went not to meeting, but after breakfast walked out of the room with a sombre face and clouded brow, and went slowly up stairs to his chambers in the third story. In one he slept: the other was a sitting-room, filled with relics of his many voyages—skins of wild beasts, deer and moose horns, pipes and the like—of which I found it pleasant to hear him chat. I followed him up stairs, and with Schmidt came to the door of his room, meaning to ask him to walk with us. He must have been much taken up with his own thoughts, for he did not hear us, and, the door being ajar, Schmidt of a sudden checked me and pointed into the room. Against the farther wall was a tall mahogany clock, such as are common in old houses here—a rather stately timepiece, crowned with a carven cock over its ample metal face. Below it, on the floor, lay a large tiger-skin, upon

which stood Wholesome. The clock-door was open, and he seemed to have just taken from its interior a pair of rapiers. One he had set against the clock, and unsheathing the other he held the point in one hand and the haft in the other, and bent it as if to try its temper. I can see the man now in his drab clothes, his curly hair, his look of easy, ample strength, the tiger-skin and the open clock. Then I can see him throw his chest out and lunge twice or thrice at the wall with the lightsome grace of a practiced hand.

Schmidt stepped back on tiptoe, whispering, "Come away," and silently we went down the staircase, I wondering, and he moody and abstracted, making no reply to my questionings and comments.

"At last he said, 'I walk not to-day. Will you please me to not forget what you have promised yesterday?'"

The summons came soon. I was lying on the grass under the apricots, teasing the cat for lack of better amusement, that Sunday in the early afternoon. Across me fell the shadow of Schmidt coming noiseless over the sward. I rolled on to my back, laughing and tossing the angry cat about, knowing not it was the shadow of a tragedy which had fallen across me at my careless play.

Schmidt regarded me a moment with a soft, grave look, and then, dropping on the grass beside me, said, "I have before me in the day which goes a business which will not be the play of boys; but being, as you know, a man of lonely ways, there is not one I can think to ask that they go with me."

"And why not take me," I said, "as you meant to do, I suppose?"

"I would not if I could help it," he returned.

"Now, Mr. Schmidt," said I abruptly, "it is a fancy you and Mr. Wholesome have to make a boy of me; but if not forty, I am no more a boy than you. If you want help and I can give it, I am at your call. If you want to explain your purpose, I will listen. If you choose to hold your tongue, I am willing to go with you anywhere without question."

"That was nice-spoken," he said quietly, "and with good trust. There will a woman love you well some day for the sweet honest ways of you. Come, then, and wait for me at the door a moment."

He presently appeared with a long check cloak over his shoulders, the air being shrewd and cool, and we went away down Arch street together.

At the corner of High and Front stood a building with hipped roof and many gables, once the London Coffee-house, but at the time I speak of rather fallen in its fortunes to be a lodging-house of no great repute, but not ill kept, and in the war a great resort of privateersmen.

As we turned into the bar-room together, Schmidt said to me, "You are here only to see, and to remember what you come to see."

Then he exchanged a few words with the landlord, like himself a German, and laughing gayly went away up the narrow stairs to a front room on the second story, where he knocked. I heard no reply, but, at all events, Schmidt walked in, and as I passed him turned, locked the door, and, keeping the key in his hand, went a pace or two before me. At the table between the windows sat John Oldmixon. He turned his head, and with an oath too profane to repeat threw down his pen, and rising faced us. Schmidt walked to the table, and glancing at the half-written letter which lay there, said smiling, "You write to Richard Wholesome? Then am I yet in good time."

"For what?" exclaimed Oldmixon angrily. "To look at a private letter? Who the devil asked you to come here? Leave my room, or—"

"Hush!" said Schmidt quietly. "You are, as I do suppose, a man of the world, and what is called a gentleman. I have a brief business with you, which I would not for the sake of myself and you should be known."

"I do not know, sir," returned Oldmixon, "of any business you can possibly have with me. Open that door and leave my room."

"Ach! well!" said Schmidt. "Will you then listen to me?"

"No!" cried the other. "No man

shall play this kind of game on me. Go, or I shall have to make you."

"It will be well if you shall hear me," replied Schmidt, quite master of himself.

"Then," said the other, "I shall open the door by force and have you put out."

"But to my side there are two," said Schmidt as Oldmixon advanced.

On this hint I stood against the door, saying, "What Mr. Schmidt wants I know no more than you, but until you hear him you do not leave this room."

Oldmixon looked from one to the other, and then, as by a sudden resolution, said, "A deuced pretty business, indeed! I cannot fight two. What is it you want?"

"Now you are come into the land of reason," said the German, "I pray of you to hear me, and with tranquillity to think."

"Go on," said Oldmixon.

"Good!" returned Schmidt. "Mr. Wholesome—who does well know all of you, from the one side of you to the other, what you call through and through—he has his cause why he may not tell of you and send you away or have you put in jail."

"Nonsense! What stuff is this?" exclaimed Oldmixon.

"Yet hear," said Schmidt. "I have put on paper, which is in my pocket here, a little account of you for to be given to a magistrate. When he comes to see it there arrives straight the constable, and he touches you on the shoulder and says, 'You come with me.'"

"Pshaw!" said the other. "Is this a theatre?"

"It is a theatre," returned Schmidt, "and we are the actors, and the play it is good. This paper you can have on your own terms if you are wise; and once it is yours I swear to you I shall not ever in life speak or write of you again. But if you will not, then when I go from this, in a time but short, it shall be in the hands of the recorder."

"Do you take me for an idiot?" said the other. "What do I care for your terms? and what are you to me? Wholesome will never testify against me."

"Perhaps," said Schmidt; "and still you will be no less a man ruined; and

here at least there shall be no place for you, and no woman—ay, not the lowest—will look on you with grace."

Oldmixon fell back a pace, hesitated, and said hoarsely, "What do you want?"

Schmidt leaned over and said something to him which I did not hear.

Oldmixon started. "Fight you!" he said with a sort of bewilderment. "What for? We have no quarrel. What utter nonsense!"

"Nonsense or not," cried Schmidt, "you fight or I go; and what shall follow I have not failed to tell you."

"Do you suppose," said the other, "I am to be at the beck and call of every foreign adventurer? If you come on Wholesome's quarrel, go back and tell him I will meet him anywhere with any weapons. With him, at least, I have a score to settle."

"And what score?" returned Schmidt.

"He has struck me," said Oldmixon. "I am only waiting my time. I have no quarrel with you."

"That is a thing easy to mend," said Schmidt; and to my surprise and horror he struck Oldmixon on the face with the leather glove he held.

The other, wild with rage, hit out at him fiercely as I threw myself between them, and there was a moment's struggle, when Schmidt exclaimed, stepping back, "Will that be enough?"

"Too much!" cried the other furiously. "You shall have your way, and your blood be on your own head, not on mine.—I take *you*, sir, to witness," he added, appealing to me, "that he provoked this quarrel."

"It is so," said Schmidt; and turning to me, "Let come what shall, Herr Shelburne, you will say it was my quarrel.—And now," to Oldmixon, "the terms are but these;" and he talked apart with his foe a few moments. There was anger and dissent and insistence in their words, but I could not, and did not wish to, hear them.

At last Schmidt said aloud, "It is the letters against this paper, and Mr. Shelburne to hear and take notice."

I bowed, somewhat in the dark, I confess.

"Mr. Shelburne has my full confidence," said Oldmixon, saluting me, and now full master of himself. "And what time to-morrow shall it be?" he added.

"To-day," returned Schmidt.

"Ah! as you like," said the other with a good show of indifference; "and the hour and place, if you please?"

"To-day," said Schmidt, "at six o'clock. There are certain willows of a clump which stand a mile below Passyunk Road in the meadow on the way to League Island. Four there are, and one dead—on the left. If at that hour we meet not, the word shall to the magistrate, as I have said it."

"Never fear," said Oldmixon: "I shall not fail you. The threat was little needed. Who is your second? Mine will be—"

"There will be no second or any to see," said Schmidt.

"But this is not a duel: it is murder!" exclaimed Oldmixon.

"We will call no names," replied the German. "Will you be there? And listen: if I am not of the lucky side, you will take this paper and your letters, and so will it end. That is my bargain, and you have much to win."

"Enough!" cried the other. "I shall be there—ay, and ready. Your weapons?"

"These," said Schmidt; and throwing back his cloak he displayed the two rapiers we had seen Wholesome handling.

"At six?"

"At six," said the other; and with no more words we left the room.

During this singular scene I had held my peace, but as we reached the street I said, "You cannot mean to meet this man?"

"But I shall," he replied, "and you will here leave me."

"That," said I, "I shall not do. If you go alone, it must seem to any one a murder should either of you die. I go with you, come what may."

He reasoned with me in vain, and at last, seeing that the time sped away, he yielded, and we took hastily a chaise from a livery-stable, and, I driving, we went away to the place set. Within a hundred yards of it we tied the horse and silently walked down the road. Pres-

ently, Schmidt got over a fence, and crossing a meadow paused under a group of pollard willows.

The scene is with me now, to fade only when I also vanish. A nearly level sun shot golden light across the tufted marsh-grasses of the low Neck lands, already touched with autumn grays. There was no house near us, and far away I could see over the ditches and above the dikes of this bit of Holland the tops of schooners on the distant Schuylkill. To the north the broken lines of the city still took the fading sun, while around us a chill October haze began to dim the farther meadows, and to hover in the corners of the dikes and over the wider ditches.

We had waited a few moments only, I leaning thoughtfully against a tree, Schmidt quietly walking to and fro, smoking as usual, and, as far as I could see, no more moved than if he were here to shoot for a wager. The next moment I started as behind me broke out the loud roar of some ancient bullfrog. In fact, I was getting nervous and chilly. Schmidt laughed merrily at my scare. "And listen!" he said, as all around the frogs, big and little, broke into hoarse croakings and chirrups. "Ah!" he went on, "there is to Nature always a chorus ready. Do you find a sadness in their tongues to-day?"

It seemed to me horrible indeed as I listened, but it had never so seemed to me before.

"And now is our man here," exclaimed Schmidt as the sound of distant horse-hoofs caused us to turn toward the road.

A moment or two later, Oldmixon, who had dismounted and tied his horse, came swiftly over the field.

"There are two!" he exclaimed abruptly.

"It is not my fault," said Schmidt. "But Mr. Shelburne shall walk a hundred yards away and wait. If you kill me, it will be not so bad a thing to have one to say there was a fair play."

"As you will," said the other, "but we did not so agree."

"The paper," said Schmidt, "is here; and the letters?"

"Are here," returned Oldmixon. •

"Mr. Shelburne shall take them, if you please," added Schmidt. "If you have good fortune, they both shall to you; and if I am to win, Mr. Shelburne shall me kindly give them, and I pledge my honor as a man to be truthful to what I have you promised. And as you are a gentleman, is this all of them?"

"On my honor," returned Oldmixon proudly, with more courtesy than was common to him.

"These, then, to you, my Shelburne," said Schmidt; "and, as I have said, you will amuse yourself a hundred yards away, not looking until there is no more sound of swords."

I felt there was no more to be done, and so walked slowly away, carrying the papers, while the two men took off their coats. I turned at the sharp click of the meeting blades, and looked with wild eagerness. The contrast between the German's close-set, ungainly form and the well-knit, tall figure of his foe filled me on a sudden with foreboding. I was surprised, however, in a moment to see that Schmidt was a master of his weapon. For a minute or so—I cannot tell how long, it seemed to me an eternity—the swords flashed and met and quivered and seemed glued together, and then there were two cries of rage and joy. Schmidt's foot had slipped on the tufted sward, and Oldmixon's sword-point had entered his right breast. The German caught the blade with his left hand, and ran his foe furiously through the sword-arm, so that he dropped his weapon, staggered, slipped and fell, while the German threw the blade far to the left. I ran forward at once.

"Back!" cried Schmidt; and, gathering himself up, said to Oldmixon, "Your life is mine. Keep still or I will kill you: as I live, I will kill you! You had Priscilla's letters: they are to me now. And do you give her up for always?"

"No," said Oldmixon.

"Then I shall kill you," said Schmidt. "Say your prayers: you have no more to live."

The fallen man was white with fear, and turned toward me for help. The German, hurt, unsteady, feeling his min-

utes precious, was yet cool and stern. "The words!" he said.

"I am in your power," said Oldmixon.

This was all, as it were, a moment's work, while I was advancing over the half-meadow across which I had retreated.

"Schmidt," I said, "for Heaven's sake, remember me at least. Don't kill a defenceless man in cold blood."

"Back!" he answered: "not a step more near or he dies as by you;" and his dripping sword-point flickered perilously over Oldmixon as he lay at his feet. "Quick!" he said. "I am hurt—I fail. To kill you were more sure. Quick! the words! the words!"

"What words?" said Oldmixon. "I am in your power. What are your terms?"

"You will say," said Schmidt, his hand on his side and speaking hard—"you will say, 'I give back her words—with her letters.'"

"I do," said Oldmixon.

"And you hear?" said Schmidt to me coming near; "and take that other rapier, Shelburne."

Oldmixon had risen and stood facing us, silent, ghastly, an awful memory to this day as a baffled man, and around us the brown twilight and his face black against the blue eastern sky.

"Yet a word more," said Schmidt. "You have lost, and I have won. Tonight shall my charge be set before a magistrate. You have a horse: go! Let us see you not any more."

It was after dark by the time I reached home in the chaise with my companion, as to whom I felt the most bitter anxiety. At first I spoke to him of his condition, but upon his saying it hurt him to talk, I ceased to question him and hurried the horse over the broken road. When at last we were at our house-door, I helped him to get out, and saw him sway a moment as with weakness. As I opened the door I said, "Let me help you to bed."

He replied, "Yes, it were well;" and, resting a hand on my shoulder, used one of the sheathed rapiers as a staff.

Candles were burning in the parlor, and an astral lamp, and voices sober or

merry came through the half-closed door. On the hall-table was also a candle. Of a sudden Schmidt paused, and said in a voice broken by weakness, with a certain pitiful terror in its tones, "The power goes away from me. I grow blind, and shall—see—her—no—more."

Meanwhile he rocked to and fro, and then with a cry of "Priscilla!" he turned from my supporting shoulder, and as one dazed pushed open the parlor door, and staggering, sword in hand, into the room, dropped it and leant both hands on the little round table for support, so that for a moment the light fell on his ghastly white face and yearning eyes. Then he swayed, tottered and fell on the floor.

They were all around him in a moment with cries of dismay and pity.

"What is this?" said some one to me.

Priscilla was on the floor at once, and had lifted his head on to her knee.

"He is hurt," said I.

"Ah! God have pity on us!" exclaimed Wholesome, picking up his rapier. "I understand. Bring water, some one, and brandy. Quick!"

"Does thee see," cried Priscilla in sudden horror, "he is bleeding? Oh, cruel men!"

I stood by with fear, remorse and sorrow in my heart. "It was—" I began.

"Hush!" broke in Wholesome—"another time. He is better. His eyes are

open: he wants something.—What is it, Heinrich?"

"Priscilla," he said.

"Priscilla is here, dear friend," she said quietly, bending over him.

"I thought I was a little boy and my head in my mother's lap. Where am I? Ah, but now I do remember. The letters!" and he fumbled at his pocket, and at last pulled them out. "With this on them," he said, "you cannot ever any more think of him."

They were stained with the blood from his wound.

"Never! never! never!" she cried piteously: "for this last wickedness no forgiveness!"

"And he is gone," he added. "And Shelburne—where is my Shelburne?"

"Here! here!" I said.

"Tell her—he gives her up—for always—never no more to trouble her good sweetness.—Wholesome, where art thou?"

"I am with you," said the captain in a voice husky with emotion.

"Quick! listen!" continued Schmidt, gasping. "Time goes away for me. Is it that you do love her well?"

"O my God!" said Wholesome.

"But never more so well as I," said Schmidt.—"Priscilla!"

As he spoke his head rolled over. He was dead, and a great silence came upon us all.

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

THE ANGELS OF THE DEW.

'T WAS late in June—a deepening twilight crept
Within the garden-wall:
No shape familiar its own meaning kept,
But shadowy, vague was all.

A peace that scarce would do the heavens wrong
Reigned softly, and caressed
The yielding senses; while cicada-song,
Unhushed, the silence blest.

The very measure of the long-drawn notes,
So unlike other sound,
And heard afar from myriad hidden throats,
Made rest the more profound.

The flowers had shut their eyes, yet breathed perfume
As children do in sleep:
The subtle charm was theirs of living bloom
In slumber folded deep.

I saw through space an angel form descend—
Or in my sure repose
I felt it rather—slowly, gently bend
Above a dreaming rose.

The sweeping wings were level: only bowed
The star-illuminated head;
Rare vesture falling like a fleecy cloud,
Soft, with the twilight wed.

Divinest lips one lingering moment rest
Where sleep a blush enfolds;
And after, sparkling as the angel's crest,
The rose a dewdrop holds.

All-favored Rose! methought, none other here
But hence will own thy power;
When, lo! more spirits, fair as this, appear,
Each guardian of a flower—

Each with a glory set upon the brow;
Each with the lucent wings;
Each with benignant hands, and will to bow
In holy ministrings.

No more one only rose her diamond wears:
The tiniest bloom that blows,
The lowliest shrub, its dewy gem upbears
While lustre overflows.

The twilight fades—unearthly splendor gleams
Of gardens bathed in light:
Suffused with radiance only known in dreams,
I wake and find it night.

MARY B. DODGE.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, March 5, 1876.

I DON'T think I like a climate which produces a thunderstorm *every* afternoon. One disadvantage of this electric excitement is that I hardly ever get out for a walk or drive. All day it is burning hot: if there is a breath of air, it is sultry, and adds to the oppression of the atmosphere instead of refreshing it. Then about midday great fleecy banks of cloud begin to steal up behind the ridge of hills to the south-west. Gradually they creep round the horizon, stretching their soft gray folds farther and farther to every point of the compass, until they have shrouded the dazzling blue sky and dropped a cool, filmy veil of mist between the sun's fierce, steady blaze and the baked earth below. That is always my nervous moment. F—— declares I am exactly like an old hen with her chickens; and I acknowledge that I should like to cluck and call everything and everybody into shelter and safety. If little G—— is out on his pony alone, as is generally the case—for he returns from school early in the afternoon—and I think of the great open veldt, the rough, broken track and the treacherous swamp, what wonder is it that I cannot rest in-doors, but am always making bareheaded expeditions every five minutes to the brow of the hill to see if I can discern the tiny figure tearing along the open, with its floating white puggery streaming behind? The pony may safely be trusted not to loiter, for horse and cow, bird and beast, know what that rapidly-darkening shadow means, and what sudden death lurks within those patches of inky clouds, from which a deep and rolling murmur comes from time to time. I am uneasy even if F—— has not returned, for the little river, the noisy Umsindusi, thinks nothing of suddenly spreading itself far and wide over its banks, turning the low-lying ground into a lake for miles.

It is true that this may only last for

a few hours, or even moments, but five minutes is quite enough to do a great deal of mischief when a river is rising at the rate of two feet a minute—mischief not only to human beings, but to bridges, roads and drains, as well as plantations and fields. Yet that tropical downpour, where the clouds let loose the imprisoned moisture suddenly in solid sheets of water instead of by the more slow and civilized method of drops, is a relief to my mind, for there are worse possibilities than a wet jacket behind those lurid, low-hanging vapors. There are hailstorms, like one yesterday morning which rattled on the red tile roof like a discharge of musketry, and with nearly as damaging an effect, for several tiles were broken and tumbled down, leaving melancholy gaps, like missing teeth, in the eaves. There are thunderbolts, which strike the tallest trees, leaving them in an instant gaunt and bare and shriveled, as though centuries had suddenly passed over their green and waving heads. There are flashes of lightning which dart through a verandah or room, and leave every living thing in it struck down dead—peals of thunder which seem to shake the very earth to its centre. There are all these meteorological possibilities—nay, probabilities—following fast upon a burning, hot, still morning; and what wonder is it that I am anxious and nervous until everybody belonging to me is under shelter, though shelter can only be from the driving rain or tearing gusts of wind? No wall or window, no bolt or bar, can keep out the dazzling death which swoops down in a violet glare and snatches its victims anywhere and everywhere. A Kafir washerman, talking yesterday morning to his employer in her verandah, was in the act of saying, "I will be *sure* to come to-morrow," when he fell forward on his face, dead from a blinding flash out of a passing thunder-cloud. An old settler, a little way up-

country, was reading prayers to his household the other night, and in a second half the little kneeling circle were struck dead alongside of the patriarchal reader—dead on their knees. Two young men were playing a game of billiards quietly enough: one was leaning forward to make a stroke when there came a crash and a crackle, and he dropped dead with his cue in his hand. The local papers are full every day of a long list of casualties, but it is not from these sources I have drawn the preceding examples: I only chanced to hear them yesterday, and they all happened quite close by.

As for cattle or trees being killed, that is an every-day occurrence in summer, and even a hailstorm, so long as it does not utterly bombard the town and leave the houses roofless and open to wind and weather, is not thought anything of. The hail-shower of yesterday, though, bombarded my creepers and reduced them to a pitiful state in five minutes. So soon as it was possible to venture outside the house, F—— called me to see the ruin of leaf and bud which strewed the cemented floor of the verandah. It is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to believe, the state to which the foliage had been reduced. On the weather side of the house every leaf was torn off, and not only torn, but riddled through and through as though by a charge of swan-shot. All my young rose-shoots, climbing so swiftly up to the roof of the verandah, were snapped off and stripped of their tender leaves and pretty buds. The honeysuckles' luxuriant foliage was all gone, lying in a wet, forlorn mass of beaten green leaves around each pillar, and there was not a leaf left on the vines. But a much more serious trouble came out of that storm. Though it has passed with the passing fury of wind and rain, still, it will always leave a feeling of insecurity in my mind during similar outbreaks. The great hailstones were forced by the driving wind in immense quantities beneath the tiles, and deposited on the rude planking which, painted white, forms the ceiling. This planking has the boards wide apart, so it is not difficult to see that so soon as the warmth of the

house melted the hailstones—that is, in five minutes—the water trickled down as through a sieve. It was not to be dealt with like an ordinary leak: it was here, there and everywhere, on sofas and chairs, beds and writing-tables; and the moment the sun shone out again, bright and hot as ever, the contents of the house had to be turned out of doors to dry. Drying meant, however, warping of writing-tables, and in fact of all woodwork, and fading of chintzes, beneath the broiling glare of a midday sun. Such are a few of the difficulties of existence in South Africa—difficulties, however, which must be met and got over as best they may, and laughed at once they are past and over, as I am really doing in spite of my affectionation of grumbling.

A very pleasant adventure came to us the other evening, however, through one of these sudden thunderstorms. Imagine a little tea-table, with straw chairs all around it, standing in the verandah. A fair and pleasant view lies before us of green rises and still greener hollows, with dark dots of plantations from which peep red roofs or white gables. Beyond, again, lies Maritzburg under the lee of higher hills, which cast a deeper shadow over the picturesque little town. We are six in all, and four horses are being led up and down by Kafir grooms, for their riders have come out for a breath of air after a long, burning day of semi-tropical heat, and also for a cup of tea and a chat. We were exactly even, three ladies and three gentlemen; and we grumbled at the weather and complained of our servants according to the usual style of South-African conversation.

Presently, some one said, "It's much cooler now."

"Yes," was the answer, "but look at those clouds; and is that a river rolling down the hillside?"

Up to that moment there had not been a drop of rain, but even as the words passed the speaker's lips a blinding flash of light, a sullen growl and a warning drop of rain, making a splash as big as half a crown at our feet, told their own story. In less time than it takes me to write or you to read the horses had been

hastily led up to the stable and stuffed into stalls only meant for two, and already occupied. But Natalian horses are generally meek, underbred, spiritless creatures, with sense enough to munch their mealies in peace and quiet, no matter how closely they are packed. As for me, I snatched up my tea-tray and fled into the wee drawing-room. Some one else caught up the table; the straw chairs were left as usual to be buffeted by the wind and weather, and we retreated to the comparative shelter of the house. But no doors or windows could keep out the torrent of rain which burst like a waterspout over our heads, forcing its way under the tiles, beneath the badly-fitting doors and windows, sweeping and eddying all around like the true tropical tempest it was. Claps of thunder shook the nursery, where we three ladies had taken refuge, ostensibly to encourage and cheer the nurse, but really to huddle together like sheep with the children in our midst. Flash after flash lit up the fast-gathering darkness as the storm rolled away, to end in an hour or so as suddenly as it began. By this time it was not much past six, and though the twilight is early in these parts, there was enough daylight still left for our guests to see their way home. So the horses were brought, adieux were made, and our guests set forth, to return, however, in half an hour asking whether there was any other road into town, for the river was sweeping like a maelstrom for half a mile on either side of the frail wooden bridge by which they had crossed a couple of hours earlier. Now, the only other road into town is across a ford, or "drift," as it is called here, of the same river a mile higher up. Of course, it was of no use thinking of *this* way for even a moment; but as they were really anxious to get home if possible, F—— volunteered to go back and see if it was practicable to get across by the bridge. I listened and waited anxiously enough in the verandah, for I could hear the roar of the rushing river down below—a river which is ordinarily as sluggish as a brook in midsummer—and I was

so afraid that F—— or one of the other gentlemen would rashly venture across. But it was not to be attempted by any one who valued his life that evening, and F—— returned joyously, bringing our guests home as captives. It was great fun, for, in true colonial fashion, we had no servants to speak of except the nurse, the rest being Kafirs, one more ignorant than the other. And fancy stowing four extra people into a house with four rooms already full to overflowing! But it was done, and done successfully too, amid peals of laughter and absurd contrivances and arrangements, reminding us of the dear old New Zealand days.

The triumph of condensation was due, however, to Charlie, the Kafir groom, who ruthlessly turned my poor little pony carriage out into the open air to make room for some of his extra horses, saying, "It wash it, ma'—make it clean: carriage no can get horse-sickness." And he was right, for it is certain death to turn a horse unaccustomed to the open out of his stable at night, especially at this time of year. We were all up very early next morning, and I had an anxious moment or two until I knew whether my market-Kafir could get out to me with bread, etc.; but soon after seven I saw him trudging gayly along with his bare legs, red tunic and long wand or stick, without which no Kafir stirs a yard away from home. Apropos of that red tunic, it was bought and given to him to prevent him from *wearing* the small piece of waterproof canvas I gave him to wrap up my bread, flour, sugar, etc. in on a wet morning. I used to notice that these perishable commodities arrived as often quite sopped through and spoiled *after* this arrangement about the waterproof as before, but the mystery was solved by seeing "Ufan" (otherwise John) with my basket poised on his head, the rain pelt-ing down upon its contents, and the small square of waterproof tied with a string at each corner over his own back. That reminds me of a hat I saw worn in Maritzburg two days ago in surely the most eccentric fashion hat was ever yet put on. It was a large, soft gray felt, and,

as far as I could judge, in pretty good condition. The Kafir who sported it had fastened a stout rope to the brim, at the extreme edge of the two sides. He had then turned the hat upside down, and wore it thus securely moored by these ropes behind his ears and under his chin. There were sundry trifles of polished bone, skewers and feathers stuck about his head as well, but the inverted hat sat serenely on the top of all, the soft crown being further secured to its owner's woolly pate by soda-water wire. I never saw anything so absurd in my life; but Charlie, who was holding my horse, gazed at it with rapture, and putting both hands together murmured in his best English and in the most insinuating manner, "Inkosi have old hat, ma? Like dat?" He evidently meant to imitate the fashion if he could.

Poor Charlie has lost his savings—three pounds. He has been in great trouble about it, as he was saving up his money carefully to buy a wife. It has been stolen, I fear, by one of his fellow-servants, and suspicion points strongly to Tom the Pickle, who cannot be made to respect the rights of property in any shape, from my sugar upward. The machinery of the law has been set in motion to find these three pounds, with no good results, however; and now Charlie avows his intention of bringing a "witch-finder" (that is, a witch who finds) up to tell him where the money is. I am invited to be present at the performance, but I only hope she won't say I have got poor Charlie's money, for the etiquette is that whoever she accuses has to produce the missing sum at once, no matter whether he knows anything about its disappearance or not.

Before I quite leave the subject of thunderstorms—of which I devoutly hope this is the last month—I must observe that it seems a cruel arrangement that the only available material for metaling the roads should be iron-stone, of which there is an immense quantity in the immediate neighborhood of Maritzburg. It answers the purpose admirably so far as changing the dismal swamps of the streets into tolerably hard high-

roads goes; but in such an electric climate as this it is really very dangerous. Since the principal street has been thus improved, I am assured that during a thunderstorm it is exceedingly dangerous to pass down it. Several oxen and Kafirs have been struck down in it, and the lightning seems to be attracted to the ground, and runs along it in lambent sheets of flame. Yet I fancy it is a case of iron-stone or nothing, for the only other stone I see is a flaky substance which is very friable and closely resembles slate, and would be perfectly unmanageable for road-making purposes.

Speaking of roads, I only wish anybody who grumbles at rates and taxes, which at all events keep him supplied with water and roads, could come here for a month. First, he should see the red mud in scanty quantities which represents our available water-supply (except actually *in* the town); and next he should walk or ride or drive—for each is equally perilous—down to the town, a mile or two off, with me of a dark night. I say, "with me," because I should make it a point to call the grumbler's attention to the various pitfalls on the way. I think I should like him to drive about seven o'clock, say to dinner, when one does not like the idea of having to struggle with a broken carriage or to go the remainder of the way on foot. About 7 P. M. the light is peculiarly treacherous and uncertain, and is worse than the darkness later on. Very well, then, we will start, first looking carefully to the harness, lest Charlie should have omitted to fasten some important strap or buckle. There is a track—in fact, there are three tracks—all the way down to the main road, but each track has its own dangers. Down the centre of one runs a ridge like a backbone, with a deep furrow on either hand. If we were to attempt this, the bed of the pony carriage would rest on the ridge, to the speedy destruction of the axles. To the right there is a grassy track, which is as uneven as a ploughed field, and has a couple of tremendous holes, to begin with, entirely concealed by waving grass. The secret of these constant holes is that a noctur-

nal animal called an ant-bear makes raids upon the ant-hills, which are like mole-hills, only bigger, destroys them, and scoops down to the new foundation in its search for the eggs, an especial dainty hard to get at. So one day there is a little brown hillock to be seen among the grass, and the next only a scratched-up hole. The tiny city is destroyed, the fortress taken and razed to the ground. All the ingenious galleries and large halls are laid low and the precious nurseries crumbled to the dust. If we get into one of these, we shall go no farther (a horse broke his neck in one last week). But we will suppose them safely passed; and also the swamp. To avoid this we must take a good sweep to the left over perfectly unknown ground, and we shall be sure to disturb a good many Kafir cranes—birds who are so ludicrously like the black-headed, red-legged, white-bodied cranes in a "Noah's ark" that they seem old friends at once. Now, there is one deep, deep ravine right across the road, and then a steep hill, halfway down which comes a very pretty bit of driving in doubtful light. You've got to turn abruptly to the left on the shoulder of the hill. Exactly where you turn is a crevasse of unknown depth, originally some sort of rude drain. The rains have washed away the hoarding, made havoc around the drain, and left a hole which it is not pleasant to look into on foot and in broad daylight. But, whatever you do, don't, in trying to avoid this hole, keep too much to the right, for there is what was once intended for a reasonable ditch, but furious torrents of water racing along have seized upon it as a channel and turned it into a river-course. After that, at the foot of the hill, lies a quarter of a mile of mud and heavy sand, with alternate big projecting boulders and deep holes made by unhappy wagons having stuck therein. Then you reach—always supposing you have not yet broken a spring—the willow bridge, a little frail wooden structure, prettily shaded and sheltered by luxuriant weeping willows drooping their trailing green plumes into the muddy Umsindusi; and so on to the main road into Pieter-Maritzburg. Such

a bit of road as this is! It ought to be photographed. I suppose it is a couple of dozen yards wide (for land is of little value hereabouts, and we can afford wide margins to our highways), and there certainly is not more than a strip a yard wide which is anything like safe driving. In two or three places it is deeply furrowed for fifty yards or so by the heavy summer rains. Here and there are standing pools of water in holes whose depth is unknown, and everywhere the surface is deeply seamed and scarred by wagon-wheels. Fortunately for my nerves, there are but few and rare occasions on which we are tempted to confront these perils by night, and hitherto we have been tolerably fortunate.

MARCH 10.

You will think this letter is nothing but a jumble of grumbles if, after complaining of the roads, I complain of my hens; but, really, if the case were fairly stated, I am quite sure that Mr. Tetmegeir or any of the great authorities on poultry-keeping would consider I had some ground for bemoaning myself. In the first place, as I think I have mentioned before, there is a sudden and mysterious disease among poultry which breaks out like an epidemic, and is vaguely called "fowl-sickness." That possibility alone is an anxiety to one, and naturally makes the poultry-fancier desirous of rearing as many chickens as possible, so as to leave a margin for disaster. In spite of all my incessant care and trouble, and a vast expenditure of mealies, to say nothing of crusts and scraps, I only manage to rear about twenty-five per cent. of my chickens. Even this is accomplished in the face of such unparalleled stupidity on the part of my hens that I wonder any chickens survive at all. Nothing will induce the hens to avail themselves of any sort of shelter for their broods. They just squat down in the middle of a path or anywhere, and go to sleep there. I hear sleepy "squawks" in the middle of the night, and find next morning that a cat or owl or snake has been supping off half my baby-chickens. Besides this sort of nocturnal fatalism, they perpetrate

wholesale infanticide during the day by dragging the poor little wretches about among weeds and grass five feet high, all wet and full of thorns and burs. But it is perhaps in the hen-house that the worst and most idiotic part of their nature shows itself. Some few weeks ago I took three hens who were worrying us all to death by clucking entreaties to be given eggs to sit upon, and established them in three empty boxes, with seven or eight eggs under each. What do you think these hens have done? They have contrived, in the first place, to push and roll all the eggs into one nest. Then they appear to have invited every laying hen in the place into that box, for I counted forty-eight eggs in it last week. Upon these *one* hen sits, in the very centre. Of course, there are many eggs outside her wings, although she habitually keeps every feather fluffed out to the utmost; which must in itself be a fatigue. Around her, standing, but still sitting vigorously, were three other hens covering, or attempting to cover, this enormous nestful of eggs. Every now and then they appear to give a party, for I find several eggs kicked out into the middle of the hen-house, and strange fowls feeding on them amid immense cackling. Nothing ever seems to result from this pyramid of feathers. It (the pyramid) has been there just five weeks now, and at distant intervals a couple of chickens have appeared which none of the hens will acknowledge. Sitting appears to be their one idea. They look upon chickens as an interruption to their more serious duties, and utterly disregard them. It is quite heartbreaking to see these unhappy chickens seeking for a mother, and meeting with nothing but pecks and squalls, which plainly express, "Go along, *do!*" One hen I have left, as advised, to her own devices, and she has shown her instinct by laying ten eggs on a rafter over the stable, upon which she can barely balance herself and them. Upon these eggs she is now sitting with great diligence, but as each chicken is hatched there is no possible fate for it but to tumble off the rafter and be killed. There is no ladder or any means of as-

cent, or of descent except a drop of a dozen feet. Another hen has turned a pigeon off her nest, and insisted on sitting upon the two eggs herself. Great was her dismay, however, when she found that her babies required to be fed every five minutes, and that no amount of pecking could induce them to come out for a walk the day they were hatched. She deserted them, of course, and the poor little pigeons died of neglect. Now, do you not think Kafir hens are a handful for a poor woman, who has quantities of other things to do, to have to manage?

Part of my regular occupation at this time of year, when nearly every blade of grass carries a tick at its extreme tip, is to extract these pertinacious little beasties from the children's legs and arms. I can understand how it is that G— is constantly coming to me saying, "A needle, mumsy, if you please: here is such a big tick!" because he is always in the grass helping Charlie to stuff what he has cut for the horses into a sack or assisting some one else to burn a large patch of rank vegetation, and dislodging snakes, centipedes and all sorts of venomous things in the process,—I can understand, I say, how this mischievous little imp, who is always in the front of whatever is going on, should gather unto himself ticks, mosquitoes, and even "fillies;" but I cannot comprehend why the baby, who, from lack of physical possibilities, leads a comparatively harmless and innocent existence, should also attract ticks to his fat arms and legs. I thought perhaps they might come from a certain puppy which gets a good deal of hugging up, but I am assured that a tick never leaves an animal. They will come off the grass upon any live thing passing, but they never move once they have taken hold of flesh with their cruel pincers. It is quite a dreadful thing to see the oxen "out-spanned" when they come down to the "spruit" to drink. Their dewlaps, and indeed their whole bodies, seem a mass of these horrible, swollen, bloated insects, as big as a large pea already, but sucking away with all their might, and resisting all efforts the unhappy animals can make with tail or

head to get rid of them. Whenever I see the baby restless and fidgety, I undress him, and I am pretty sure to find a tick or two lazily moving about looking for a comfortable place to settle. G—— gave me quite a fright the other day. He was nicely dressed, for a wonder, to go for a drive with me in the carriage, and was standing before my looking-glass attempting to brush his hair. Suddenly I saw a stream of blood pouring down his neck, and on examination I found that he must have dislodged the great bloated tick lying on his collar, and which had settled on a vein just above his ear. The creature had made quite a wound as it was being torn away by the brush, and the blood was pouring freely from it, and would not be staunch. No cold water or plaster or anything would stop it, and the end was that poor little G—— had to give up his drive and remain at home with wet cloths on his head. He was rather proud of it, all the same, considering it quite an adventure, especially as he declared it did not hurt at all. Both the children keep very well here, although they do not look so rosy as they used to in England; but I am assured that the apple-cheeks will come back in the winter. They have enormous appetites, and certainly enjoy the free, unconventional life amazingly; only Baby will *not* take to a Kafir nurse-boy. He condescends to smile when Charlie or any of the servants (for they all pet him a great deal) executes a waltz for his amusement or sings him a song, but he does not like being carried about in their arms. I have now got a Kafir nurse-girl, a Christian. She is a fat, good-tempered and very docile girl of about fifteen, who looks at least twenty-five years old. Baby only goes to her to pluck off the gay 'kerchief she wears on her head. When that is removed he shrieks to get away from her.

It is so absurd to see an English child falling into colonial ways. G—— talks to all the animals in Kafir, for they evidently don't understand English. If one wants to get rid of a dog, it is of no use saying "Get out!" ever so crossly; but when G—— yells "Foot-sack!" (this is

pure phonetic spelling, out of my own head) the cur retreats precipitately. So to a horse: you must tell him to go on in Kafir, and he will not stop for any sound except a long low whistle. G—— even plays at games of the country. Sometimes I come upon the shady side of the verandah, taken up with chairs arranged in pairs along all its length and a sort of tent of rugs and shawls at one end, which is the wagon. "I am playing at trekking, mumsy dear: would you like to wait and see me out-span? There is a nice place with water for the bullocks, and wood for my fire. Look at the brake of my wagon; and here's such a jolly real bullock-whip Charlie made me out of a bamboo and strips of bullock-hide." G—— can't believe he ever played at railways or horses or civilized games, and it is very certain that the baby will trek and out-span so soon as he can toddle.

We grown-up people catch violent colds here; and it is no wonder, considering the changes of weather, far beyond what even you, with your fickle climate, have to bear. Twenty-four hours ago it was so cold that I was glad of my sealskin jacket at six o'clock in the evening, and it was really bitterly cold at night. The next morning there was a hot wind, and it has been like living at the mouth of a furnace ever since. What wonder is it that I hear of bronchitis or croup in almost every house, and that we have all got bad colds in our throats and chests? I heard the climate defined the other day as one in which sick people get well, and well people get sick, and I begin to think it is rather a true way of looking at it. People are always complaining, and the doctors (of whom there are a great many in proportion to the population) seem always very busy. Everybody says, "Wait till the winter," but I have been here four months now, three of which have certainly been the most trying and disagreeable, as to climate and weather, I have ever experienced; nor have I ever felt more generally unhinged and unwell in my life. This seems a hard thing to say of a climate with so good a reputa-

tion as this, but I am obliged to write of things as I find them. I used to hear the climate immensely praised in England, but I don't hear much said in its favor here. The most encouraging remark one meets with is, "Oh, you'll get used to it."

HOWICK, March 13.

It is difficult to imagine that so cool and charming a spot as this is only a dozen miles from Maritzburg, of which one gets so tired. It must be acknowledged that each mile might fairly count for six English ones if the difficulty of getting over it were reckoned. The journey occupied three hours of a really beautiful afternoon, which had the first crisp freshness of autumn in its balmy breath, and the road climbed a series of hills, with, from the top of each, a wide and charming prospect. We traveled in a sort of double dog-cart of a solidity and strength of construction which filled me with amazement until I saw the nature of the ground it had to go over. Then I was fain to confess it might have been—if such were possible—twice as strong with advantage, for in spite of care and an exceeding slow pace we bent our axles. This road is actually the first stage of the great overland journey to the diamond-fields, and it is difficult to imagine how there can be any transport service at all in the face of such difficulties. I have said so much about bad roads already that I feel more than half ashamed to dilate upon this one; yet roads, next to servants, are the standing grievance of Natal. To see a road-party at work—and you must bear in mind that thousands are spent annually on roads—is to understand in a great measure how so many miles come to be mere quagmires and pitfalls for man and beast. A few tents by the roadside here and there, a little group of lazy, three-parts-naked Kafirs, a white man in command who probably knows as little of the first principles of roadmaking as his dog, and a feeble scratching up of the surrounding mud, transferring it from one hole to the other,—that is roadmaking in Natal, so far as it has presented

itself to me. On this particular route the fixed idea of the road-parties—of which we passed three—was to dig a broad, wide ditch a couple of feet below the level of the surrounding country, and to pick up the earth all over it, so that the first shower of rain might turn it into a hopeless, sticky mass of mud. As for any idea of making the middle of the road higher than the sides, that appears to be considered a preposterous one, and is not, at all events, acted upon in any place I have seen. It was useless to think of availing ourselves of the ditch, for the mud looked too serious after last night's heavy rain; so we kept to an older track, where we bumped in and out of holes in a surprising and bruising fashion. It took four tolerably stout and large horses to get us along at all; and if they had not been steadily and carefully driven, we should have been still more black and blue and stiff and aching than we were. I wonder if you will believe me when I say that I was assured that many of the holes were six feet deep? I don't think our wheels went into any hole more than three feet below the rough surface. I found, however, that the boulders were worse than the holes. One goes, to a certain extent, quietly in and out of a hole, but the wheel slips very suddenly off the top of a high boulder, and comes to the ground with a cruel jerk. There was plenty of rock in the hillside, so every now and then the holes would be filled up by boulders, and we crawled for some yards over ground which had the effect of an exceedingly rough wall having tumbled down over it. If one could imagine Mr. MacAdam's idea carried out in Brobdingnag, one would have some faint notion of the gigantic proportions of the hardening material on that road.

It was—as is often the case where an almost tropical sun draws up the moisture from the earth—a misty evening, and the distant view was too vague and vaporous to leave any distinct picture on my memory. Round Howick itself are several little plantations in the clefts of the nearest downs, and each plantation shelters a little farm or homestead. We

can only just discern in more distant hollows deep blue-black shadows made by patches of real native forest, the first I have seen; but close at hand the park-like country is absolutely bare of timber save for these sheltering groups of gum trees, beneath whose protection other trees can take root and flourish. Gum trees seem the nurses of all vegetation in a colony: they drain a marshy soil and make it fit for a human dwelling-place wherever they grow. There you see also willows with their delicate tender leaves, and sentinel poplars whose lightly-poised foliage keeps up a cool rustle always. But now the road is getting a trifle better, and we are beginning to drop down hill. Hitherto it has been all stiff collar-work, and we have climbed a thousand feet or more above Maritzburg. It is closing in quite a cold evening, welcome to our sun-baked energies, as we drive across quite an imposing bridge (as well it may be, for it cost a good many thousand pounds) which spans the Umgeni River, and so round a sharp turn and up a steepish hill to where the hotel stands amid sheltering trees and a beautiful undergrowth of ferns and arum lilies. Howick appears to be all hotel, for two have already been built, and a third is in progress. A small store and a pretty wee church are all the other component parts of the place. Our hotel is delightful, with an enchanting view of the Umgeni widening out as it approaches the broad cliff from which it leaps a few hundred yards farther on.

Now, ever since I arrived in Natal I have been pining to see a real mountain and a real river—not a big hill or a capricious spruit, sometimes a ditch and sometimes a lake, but a respectable river, too deep to be muddy. Here it is before me at last, the splendid Umgeni, curving among the hills, wide and tranquil, yet with a rushing sound suggestive of its immense volume. We can't waste a moment in-doors: not even the really nice fresh butter—and what a treat that is you must taste Maritzburg butter to understand—nor the warm tea can detain us for long. We snatch up our shawls and run out in the gloaming to follow the

river's sound and find out the spot where it leaps down. It is not difficult, once we are in the open air, to decide in which direction we must go, and for once we brave ticks, and even snakes, and go straight across country through the long grass. There it is. Quite suddenly we have come upon it, so beautiful in its simplicity and grandeur, no ripple or break to confuse the eye and take away the sense of unity and consolidation. The river widens, and yet hurries, gathering up strength and volume until it reaches that great cliff of iron-stone. You could drop a plumb-line over it, so absolutely straight is it for three hundred and fifty feet. I have seen other waterfalls in other parts of the world, but I never saw anything much more imposing than this great perpendicular sheet of water broken into a cloud of spray and foam so soon as it touches the deep, silent basin below. The water is discolored where it flings itself over the cliff, and there are tinges and stains of murky yellow on it there, but the spray which rises up from below is purer and whiter than driven snow, and keeps a great bank of lycopodium moss at the foot of the cliff, over which it is driven by every breath of air, fresh and young and vividly green. Many rare ferns and fantastic bushes droop on either side of the great fall—droop as if they too were giddy with the noise of the water rushing past them, and were going to fling themselves into the dark pools below. But kindly Nature holds them back, for she needs the contrast of branch and stem to give effect to the purity of the falling water. Just one last gleam of reflected sunlight gilded the water's edge where it dashed over the cliff, and a pale crescent moon hung low over it in a soft "daffodil sky." It was all ineffably beautiful and poetic, and the roar of the falling river seemed only to bring out with greater intensity the absolute silence of the desolate spot and the starlight hour.

MARCH 15.

If the fall was beautiful in the mysterious gloaming, it looks a thousand times more fair in its morning splendor of sun-

shine. The air here is pleasant—almost cold, and yet deliciously balmy. It is certainly an enchanting change from Pieter-Maritzburg, were it not for the road which lies between. It is not, however, a road at all. What is the antithesis of a road, I wonder—the opposite of a road? That is what the intervening space should be called. After the river takes its leap it moves quietly away among hills and valleys, a wide sheet of placid water, as though there was nothing more needed in the way of exertion. I hear there are some other falls, quite as characteristic in their way, a few miles farther in the interior, but as the difficulty of getting to them is very great they must wait until we can spare a longer time here. To-day we drove across frightful places until we got on a hill just opposite the fall. I am not generally nervous, but I confess to a very bad five minutes as we approached the edge of the cliff. The brake of the dog-cart was hard down, but the horses had their ears pricked well forward and were leaning back almost on their haunches as we moved slowly down the grassy incline. Every step seemed as if it would take us right over the edge, and the roar and rush of the falling water opposite appeared to attract and draw us toward itself in a frightful and mysterious manner. I was never more thankful in my life than when the horses stood stark still, planted their fore feet firmly forward, and refused, trembling all over, to move an inch nearer. We were not really so very close to the edge, but the incline was steep and the long grass concealed that there was any ground beyond. After all, I liked better returning to a cliff a good deal nearer to the falls, where a rude seat of stones had been arranged on a projecting point from whence there was an excellent view. I asked, as one always does, whether there had ever been any accidents, and among other narratives of peril and disaster I heard this one.

Some years ago—nothing would induce the person who told me the story to commit himself to any fixed period or any nearer date than this—a wagon drawn by a long team of oxen was at-

tempting to cross the "drift," or ford, which used to exist a very short way above the falls. I saw the spot afterward, and it really looked little short of madness to have attempted to establish a ford so near the place where the river falls over this great cliff. They tried to build a bridge, even, at the same spot, but it was swept away over and over again, and some of the buttresses remain standing to this day. One of them rests on a small islet between the river and the cliff, only a few yards away from the brink of the precipice. It is a sort of rudimentary island, formed by great blocks of stone and some wind-blown earth in which a few rank tufts of grass have taken root, binding it all together. But this island does not divide the volume of water as it tumbles headlong over the cliff, for the river is only parted by it for a brief moment. It sweeps rapidly round on either side of the frail obstacle, and then unites itself again into a broad sheet just before its leap. The old boers used to imagine that this island broke the force of the current, and would protect them from being carried over the falls by it. In winter, when the water is low and scarce, this may be so, but in summer it is madness to trust to it. Anyway, the Dutchman got his team halfway across, a Kafir sitting in the wagon and driving, another lad acting as "fore-looper" and guiding the "span" (as a team is called here). The boer prudently rode, and had no sooner reached the midstream than he perceived the current to be of unusual depth and swiftness. He managed, however, to struggle across to the opposite bank, and from thence he beheld his wagon overturn, his goods wash out of it and sweep like straws over the precipice: as for the poor little forelooper, nobody knows what became of him. The overturned wagon, with the struggling oxen still yoked to it and the Kafir driver clinging on, swept to the edge of the falls. There a lucky promontory of this miniature island caught and held it fast, drowning some of the poor bullocks indeed, but saving the wagon. Doubtless, the Kafir might easily have saved himself, for he had

hold of the wagon when it was checked in its rapid rush. But instead of grasping at bush or rock, at a wheel or the horn of a bullock, he stood straight up, holding his whip erect in his right hand, and with one loud defiant whoop of exultation jumped straight over the fearful ledge. His master said the fright must have driven him mad, for he rode furiously along the bank shouting words of help and encouragement, which probably the poor Kafir never heard, for he believed his last hour had come and sprang to meet the death before him with that dauntless bravery which savages so often show in the face of the inevitable. As one sat in safety and looked at the rushing, irresistible water, one could easily picture to one's self the struggling pile of wagon and oxen in the water just caught back at the edge, the frantic horseman by the river-side gesticulating wildly, and the ebony figure erect and fearless, with the long streaming whip held out, taking that desperate leap as though of his own free will.

I think we spent the greater part of the day at the fall, looking at it under every effect of passing cloud-shadow or sunny sky, beneath the midday brilliancy of an almost tropical sun and in the soft pearly-gray tints of the short twilight. The young moon set almost as soon as she rose, and gave no light to speak of: it was therefore no use stumbling in the dark to the edge of so dangerous a cleft when we could see nothing except the ghostly shimmer of spray down below, and only hear the ceaseless roar of the water. So how do you think we amused ourselves after our late dinner? We went to a traveling circus advertised to play at Howick "for one night only." That is to say, it was not there at all, because the wagons had all stuck fast in some of the holes in that fearful road. But the performing dogs and ponies had not stuck, nor the "boneless boy." *He* could not stick anywhere," as G—— remarked, and they held a little performance of their own in a room at the other hotel. Thither we stumbled through pitchy darkness at nine o'clock, G—— insisting on being taken out of bed and dressed again to

come with us. There was a good deal of difference between the behavior and demeanor of the black and white spectators of that small performance. The Kafirs sat silent, dignified and attentive, gazing with wide-open eyes at the "boneless boy," who turned himself upside down and inside out in the most perplexing fashion. "What do you think of it?" I asked a Kafir who spoke English. "Him master take all him bone out 'fore him begin, inkosa-casa: when him finish, put 'em all back again inside him;" and indeed that was what our pliable friend looked like. We two ladies—for I had the rare treat of a charming companion of my own "sect" on this occasion—could not remain long, however, on account of our white neighbors. Many were drunk, all were uproarious. They lighted their cigars with delightful colonial courtesy and independence, and called freely for more liquor; so we were obliged to leave the boneless one in the precise attitude of one of those porcelain grotesque monsters one sees, his feet held tightly in his hands on either side of his little grinning Japanese face, and his body disposed comfortably in an arch over his head. Even G—— had to give up and come away, for he was stifled by smoke and frightened by the noise. The second rank of colonists here do not seem to me to be drawn from so respectable and self-respecting a class as those I came across in New Zealand and Australia. Perhaps it is demoralizing to them to find themselves, as it were, over the black population whom they affect to despise and yet cannot do without. They do not seem to desire contact with the larger world outside, nor to receive or welcome the idea of progress which is the life-blood of a young colony. Natal resembles an overgrown child with very bad manners and a magnificent ignorance of its own shortcomings.

At daylight next morning we were up betimes and made an early start, so as to avoid the heat of the morning sun. A dense mist lay close to the earth as far as the eye could reach, and out of its soft white billows only the highest

of the hilltops peeped like islands in a lake of fleecy clouds. We bumped along in our usual style, here a hole, there a boulder, slipping now on a steep cutting—for this damp mist makes the hillsides very "greasy," as our driver remarked—climbing painfully over ridge after ridge, until we came to the highest point of the road between us and Maritzburg. Here we paused for a few moments to breathe our panting team and to enjoy the magnificent view. I have at last seen a river worthy of the name, and now I see mountains—not the incessant rising hills which have opened out before me in each fresh ascent, but a splendid chain of lofty mountains—not peaks, for they are nearly all cut quite straight against the sky, but level lines far up beyond the clouds, which are just flushing red with the sunrise. The mountains are among and behind the clouds, and have not yet caught any of the light and color of the new day. They loom dimly among the growing cloud-splendors, cold and ashen and sombre, as befits their majestic outlines. These are the Drakenfels, snow-covered except in the hottest weather. I miss the serrated peaks of the Southern Alps and the grand confusion of the Himalayan range. These mountains are lofty, indeed rise far into cloudland, but except for a mighty crag or a huge notch here and there they represent a series of straight lines against the sky. This is evidently the peculiarity of the mountain-formation of South Africa. I noticed it first in Table Mountain at Cape Town: it is repeated in every little hill between D'Urban and Maritzburg, and now it is before me, carried out on a gigantic scale in this splendid range. My eye is not used to it, I suppose, for I hear better judges of outline and proportion than I am declare it is

characteristic and soothing, with all sorts of complimentary adjectives to which I listen in respectful silence, but with which I cannot agree in my secret heart. I like mountains to have peaks for summits, and not horizontal lines, no matter how lofty these lines may be. It was a beautiful scene, for from the Drakenfels down to where we stood there rolled a very ocean of green, billowy hills, softly folded over each other, with delicious purple shadows in their hollows and shining pale-green lights on their sunny slopes. We had left the Umgeni so far behind that it only showed like a broad silver ribbon here and there, while the many red roads stretching away into the background certainly derived enchantment from distance. The foreground was made lively by an encampment of wagons which were just going to "in-span" and start. The women fussed about the gypsy-like fires getting breakfast, the Kafirs shouted to the bullocks prudently grazing until the last moment, and last, not least, to the intense delight of G—, four perfectly tame ostriches were walking leisurely among the wagons eating food out of the children's hands and looking about for "digesters" among the grass. I felt inclined to point out the boulders with which the road was strewn to their favorable notice. They had come from far in the interior, from the distant borders of the Transvaal, a weary way off. These ostriches were the family pets, and were going to be sold and sent to England. The travelers—"trekkers" is the correct word—expected to get at least thirty-five pounds each for these splendid male birds in full plumage, and they were probably worth much more. We made a fresh start from this, and the best of our way into Maritzburg before the sun became too overpowering.

THE RAINBOW OF THE TERMINI.

Rainbow at morning,
Sailors take warning:
Rainbow at night,
Sailors' delight.

TWO ladies occupied a first-class *coupé* in the railway-train coming from Florence to Rome early one September morning. They were sisters—one fifty, the other about thirty, years of age—the eldest and the youngest daughters of a large family now scattered to the four winds. These two had not met since the younger was a school-girl till the last spring. Then Mrs. Atherton, returning to England from India, had fallen dangerously ill, and Mrs. Francis, whose home was in Rome, had hastened to her bedside, and, heroically enduring a summer-long separation from a beloved husband, had remained till her sister was thoroughly convalescent, and was now taking her to spend the winter in Rome. The elder lady was comfortably disposed, like a practical traveler who does not mean to let enthusiasm interfere with the more important business of life. She had seen Rome when she was a young woman, had spent an ejaculatory month there, and, though pleased to see it again, was in no manner excited. She had therefore closed the window next her and drawn the hideous blue silk curtain to keep the sun out, put her feet on the cushions opposite, folded her hands in her lap and shut her eyes. One might say that she had shut her mind too, for she was thinking of next to nothing. At fifty years of age one has learned the value of repose and begun to realize that the body is not indestructible.

"If I had taken good care of myself when I was young," she was wont to say, "I should not now be reading through an eye-glass and eating my dinner with porcelain teeth."

They were very pretty porcelain teeth, it must be said, and the eyes that looked through those troublesome glasses were remarkably bright and pleasant.

The younger woman was by no means so cool a traveler. She had drawn her curtain back, opened the window, and was looking out, her beautiful, spirited face full of life and joy—not so much, indeed, at the thought of what she was approaching as of whom. She would have found the road to the Desert of Sahara charming if Arthur Francis had been awaiting her on some oasis in the midst of the sand. "It strikes me as a fresh surprise every time I recollect that you and he have never met," she said. "I seem to have known him all my life, though I made his acquaintance only three years ago. From the first he and I never felt like strangers. But then he is so frank and honorable it doesn't take one long to know him."

"I am prepared to have a high esteem for my brother-in-law," Mrs. Atherton replied tranquilly.

She was of the opinion that Anne was the least in the world infatuated with her husband, but not for worlds would she have intimated such an idea. This youngest had been the family pet, and was of a disposition so high-toned and sensitive that they had always been careful what they said to her, and rather solicitous regarding her future. Their minds had been much relieved when, after having refused many offers, she fell in love at length, and at the age of twenty-eight married with every prospect of happiness.

"The air is full of birds, Carrie," she said presently. "They start in flocks and fly toward the sun, then straight back again, as if they were bringing him in. I shouldn't be surprised if they thought all the little golden lights he flings around their breasts were links of a chain they were pulling him up the sky with. *Bravo!* little sailors, here he comes! Ho, heave-yo! A lark has just flown past my window, and said '*Ben tornato!*' as plainly as a lark can speak. Bless the birds! they know I never eat them."

"But larks are excellent," Mrs. Atherton

ton said, rousing herself. "I can tell you the most delicious way—"

The other gave a little scream and put her hands over her ears. "How can you be such a Goth?" she cried. "He or she who eats a lark deserves never more to hear the voice of song."

Mrs. Atherton sank back resignedly and folded her hands again.

Her sister began to set a quotation to music:

"Thoughts he sends to each planet,
Uranus, Venus and Mars:
He soars to the centre to span it,
Numbers the infinite stars.
But he never will mount like the swallows
That dashed round his steeples to pair,
Or hawked the bright flies in the hollows
Of delicate air.

And now, Carrie, imagine a million birds, of all sorts, screaming out the chorus:

Gross, astronomical, star-gazing, comical,
Hazy, moon-crazy, fantastical man!

There must be a stanza that calls man omnivorous, but I am sorry to say I've forgotten it."

"Oh, thank you!" murmured the elder lady: "don't fatigue yourself to recollect. So much will do. Indeed, if I heard many such choruses, I should be tempted to give my very parrot and canaries into the cook's hands."

The young woman looked out again, smiling at the familiar landmarks as they slipped past. The aqueducts and tombs came and went, and there was the wall. St. John Lateran started up, all its apostles gazing at her from the façade. The beautiful column of Santa Maria Maggiore lifted its statue into the air, and the tall campanile and the cupolas welcomed her. Then the train rolled into the station and the door of their carriage was opened.

"We will leave our luggage to send for afterward," Mrs. Francis said, "and, if you do not object, we will walk to the house. It won't take ten minutes, and I should so like to surprise Arthur by going into the room before he knows I am in Rome. He is sure not to expect us for a week or two."

She did not say it, of course, but for the whole journey she had been planning to come suddenly upon her husband for

the delight of seeing the first flash of joyful surprise in his face when she should appear.

They went into the Piazza dei Termini, where the tall fountain was waving to and fro in the sunshine and the breeze, one moment standing like a gigantic feather bound by a jeweled ring, then flinging out its spray in a cloud, and catching the rainbow off in a swift flight to stretch it from gray arch to arch of the old ruins beyond.

"If anything could have been wanting, it would have been a rainbow," the young wife said, "but as everything was perfect, this is a beautiful superfluity. Come! we can see it all another time: now— Oh, Carrie!"

Looking to find what had provoked this exclamation, Mrs. Atherton saw a gentleman strolling into the piazza from the opposite side, his head slightly bent to shade his eyes from the sun, his hands clasped behind his back. She had no need to ask who he might be. The love and delight sparkling in Anne's face told plainly enough.

"Stand between me and him, Carrie. Don't let him see me yet. Give me your veil, quick! Oh, he's coming directly toward us!"

The gentleman sauntered leisurely along toward the one shaded seat near the fountain, glanced carelessly at his sister-in-law in passing, taking no notice of her companion, and seated himself. Not a suspicion touched him of the quick little breaths he could almost have heard or the bright eyes peeping at him through a gray veil like two stars through a pearly mist.

Mrs. Atherton watched him with interest. "There isn't much the matter with him," was her cool mental comment. "He is rather handsome and decidedly manly-looking. Dresses well, too: looks clean, which is an excellent thing in a man. I like his taking a morning walk, and I like his coming to look at a fountain. It shows good habits and a love of Nature. What in the world is that woman mooning about for?"

The woman to whom she referred had been walking about the piazza for some

time, her eyes frequently directed toward the western entrance. On the appearance of Mr. Francis she had come out from a shaded avenue and continued her promenade in a path that would presently bring her round to where he sat. This person was exquisitely and coquettishly dressed, and of the sort called "fine-looking"—not very young, but not yet arrived at that age of the *passée* Italian when grossness obliterates all graceful outlines from the form. Her face was not handsome, but clever, and wore an expression of affected suavity. Had she been an honest woman, she might have been called agreeable-looking. Like most of her countrywomen, she carried her nobly-set head and superb shoulders like a Juno, while, from its wriggling progress, the rest of her body might have been that of a mermaid.

"I do wish she would make haste by," whispered the wife with soft and breathless impatience. "I cannot speak to Arthur till she is gone, for I am sure to make a scene, and I do not like her to be a witness. She is a disagreeable person."

Instead of going away, the woman gave a little affected start on perceiving the gentleman, and saluted him with immense grace and courtesy. They heard her clear sweet voice, but did not distinguish her words, and saw her, half by his invitation, half by her own request, seat herself at his side.

"We had better go to him at once," Mrs. Atherton said.

But her sister detained her: "No, he will leave her in a moment. She is our *padrona's* daughter, and he knows I dislike her. I never received her in my apartment, and Arthur always treated her with the greatest coldness. She is very bold, I know, but I am surprised she should have seated herself by him in that confident way."

"Oh, never mind. She has as good a right to the seat as he has," the elder lady urged uneasily. "And perhaps he may not like to leave her at once. He can't be actually rude, you know. Come!"

"Stay!" was the peremptory rejoinder.

"Neither do I wish to be rude, but I do not wish to salute that woman. While she is there I will not go. He is sure to get up in a moment."

The gentleman showed, however, no intention of rising. On the contrary, leaning forward, in an attitude more easy than ceremonious, with his elbow resting on his knee, he resigned himself to the society of his companion, saying a word now and then in reply to her voluble talk, but without looking at her. His expression was that of one who watches with amusement the progress of a game; or the down-looking eyes and slight smile might indicate a pleasure which he was not quite willing to display, or even to acknowledge.

Mrs. Atherton was at her wits' end. A woman of the world and the wife of a man of the world, she had learned to shut her eyes sometimes, and not to expect an ideal constancy; but her sister, she well knew, was of a different mould, and she trembled for the result. Anne's face was beginning to cloud too, she could see. A certain chill and shadow had come over it, and she had looked away from the two.

"It would really seem that I am watching my husband," she said haughtily. "I think we need not wait, Carrie. You must be very tired, and so am I."

But in going she turned for one glance more. In that moment the Italian had loosened a flower from her belt, and, touching the gentleman lightly on the arm with a smile that would have brought the angry blood to any wife's face, presented it to him. He took it from her without looking up, hesitated an instant, then fastened it in his buttonhole. His wife uttered a faint cry, "Oh! oh! and I trusted him so!" and, catching her sister's arm, drew her hastily away.

Mrs. Atherton would have liked to see a smart lash laid across the backs of the two people on the bench there, but she did not think it wise to express any such feeling. "Do be reasonable, Anne," she urged. "It isn't pleasant, I know, but cannot you see that she is doing the whole, and that he is laughing at her?"

"Oh me! oh me!" faintly moaned out,

was all the answer she received, and, looking, she saw her sister's face crimsoned and pained as if by some sharp physical anguish.

"Shouldn't we take the other street, dear?" she asked presently.

"Oh, I'm not going home: I couldn't go home."

The other submitted to be led. It was better, perhaps, that this first distress should be walked off. They crossed the two piazzas, the street leading to the Porta Pia and went down the Via Santa Susanna; but when they reached the Costanzi, Mrs. Francis turned abruptly into the court before her sister had time to object, and signaled a waiter. "We want a room for to-day, and breakfast sent up immediately," she said. "We may stay longer, and we may go to Florence this evening. Names? No matter: we do not wish to see any one."

And Mrs. Atherton found herself swept up stairs, seated in a pleasant chamber, and her bonnet and mantle taken off.

"I'm sorry to give you such a bad reception, but welcome to Rome! You must be very tired and hungry. Don't lose your appetite on my account, nor your rest. After you have had breakfast lie down a while. I will take this sofa: I must have time to think. I want to gather up the fragments and see what is left me."

She had controlled all sign of agitation but the red color in her cheeks, but the smile was as dead in her face as if she had never smiled. She gave the waiter his orders, criticised the breakfast when it came as if she cared whether it were good or bad, and even pretended to taste the coffee her sister entreated her to take. Mrs. Atherton's theory was that any trouble may be borne as long as one eats and drinks, and that a well-sustained body has a medicinal effect on a sick heart. Her first pathetic prayer to her afflicted friends was stereotyped: "Do try to eat something, dear;" and wherever the Church went with her spiritual consolations this kind 'soul would have gone side by side armed with calf's-foot jelly. She found herself, however, a little in awe of this high-headed young woman whose man-

ner had suddenly become so peremptory, did not venture to urge her too much, suffered her to leave the table the moment they were alone, and had almost betaken herself to rest, as commanded, when she detected a slight tremor pass over the form lying stretched in the shady corner of the room, and saw the small clenched hand that held the veil across her sister's face.

"My dear," she exclaimed, going to her, "you are making much of a trifle."

Anne threw off the pretence of sleeping and sat upright. "I am not making what the world would call much of it," she said. "But if I were to behave so, would he consider it a trifle?"

"Oh, but we are expected to be more scrupulous than men. We shouldn't wish them to have the delicate sensitiveness of women."

"I agree with you, Carrie. But he and I had an understanding about this woman, and both kept her at an equal distance. She resented it in me, but not in him. Of course that never was worth a moment's thought to me, for he was on my side and maintained my dignity and his own. And do you not see that by permitting her this liberty in my absence he has humbled me before her, and established a sort of understanding with her? She believes that he will tell me nothing of it. Oh, it is a trifle to the world, but it has taken away the charm of my life. He's a good man, as the world goes, but the world goes in a very mean way. If I had not believed him to be an ideal man, I would never have married him."

She rose, and began to pace the room as she talked: "I have never admitted that there should be two laws, one for men and one for women, and I never will admit it. Why should women keep themselves clean for the sake of unclean men? Do you take pains to whiten a garment that you are going to throw into the ditch? A light woman is a good enough wife for an unscrupulous man, and it is the society law to the contrary which is ruining so many women. What keeps a woman stainless? First, her natural instincts. But those same instincts would teach her

to recoil from uniting herself with a man not as blameless as herself. Then there is religion. But if she does right for God's sake alone, she would shut herself up in a convent rather than marry one she couldn't trust. Besides these, there is the wish and hope to please some man, and be worthy his love and respect. I suppose most good women are influenced by all these motives together—I was—but if one have no motive but the last, I say that the love of an unscrupulous man isn't worth taking such pains for, and his respect is of no consequence. Arthur always said—"She stopped suddenly in her indignant declamation: her voice was choked, and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Atherton, who had been completely silenced and disconcerted by both her sister's passion and her logic, took advantage of this softening: "Yes, Arthur has said many beautiful things to you, as you have often told me, and you are not now trusting him enough. Give him a chance to explain. Remember all his love and fidelity, which you have proved and which never failed you. Go to him frankly and tell him what you saw, and how unhappy it made you. Don't utter one word of reproach, but only ask him if he cannot take away the pain he has given you, and which you cannot help feeling. If he should laugh at you—"

"He would not do that," her sister interrupted quickly: "he never laughs at what hurts me. But I do not wish to go out now. We will stay here to-day, and I should like to rest a while. I shall feel better to stay here till evening."

An hour before sunset the sisters left the hotel, but instead of going directly home the younger turned again toward the Piazza dei Termini.

"My head aches a little, and the fresh air will make me feel better. Besides, we had better go for our luggage and take a carriage home."

She spoke very quietly. There was no longer any talk of delightful surprises. The red cheeks of the morning had given place to a slight pallor and languidness, but these might well have been mistaken for the effects of travel. "Let

us sit here a while," she said: "it is so sweet. Besides, an evening train has come in, and there is a crowd at the station. We will wait till they go away."

Mrs. Atherton pointed smilingly to the fountain: "See your rainbow. The one of this morning was stormy, but this promises fair weather. You remember the old rhyme?"

There was not a breath of wind. All airy motion had withdrawn, and given place to an effulgence of color, and as the water rose and fell a steadfast rainbow crossed it brilliantly, fading off at one side over the cross of the Madonna degli Angeli, and at the other touching the wet grassy border of the fountain in a spot that looked as if the fabulous pot of gold under the end of the rainbow had not waited to be dug for, but had magically risen into sight.

They went to the seat where in the morning Anne Francis had seen her husband sitting. She sighed as she took his place, laid her hand softly on the stone bench where she had seen his hand rest a moment, and looked down to search if perchance there might be some footprint in the gravel she could think he had left. No such sign was visible, but there was a withered, half-open rose lying there in the dust, that looked as if a foot might have crushed it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Atherton gently, "your husband is coming, and in a moment he will see you. Now, don't be foolish."

Was it the trampled rose, or the day's sad thoughts, or was it love starting up and sweeping everything else aside? At sight of him the only sign of trouble left in her face was such as the summer shower leaves in the sky in passing—a few bright drops to catch the sun, and the grace of a tender mist lingering here and there. He was walking slowly, looking down with an expression of gravity that was almost gloom, but when near them quickly, as if spoken to, lifted his eyes and looked his wife in the face. It was like a cymbal catching the sun. After all, she had not missed her delight.

It was some minutes before the gentleman could be made aware that he had a

sister-in-law to welcome as well as a wife, and the knowledge came just in time to prevent the asking of questions which would have been embarrassing at that moment.

Then, when the first compliments were over, and the questions again became imminent, Mrs. Atherton had an inspiration. "I have a whim which you two people will be so good as to indulge me in," she said. "Anne and I left our luggage at the station, thinking to walk home, but changed our minds. Now, I wish you to show your gallantry, Mr. Francis, by permitting me to go myself to the station while you remain here. I am an old traveler, and I can speak a sort of Italian. In ten minutes I will be at the corner there with a carriage to take you up."

She gave him no time for objections, but walked rapidly away. "All's well that ends well," she muttered. "He's a good fellow, and as fond of Anne as need be. I was afraid this morning, but I'll risk them now."

"You are come just in time, Anne," her husband said, "for I made up my mind this morning to start for England to-morrow. I had begun to think you would never come back of yourself."

She had resumed her seat, and he stood before her to see her better—the sweet face, the uplook swift and bright, the eloquent, wordless replies, the changeful expression.

"This morning?" she echoed.

"Yes. This morning I took a sudden disgust of life and of myself, and resolved to be off. I sat on the very bench where you sit. If I had but known you were so near!"

"Did you drop this rose?" she asked, pushing the poor withered thing out with her foot.

"I threw it there," he replied almost sharply—"that or another. And you wouldn't believe, dear, who gave it to me."

She looked up earnestly in his face: "I saw her give it to you, Arthur. We came this morning, and I was very near you when that woman came to sit by you. When I saw you put the rose in

your buttonhole I felt so bad that I went off to a hotel and stayed all day. I imagined you were being very well amused without me. If you had come, dear, and found me taking a rose and a smile from a man you disapproved of, wouldn't you have felt aggrieved? Carrie said it was nothing, and she has scolded me, but you know—" She stopped, for her voice was too tremulous to go on, and, besides, all was said.

There was not a sign of confusion in his face, only astonishment, pain, and perhaps a touch of indignation. He seated himself by her and took her hand. "Is that all the confidence my wife has in me?" he asked. "I don't wonder you were displeased—you had reason and a right to be—but if you had come directly to me, it would have been better. Anne, you have seen, actually, the only fault of which I have been guilty, and you went just a minute too soon to see me atone for it. Let me tell you all. Perhaps I may have answered her salutations when we met on the stairs or in the street with a little more politeness than before. I don't know why, unless for that reason, she has come out here several mornings, knowing that I always come. Once or twice we met with a word, but I dodged her, and came later yesterday morning and to-day in order to get rid of her. But to-day I was in a different mood when I saw her, and for a few minutes felt like seeing how far she would go unassisted. It was wrong in me, but it was only for a minute; and when, after I was fool enough to put the rose in my coat, she said, 'I'm afraid your wife wouldn't like to see you wear that,' I answered her, 'You are quite right,' and flung it away before her face. She got up and left me in a fury at that: she had not expected such a reply. Now, my dear, I have told you everything, and God knows I am sorry that my folly has cost you so dear."

What true woman, on seeing husband or lover humbled before her, does not immediately feel that in some unaccountable way she is the only one to blame, and that he is, as they say in Italy, like a white cloth in the sun? We

are sorry to be obliged to record that after her logical argument of the morning Mrs. Francis ended by begging her husband's pardon in the afternoon: "I should have known that your only way to put a stop to such annoying attentions was to let them go far enough to justify a decided reproof."

That was the way in which this ingenious creature took her lord off his penitential stool and climbed up to it herself, quite to her own contentment and to his immense admiration. Mr. Francis was honest enough to know precisely who belonged on that seat, but he did not insist on changing places again. Perhaps he knew that while he would have made rather an awkward appearance in the situation, she was quite at ease in it. He would have had the pain of real humiliation, while, she being utterly blameless, her sorrow resembled shame only "as the mist resembles the rain." Indeed, these vicarious feminine penitents have a pleasure which no one else can know, for all the while they drape themselves

in silken sackcloth and strew a most becoming little powder of silvery ashes on their hair, down in the bottom of their hearts, whether they will look at it or not, a joyful innocence is all the time dancing like a fountain bubbling under ground.

Meanwhile, the carriage had been waiting some time, the lady in it regarding the couple in the piazza with the greatest patience and complacency. When at length they perceived her, Anne ran and embraced her in the eyes of everybody. "You dear creature! how abominably I have treated you this whole day!" she exclaimed. "And now, finally, a million welcomes to Rome! We have just come, you know, and will begin to live in it from this moment. Carrie," she whispered, while her husband was giving directions to the coachman, "do you recollect whether you called me a fool this morning?"

"I could not say positively whether I *called* you one," with a little emphasis.

"Because if you did," she added, "it was the truest word you ever spoke in your life."

AT THE LAST.

NOW at the last draw close to me:
 Hold your face low, breathe on mine eyes,
 Let your cheek touch me tenderly,
 In this dark hour of mysteries.

If love is mine, I pray you, dear,
 Make it intensest love to-day:
 All flowers must fade, all leaves grow sere,
 And love cannot be mine away.

But if my life can end like this,
 Love-cradled into perfect sleep,
 With the chaste sweetness of a kiss,
 Divinely pure, divinely deep,

Woven into it, oh how serene
 And beautiful my dying hour!
 Mine eyes will close and shut love in,
 And heaven blow open like a flower.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ONE of the interesting episodes connected with certain distinguished actors in the Revolutionary war—an episode that was not military or political in its character, but which belonged to the social experiences of the times—is the story of Margaret Moncrieffe, whose father, Major Moncrieffe, uncle of General Montgomery, killed at Quebec, was major of brigade to the division commanded by Lord Cornwallis when Sir William Howe's army was on Staten Island in the summer of 1776.

The *chronique scandaleuse* of that period, perhaps—and certainly of subsequent years—has associated the name of Margaret Moncrieffe unfavorably with that of Aaron Burr, who was, at the time of her acquaintance with him, a colonel in the American army. The unfavorable association, however, probably does injustice to her memory, for she was scarcely more than thirteen years of age when Burr met her, and if he was the one to whom she "plighted her virgin vow" (as she expresses it in her memoirs), they were bound by the ties of honorable love. In these memoirs, published in London in 1793 under her married name of Mrs. Coghlan, and in which she confesses to a life of folly, dissipation and extravagance that may well entitle their author to the appellation of the American Phryne, she narrates many anecdotes in which figure such prominent characters in the Revolution as Generals Washington, Putnam, Gage, Howe and others of almost equal celebrity, which may justify in this year of Revolutionary reminiscences a recital of the events that brought her in contact with these famous men.

In regard to the memoirs, it may be said that they relate the career of their author from her childhood to the year 1793, when she was incarcerated in the King's Bench prison in London for debt. They are written in a vein of more than usual sprightliness, not unmingled with sentiment and occasional passages of

fine sarcasm. She makes her unhappy marriage, at the age of fourteen years and a few months, to Mr. John Coghlan, an officer in the British army—which event took place on the 28th of February, 1777, at New York, by special license granted by Sir William Tryon, civil governor of the so-called province—the excuse for all her subsequent irregularities of conduct—irregularities which, after leading her through fourteen years of scandalous notoriety, finally lodged her, a social wreck, in the King's Bench prison, as she previously had been confined for debt in the Hôtel de la Force in Paris. The memoirs were published ostensibly for the benefit of the author—for whom, as is announced on the title-page, the book was printed—and in order to relieve her of her pecuniary indebtedness by the proceeds of their sale. It is more than likely that their composition assuaged the lonely hours she passed between the dingy walls of the King's Bench to which she had been consigned—rich lovers of the past proving lukewarm in her cause—by wrathful milliners and mantuamakers, to one of whom alone she owed fourteen hundred pounds. Certainly, if the story of her domestic trials as a wife be true, the man whom she married cannot be adjudged altogether blameless for the evil ways into which she fell. At all events, it is charitable to assume that under better conjugal auspices her life would have been an honor, instead of a discredit, to her sex, for, plaintively commenting in her memoirs on what might have been, she refers to a certain man, unnamed in the revelation, however—the "conqueror of her soul"—whom she met in her days of girlhood, and with whom, had not Fate and her father's commands separated them, she might have lived the life of a contented and dutiful wife. There is little reason to doubt that this person who "subdued her virgin heart" was Aaron Burr, and thus she writes of

him: "To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall never cease to lament that obedience to a father left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *past* sufferings, now that, alas! my *present* sorrows press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating a little on the inevitable sorrows which ever attend the frustration of natural affections. I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows, am a melancholy example of this truth, for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domestic life than for that hurricane of extravagance and dissipation on which I have been wrecked."

One of Margaret Moncrieffe's grandfathers, to whom she especially refers in her memoirs, was Captain Patrick Heron, an officer whose regiment was stationed at Portsmouth in England at the time he met his first wife, the daughter of Mr. John Vining, the mayor of the town. Captain Heron courted Miss Vining, but the father not approving of the match, owing to the discrepancy of fortune between his daughter and her suitor, the young couple eloped to Scotland and were there married. Friends intervened to soften the father's wrath, and they were finally forgiven, and were installed at Vicars Hill (a beautiful seat belonging to Mr. Vining) in the New Forest, near Lymington. Here all went well for a few years, nine children blessing the union, until an incident occurred which broke up the family circle, compelling Captain Heron to flee his native land, and ultimately causing the death of his wife, who died of a broken heart six months after his departure. Margaret describes the circumstances of this event in her memoirs, and ascribes her grandfather's misfortunes to the possession of too liberal a mind in permitting himself to be deluded by the false representations of an acquaintance, who induced him to store for him in his cellar, for one night, one hundred and fifty tierces of smuggled brandy, which the owner declared to be as many tierces of cider. The news came to the ears of the excise-man, who, in spite of Captain Heron's

refusal to admit him to the cellar, and of a severe beating that he received from the captain's servants, succeeded in discovering the smuggled brandy. Notwithstanding Captain Heron's attempts at a settlement, the excise office instituted a suit against him for twenty thousand pounds, and, acting under the advice of his father-in-law, he left Vicars Hill to join the Fortieth regiment, in which he had a company, and which was stationed at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

At Annapolis, Captain Heron appears to have risen to some prominence, for ere long he was appointed governor of the place, and this post he held until his death. It was at Annapolis, also, that he married Margaret Moncrieffe's grandmother, whose maiden name was Margaret Jephson, and who was a daughter of Captain Jephson of the Fortieth regiment. When Captain Heron died, Mrs. Heron went with her children to Halifax, intending to sail thence for Cork and join her relatives in that city. Lieutenant Moncrieffe, Margaret's father, was at this time in Halifax, where he held the position of aide-de-camp on General Monckton's staff; and here it was that he married Miss Margaret Heron, a beautiful girl only fourteen years old. A few weeks thereafter Mrs. Heron took passage with her other children for Ireland; but even at the end of the voyage, and when in the very presence of the city of their destination, the ship went down in a storm, and all on board of her were drowned.

Mrs. Moncrieffe did not survive her marriage many years, for before the age of twenty she died, leaving two children—Margaret, the subject of this sketch, and Edward Cornwallis, her senior by two years. At this time Lieutenant Moncrieffe had been promoted to be aide-de-camp to Sir Jeffery (afterward Lord) Amherst, the commander-in-chief of the British forces. He reckoned among his friends General Gage, and this officer took the motherless children under his charge. They were installed in his house, where they received every attention that was given to his own offspring.

When Edward was five and Margaret three years old—the year was probably 1766, for although the memoirs fail to record the date of the author's birth, she was born about the year 1763—Lieutenant Moncrieffe sent them to Dublin to be educated. The boy was placed at the Hibernian Academy, and Margaret became a boarder at a Miss Beard's boarding-school. Five years later the Fifty-fifth regiment, to which Captain Moncrieffe's company was attached—for Moncrieffe had been advanced to a captaincy—was ordered to Dublin. Captain Moncrieffe went with it to that city, but not alone, for during the interval he had married a second wife, a lady of New York. Not long afterward he exchanged with the Hon. Colonel Grey into a regiment that was subsequently stationed at New York, where he was appointed major of brigade on General Gage's staff, and in 1772 he wrote to Dublin, directing that his two children should join him in New York.

On the arrival of Edward and Margaret, the former was sent to King's College, and the latter was placed under the care of a governess. In 1774 her stepmother died, and six months from the date of her death Major Moncrieffe took to himself a third wife, also of a New York family, who, however, lived only ten months after her marriage. The children, thus deprived of the affectionate care of a stepmother whom the memoirs depict as "one of the loveliest of her sex," in whose bosom "virtue, honor and conjugal affection were blended," were placed in charge of the lady's brother, a person who occupied a somewhat conspicuous position in the drama of revolution that had already begun in the colonies. Major Moncrieffe was in Boston with General Gage when Mrs. Moncrieffe died, and so it happened that he was separated from his children by the emergencies of the war that darkened the horizon of the land. "Thus," writes Margaret, "I found myself in the midst of republicans in war against the Crown of Great Britain, persecuted on every side because my father was fighting for the cause of a king." About this time

she was sent to Elizabeth, in New Jersey, to board in the family of a colonel in the Continental army, "where," she says, "I was forced to hear my nearest and dearest relations continually traduced." The seclusion of the residence in Elizabeth was invaded after a few months by the arrival of the British army under General Howe at Staten Island. The inhabitants of the town, becoming terrified at the nearness of the enemy, left their homes and retired some miles into the interior. The colonel's wife, accompanied by Margaret, fled with the rest, and took up her residence in a village ten miles distant.

There was probably little to attract the precocious young girl, now nearly fourteen years old—a child in age, but a woman in her aspirations—in the quiet New Jersey hamlet and its monotonous life; and hence we find her, taking advantage of the absence of her guardian's family at church one Sunday, making her escape from her rural surroundings and riding back to Elizabeth, where she speedily sought shelter under the roof of a lady with whose family she had long been intimate. In this retreat, however, she drew upon herself the attention of Congress. As the daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and indirectly connected by family ties with some of the public men of the day among the Americans, she became an object of interest, if not of solicitude, to the government. "They" (meaning Congress), she writes, "had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army—a situation which was afterward given to General Montgomery, his nephew." But Major Moncrieffe had preferred to remain loyal to King George, and at the period under consideration he was with the British army on Staten Island.

While in Elizabeth, according to her account, which is probably exaggerated, she had a narrow escape from death at the hands of a party of American riflemen who had arrived in the town, and who found her walking in the garden attached to the residence. They presented their bayonets at her breast with the

intention, as she seems to believe, of killing her on the spot, but one of the party dissuaded them from their fell purpose. "Thanks be to God!" she exclaims, describing this adventure, "*my countrymen* did not commit an act which certainly would have stained the bright immortal cause of liberty—a cause that, I glory to say, first struck root in my dear native country, and which is now expanding its branches through the whole continent of Europe."

Alarmed by the fancied or real attack upon her in the garden, Margaret applied for protection to a relative of her first stepmother who held office in the government of New Jersey. Rebuffed in this quarter, she wrote to General Putnam in New York, beseeching him to afford her shelter. The general replied with a kind letter, in which he expressed his respect for Major Moncrieffe, whom he regarded as an enemy only on the battle-field, and told her that either he or any of his family would be welcomed by him in private life. The next day he despatched Colonel Webb, one of his aides, to Elizabeth, with instructions to accompany Miss Moncrieffe to New York. In what follows we catch a glimpse of General and Mrs. Putnam—the latter and her daughters illustrating that virtuous industry which was practiced by the women of the Revolution in providing for the necessities of the suffering soldiers—with an anecdote of Washington, which, if it does not detract from the stately ideal proportions he has assumed in history, brings him something nearer to the humanity of which he was a part:

"When I arrived in the Broad Way (a street so called), where General Putnam resided, I was received with the greatest tenderness both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study to show me every mark of regard; but I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes, indeed, I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house, where my chief delight was to view with a tel-

escape our fleet and army at Staten Island. My amusements were few. The good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiers, indolence in America being totally discouraged; and I sometimes worked, some for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *Muscadin*, like our dilettantis of St. James's street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world, his heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration.

"One day, after dinner, the Congress was the toast. General Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, 'Miss Moncrieffe, you don't drink your wine.' Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act. At last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and taking the wine, I said, 'General Howe *is* the toast.' Vexed at my temerity, the whole company, especially General Washington, censured me, when my good friend, General Putnam, as usual, apologized, and assured them I did not mean to offend. 'Besides,' replied he, 'everything said or done by such a child ought rather to amuse than affront you.' General Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, 'Well, miss, I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my health or General Putnam's the first time you dine at Sir William Howe's table on the other side of the water.' These words conveyed to me a flattering hope that I should once more see my father, and I promised General Washington to do anything which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him."

Washington, it would seem, regarded Margaret in the light of a hostage for her father's "good behavior"—whatever may have been the meaning he attached to those words—for he expressed himself to that effect when, not long after the day of the dinner-scene, a flag of truce was sent from Staten Island with letters from Major Moncrieffe demanding possession of his daughter. This demand was rejected by the commander-in-chief, and

then occurred an incident which shows us "Old Put" in one of his irascible moods, for the memoirs relate that "when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam, as if it were by instinct, laid his hand on his sword and with a violent oath swore 'that my father's request *should* be granted.'" The author does not tell us whether this outbreak took place in the presence of Agamemnon himself, but it is safe to assume that it did not. Washington's representations, as usual, prevailed with Congress, which was led to consider Margaret "as a person whose situation required their strict attention." She explains Washington's conduct in this matter by the declaration that her father's "knowledge of the country induced General Washington to use every expedient in order to seduce him from the royal cause, and he knew there was none more likely to succeed than that of attacking his parental feelings."

As a better means of securing the young girl's safety she was sent from New York to King's Bridge, where, as she says, she was treated with the utmost tenderness. "General Mifflin there commanded," she writes. "His lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a Quaker; and here my heart received its first impression—an impression that amidst subsequent shocks which it has received has never been effaced." In her memoirs she allows her mind to revert to that past, early love—the only love probably that her heart ever knew—and she exclaims bitterly against the sacrifice of her happiness on the altar of political prejudice. "With this conqueror of my soul," she makes confession, "how happy should I now have been! What storms and tempests should I have avoided (at least I am pleased to think so) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations! and happier, oh, ten thousand times happier! should I have been with him in the wildest desert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only shelter and their fruits our only repast, than under the canopy of costly state, with all the refinements and embellishments of courts, with the royal

warrior who would fain have proved himself the conqueror of France." The "royal warrior" here referred to was probably Frederick, duke of York, whom she charges with ingratitude, and unmercifully ridicules after a fashion that must have caused his martial heart to cower in his manly bosom. "During my hard distresses in a horrid gaol," she writes, "often did I apply to this royal Lothario, this perfidious Lovelace, but who, alas! had none of the accomplishments that Lovelace could boast of; and the fruit of my application was silence—dead, monotonous, obstinate silence." As to the identity of him who had won her young affections, she gives no clew beyond saying of him that "he was a colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country."

Burr—presuming that this nameless colonel was he—sought Margaret's hand in marriage, for she explains how she "communicated, by letter, to General Putnam the proposals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them." She "was embarrassed," she continues, "by the answer which the general returned: he entreated me to remember that the person in question, from his political principles, was very obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing 'that I surely would not unite myself with a man who in his zeal for the cause of his country would not hesitate to drench his sword in the blood of my nearest relation should he be opposed to him in battle.' Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments, since in every other respect he considered the match as an unexceptionable one." Notwithstanding this favorable expression of opinion, Putnam did not seem to be altogether satisfied with the aspect of affairs, for the memoirs go on to say that "nevertheless, General Putnam, after this discovery, appeared in all his visits to King's Bridge extremely reserved: his eyes were constantly fixed on me, nor did he ever cease to make me the object of his concern to Congress."

After frequent applications to Congress, he finally succeeded in gaining its consent

to her departure to join her father, and Margaret accordingly was rowed over to Staten Island, with a degree of ceremony that was highly creditable to the gallantry and good-nature of Congress, in the barge belonging to that body, with twelve men at the oars, and accompanied by General Knox and his suite. The day was a stormy one, and the waters of the bay were so agitated that the waves dashed violently against the young girl, who was half drowned by the time they came within hail of Admiral Lord Howe's ship, the Eagle.

General Knox explained to Lieutenant Brown, the flag-of-truce officer who had been sent to meet the barge, that he had been instructed by Congress to see Margaret safely to the head-quarters of the British commander. Lieutenant Brown replied that it was impossible, as the orders were strict that no one from the enemy should be allowed to approach nearer the fleet than they were, but that he would conduct her to head-quarters himself. "I then entered the barge," Margaret writes, "and, bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned my back on liberty."

When Sir William Howe heard of her arrival at head-quarters, he despatched Colonel (afterward General) Sheriff, a particular friend of her father's, to invite her to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, of course, and the memoirs describe the feelings of the young girl, not yet fourteen, who was thus exposed to the curious scrutiny of the forty or fifty guests whom she found seated at the general's table:

"Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz among them, saying, 'She is a sweet girl, she is divinely handsome,' although it was some relief to be placed at table next to the wife of Major Montrossor, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence, but being unfortunately asked (agreeably with military etiquette) for a toast, I gave 'General Putnam.' Colonel Sheriff said in a low voice, 'You must not give him here,' when Sir William Howe complaisantly replied, 'Oh, by all

means: if he be the lady's *sweetheart*, I can have no objection to drink his health.'" (The reader will note how different, under similar circumstances, was Washington in his bluff earnestness from Sir William Howe with his easy tone of gallantry.) "This involved me in a new dilemma. I wished myself a thousand miles distant, and to divert the attention of the company, I gave to the general a letter that I had been commissioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy (and here I consider myself bound to apologize for the bad spelling of my most excellent republican friend: the bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it):

"Ginerole Putnam's compliments to Major Moncrieffe, has made him a present of a fine daughter, if he don't *lick** her he must send her back again, and I will provide her with a fine good *Twig* husband."

"The substitution of *Twig* for *Whig* husband served as a fund of entertainment to the company."

The general read this letter, and informed Margaret that Major Moncrieffe was with Lord Percy (afterward duke of Northumberland), who lived nine miles distant from head-quarters. He told her that she should be conveyed thither immediately in a carriage, and closed with the polite observation that "among so many gentlemen a beautiful young lady certainly could not want a *cicisbeo* to conduct her." A certain Colonel Small, whom she had known from her earliest childhood, was selected by her to act as her escort, and together they set out in the carriage for Lord Percy's quarters. When they reached the house they found Lord Percy and Major Moncrieffe walking on the lawn. An affecting meeting ensued between father and daughter, and an apartment was provided for her in the house.

A few weeks before the battle of Long Island, Major Moncrieffe was appointed major of brigade to Lord Cornwallis's division. The departure of the British

* For "like," perhaps.

army from Staten Island was followed by the breaking up of Percy's camp, and in the disastrous battle that ensued Major Moncrieffe was taken prisoner during the heat of the engagement. Stripped of his regimentals and compelled to assume the "red ribbon"—a badge worn as a distinguishing mark by the American staff-officers—while arguing with the Americans who surrounded him in an endeavor to induce them to surrender to the British, a detachment of Hessians suddenly came up and took the whole party prisoners. Mistaking Moncrieffe for an American colonel, the Hessians, in spite of his protestations, compelled him to assist in dragging some heavy guns off the field, and at this work he was engaged when a British officer recognized him, greatly to the discomfiture of the brutal Hessian who commanded the detachment.

The success of the British arms at this period, so dark for the patriots, enabled the Moncrieffes, father and daughter, to return to New York and resume possession of their property in that city. Margaret entered with all the gayety of youth into the pleasures that distinguished the life of the Tory and army circles of that day in New York, and here was it that occurred the most important event in her life—the meeting with the man who was destined to be her husband.

"I had now acquired," she writes, "a number of admirers, but having positively renounced all thoughts of marriage, I obtained consent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were about to embark in the month of March, 1777. It was then resolved that on my arrival in England I should be placed at Queen's Square boarding-school. How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an instant can entirely destroy! Mr. Coghlan, my present husband, saw me at an assembly, when, without either consulting *my heart* or deigning to ask my permission, he instantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpose."

In vain she protested to Coghlan that she did not love him, and conjured him

not to press his suit. Her obstinate refusal to accept him drew down on her her father's anger, and she was confined to her room until she was prepared to receive the husband he had chosen for her. Overcome by the entreaties of a much-loved brother and trembling before the displeasure of her father, she yielded and became the wife of Mr. John Coghlan. This ill-omened marriage was the last at which Dr. Auchmuty, the well-known rector of New York, officiated. It took place on the 28th of February, 1777, and that same evening, while at supper, Dr. Auchmuty was attacked with the illness which three days later proved fatal.

After a year of wretched marital experiences on her part in Philadelphia and New York, Mr. and Mrs. Coghlan set sail from the latter city for Cork, Mr. Coghlan having sold his commission in the army. Not long after their arrival in Ireland she took the first ruinous step that decided her subsequent career. Her husband's mind, she declares, had been poisoned against her while she was in Dublin at the house of her uncle, Alderman Moncrieffe, and he was on a visit to London, by certain calumnies that had been insinuated to her discredit. Returning to Dublin, he avowed his purpose of taking her to Wales, and there keeping her in seclusion in an old mansion which he had hired expressly for that gloomy purpose. She emphatically declared to her husband and her uncle that if the former should attempt to put his plan into execution, she would leave him, and would seek refuge with her father's friends in England. This threat did not deter Mr. Coghlan, however, from setting out on the journey to Wales. "When we had reached the inn at Conway (on our way to the old mansion)," she says, "all my thoughts were bent on an escape, and the very first moment that he left me alone I fled from my tormentor and sought my way across the mountains, destitute of money and without a hut to afford me shelter from the inclemency of the weather; but, supported by the native innocence of my own heart, I escaped from the great, regardless of all lesser, evils. I

encountered many difficulties on the road. Youth, however, and perseverance enabled me to surmount them all." This rash flight ended with the fugitive's weakly accepting the "protection" offered by Lord Thomas Clinton, son of the duke of Newcastle, to whom she had written from Namptwich, relying on the fact that he had been on terms of close intimacy with her friends in America.

The consequences of this proceeding—the only relief to the criminality of

which may be found in the suggestion that the unfortunate Margaret was not yet sixteen years old—were that, abandoned by her husband and cast off ultimately by her father, this heroine of a sad romance passed from one dark experience to another, year by year widening the distance that lay between herself and the lost innocence of her youth. Her memoirs relate the melancholy story in detail, but at this point we must close our sketch of her checkered career.

CHARLES DIMITRY.

THE MARKETS OF PARIS.

THERE are many curious points about Paris that attract only too slightly the attention of the foreign tourist. Among these are the arrangements by which the great city is supplied with food, is kept clean and healthy, and is made a convenient as well as charming place of abode. Chief among these works may be cited her markets, of which the great Halles Centrales is the core and the type.

This important and interesting work was begun in 1851, the corner-stone being laid by Louis Napoleon, then president of the republic. The first building was a popular failure. It was a massive structure of stone, low, thick-walled and pierced with small windows—a fortress whence the troops of the government could direct their fire against the insurgent population. The keen-witted Parisians recognized the destination of the new edifice at once, and baptized it "Le Fort de la Halle." It was taken down when the opening of the Rue Turbige, by throwing open a line of communication with the barracks of Prince Eugène, rendered the structure useless from a military point of view. The second attempt of the government was more fortunate. The recollection of the Crystal Palace of London was still fresh in ev-

erybody's mind, and so glass was chosen as the best material for the new market-houses—a wise and sensible selection, as the experience of years has proved. But, though commenced in 1851, the Halles Centrales are not yet completed. The underground railway, in particular, which would have rendered such important service by immediately transporting the productions of the suburban market-gardens to the heart of the city without the delay and exposure of a journey through the streets, remains in an unfinished and useless condition. The markets themselves were originally intended to consist of fourteen pavilions, each measuring one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred, and connected by wide roadways covered with a light roofing of glass and paved with asphalt. The roofs of the pavilions rest upon cast-iron columns some thirty-two feet in height, and connected with dwarf walls of brick. The rest of the space up to the arches is closed with blinds of ground-glass plates: the roofing is of zinc. Ten of the fourteen pavilions are finished and in daily use. When finished the Halles Centrales will have cost over twelve millions of dollars—not quite as much as that glittering toy, the Grand Opera-house.

Six thousand wagons and eight hun-

dred beasts of burden, to say nothing of push-carts, wheelbarrows, etc., are employed every night in bringing provisions to the Halles. To avoid all crowding and confusion, an edict of the police prohibits the circulation of any other vehicles in the immediate vicinity of the markets between the hours of three and ten in the morning. Forty policemen and a detachment of the municipal guard are entrusted nightly with the enforcement of this order. The unloading of the wagons is performed by a band of four hundred and eighty porters, the celebrated "forts de la Halle," who are subjected before entering the ranks not only to a minute inquisition into their habits and moral character, but to a series of trials of their physical strength.

When Paris sleeps the markets wake. About one o'clock the first dealers arrive, the market-gardeners from the suburbs, the curbstone sellers who have no stalls in the buildings themselves, but who occupy places on the sidewalks surrounding them. Some of these men are wholesale dealers, who sell out their whole cargo to the fruit- or vegetable-women of the Halles, and start at once on their return journey. By a special arrangement with the street-cleaning company they are permitted to load their wagons with street dirt on their homeward trip: this dirt is an admirable fertilizer, and so the gardeners help to keep the streets clean and profit themselves by the arrangement. The next arrivals at Les Halles are the car-loads of butcher's meat, brought from the great slaughter-houses of the city. About three in the morning wagons and provisions begin to arrive in large proportions; the pavilions gradually fill with dealers; fruits, flowers, vegetables are spread out and arranged. At five o'clock begin the auction sales, announced by the sound of a bell. Purchasers begin to arrive—stewards, thrifty housekeepers, boarding-house cooks, etc. The sales usually begin with the watercresses, of which there is a large consumption in Paris. From six to seven the auction sale of fresh fish takes place in its own pavilion, after which the whole market is in movement and hums like a

huge beehive. Poultry is sold in Pavilion No. 4, where the noise is usually deafening, the quacking of ducks, the crowing of cocks, the cooing of pigeons and the cries of auctioneers making up an indescribable uproar. In this division of the market is to be found one of those odd occupations which seem to be peculiar to Paris. It is that of pigeon-feeder. The pigeons are sent to the market alive in light closed baskets. As they are taken from the basket they are passed to a man, who, filling his mouth with a mixture of warm water and chewed grain, proceeds to force a quantity of this food down the throat of each unfortunate bird. This operation is performed with extraordinary skill and rapidity. The operator receives six sous for each dozen of pigeons, besides which his employer must furnish the grain. The chickens of Paris are justly celebrated, particularly those brought from Normandy. In this pavilion also are to be found the rabbits, which are eaten in immense numbers in Paris, and which are always sold either alive or with the skin still on, so that the purchaser may be sure that he is not being cheated into buying a cat.

Eggs, butter and cheese are sold in Pavilion No. 10. The butter does not come in neatly-moulded pound lumps or in tiny pats, but in huge round masses like immense loaves, whence it is served to the purchaser in slices. The best Paris butter is deliciously sweet and pure: it is never salted, and so preserves the flavor of the cream, and it is rare to find strong or bad butter anywhere. The inspector of this portion of the market (there is one to each pavilion) weighs every mass of butter that is brought in, and generally tastes each one by means of a slender steel rod which penetrates into the very core of the mass. Normandy and Brittany furnish most of the butter that is used in Paris. The eggs come, packed by the thousand, in large baskets, and so skillfully arranged that they can stand all the inevitable shocks of railway transport without breaking. There are sixty-five egg inspectors, and their duties are by no means light, for at

certain seasons every egg that arrives in the market must be inspected and held up to the light to guard against any loss of freshness. Seated in a corner in the vast cellars of Les Halles, with a lighted candle before each of them, these egg inspectors may be seen at work surrounded with baskets of eggs; and so skillful do they become that they can tell a musty or unsound egg at a glance. Those that are spotted, opaque or too old to pass muster are sold, some to wood-gilders and others to the manufacturers of the light ring-shaped rolls called *colifichets* which form the favorite food of the pampered canaries of Paris. The eggs that are decidedly spoiled are instantly destroyed. One-half of the force of inspectors only is employed in this work: the business of the other half is to traverse the streets of Paris and to inspect the eggs offered for sale to the public in the provision and grocery shops. After learning these facts, can we wonder that the eggs which are served to us on Parisian breakfast-tables are invariably fresh? When the eggs are delivered to the retail dealer they are carefully sorted by being passed through three rings of varying dimensions: those that refuse to pass through the largest ring are kept for boiling, and are sold for from three to four cents each, according to the season: the smaller eggs are used for omelettes and other forms of cookery. The consumption of eggs in Paris is about two hundred and fifty millions annually.

The pavilion used for butcher's meat is naturally the least interesting of the series. All meats destined for the alimentation of Paris are inspected by the police agents before they are transferred from the slaughter-house to the markets. It is an amusing fact that it has been found extremely difficult to keep the condemned meats from falling into the hands of unlicensed dealers. Formerly, such pieces were thrown into the Seine, but they were always fished out immediately by persons who were on the watch for them. Next, they were buried, but then they were straightway disinterred. But Parisian acuteness has hit upon an effectual plan to prevent the use of this un-

wholesome and condemned food: every piece is steeped in a strong solution of quicklime before it is buried, so as to render it totally unfit for use.

The most charming of all the pavilions is of course that devoted to fruits and flowers. Throughout the season the tables are piled high with masses of perfumed merchandise, beginning with the first crocuses of spring and ending with the last chrysanthemums of autumn. The air is heavy with fragrance whose sweetness is anything but healthful—a fact that is proved by the pallor of the saleswomen. Even in the winter this division of the markets is worth visiting, for then hot-house plants, clusters of camellias and bouquets of violets, imported from Italy, are offered for sale. Here, too, are to be found those dismal funeral-wreaths of jet beads and stiff artificial yellow *immortelles* which shock our sense of good taste, and whose use in this land of flowers is hard to explain. But your true Parisian never lays a cluster or wreath of real blossoms on a beloved tomb. Plaster casts and hideous funeral crowns form his offerings to the lamented dead.

The most curious of all the industries to be found in the Halles Centrales is the trade in what may be called second-hand provisions, but what the dealers dignify by the appellation of "cooked meats." These dealers are seventeen in number, and their wares are known as "*harléquins*" in slang parlance. In a word, they sell cold victuals, the leavings of hotels, of restaurants, and of the great mansions of the aristocracy. They have regular contracts with the stewards of these establishments. Early every morning they or their agents sally forth with a little closed wagon pierced at top with air-holes, and they go the rounds among their furnishers. Into this wagon are thrown pell-mell the leavings of the repasts of the day before, and when the vehicle is full it is taken back to Les Halles and its contents transferred to the subterranean storehouse belonging to this division of the markets. There the merchant sorts, scrapes, pares and arranges the heterogeneous mass, wherein sweets, meats, vegetables and made dishes are all mix-

ed up together. Every morsel that is recognizable is put aside, cleaned, pared and placed to the best advantage with its fellows. When all is completed the dealer sets forth his wares, being careful to put some particularly tempting object, such as a broken *vol-au-vent*, a half of a charlotte russe or some other such delicacy, in a prominent position. In a few hours everything has disappeared. This singular—and, to our ideas, untempting—food is immensely popular with the poorer classes of Paris, being very cheap, and far more palatable than the coarse provisions they could afford to purchase in a regular manner. Nor are these classes the only patrons of the “harléquin” dealers. Wealthy and stingy persons often purchase their provisions here, and here also comes that saddest of all forms of poverty, broken-down and reduced gentility, that finds in these scraps from the rich man’s table some shadow of former feasts and bygone dainties. Of course, after the collected mass is sorted there remains a quantity of undistinguishable scraps that are unfit for human food. The ingenuity of the French dealer here comes into play. Out of this refuse a sort of paste is prepared which is sold as food for pet dogs and cats. The bones are purchased by the manufacturers of prepared soup, and are then, after boiling, resold to be made into animal black.

In this section of the market are to be found also the dealers in second-hand bread, who sell the pieces picked up during the day on the streets or in the playgrounds of schools and colleges. The crust of the best pieces, carefully pared and dried in the oven, furnishes the appetizing bits of toasted bread so often to be found floating in French soups or garnishing dishes of vegetables. The more defective morsels, together with the crumb, are pounded in a mortar and form the bread crumbs wherein chops and cutlets are fried. The refuse is blackened in the fire, reduced to powder, and furnishes, mixed with a little honey and a few drops of essence of peppermint, a cheap and innocuous toothpaste.

I have already spoken more than once of the cellars of Les Halles Centrales.

These huge subterranean structures, divided into compartments corresponding with the divisions in the markets themselves, clean, airy, perfectly ventilated and lighted with gas, are extremely curious to visit. Here are to be found the great tanks for preserving fresh-water fish; here also are fruit, vegetables and flowers prepared for sale; and here all the cleansing and skinning of fish, poultry and small animals, such as hares and rabbits, takes place. They form, so to speak, the behind-the-scenes for the great display above ground.

An article which in proper season is to be seen in a highly lively state of mind at Les Halles Centrales, and whose aspect is more revolting than alluring to a Transatlantic palate, is the edible snail. He is a moderate-sized creature, with a delicate pale-gray shell, and is fed on leaves, the choicest varieties coming from the vine-growing districts. The snails are either made into a soup which is said to be extremely nourishing, and is especially recommended to consumptive persons, or else are plainly boiled like shrimps. In the latter case they are served in the shell, from which the consumer adroitly extracts the animal with the aid of a small implement like a nut-picker. Large quantities of snails must be consumed in Paris, as they are offered for sale on all sides, baskets of them garnish the windows of the minor restaurants, and they may be seen promenading over the floors of the markets in all directions.

Les Halles Centrales, vast as they are, do not at all suffice to supply the wants of Paris. Other markets of less dimensions, but subject to the same rules and constructed on the same principles, are to be found in nearly every quarter of the city. Other sources of supply are provided by the barrows of the ambulatory dealers who traverse the streets in every direction. There are six thousand of these in Paris. They are not permitted to ply their trade within a space of three hundred yards around any one of the large markets, but are under as strict a surveillance in everything that concerns the quality of their wares as are the market-dealers themselves. They sell

fish, fruit, vegetables, flowers, and sometimes even birds or butcher's meat. The venders of cooked food that used to abound in Paris have disappeared, having been replaced by the roasting-shops, in which establishments hot, well-cooked, dainty fowls may be purchased direct

from the spit for a very small advance on the market price of uncooked poultry. At one of the best of these shops a large roast turkey sells for two dollars or two dollars and forty cents, according to the size—a chicken for eighty cents or a dollar.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

YANKEE DOODLE.

THIS Centennial year of American independence is surely a fitting time for *Yankee Doodle* again to "come to town," for now he is entitled to stick as many "feathers in his hat" as he chooses—and eagle feathers, at that.

Where was *Yankee* born, where was he reared, and what is his history? Some say that the word is the result of the abortive efforts of the Indians of New England to pronounce the word "English;" others, that it is an Indian corruption of "*l'Anglais*" (Englishman), which they heard the French settlers use; then we are told that in the early settlement of New England there was a fierce tribe of Indians known as *Yankoes* (the word signifying "invincible"), whose name was applied to their conquerors; in Morier's *Journey through Persia* he says that the Persians of that day spoke of America as *Yenghee Duniah*; finally, in Gordon's *History of the American War*, published in 1789, we are told that about the year 1713 *Yankey* was a cant word much used by an old farmer of Cambridge named Jonathan Hastings to denote excellence, as "*Yankey cider*," "*a Yankey horse*," etc., and that the students adopted it in their vocabulary and gave it currency. The judicious reader, having paid his money, can take his choice of all these derivations; but I trust he will allow me to throw in my own conjecture about the matter, which is this: That in the wars of the Roundheads and Cavaliers the term *Yankee* (or

Nankee) was applied in contempt and derision to the former by the latter, and that long after its derivation was forgotten the word survived among the masses of England, to be easily transferred to the Americans when the occasion arose. There is, indeed, according to Professor Rimbault of London, a tradition in England to the effect that the original song was directed at Oliver Cromwell himself under the name of "*Nankee Doodle*."

The same authority, an English musician of eminence, declares that the earliest trace in print which he can find of *Yankee Doodle* is in *Walsh's Collection of Dances for the Year 1750*, where it is given in $\frac{3}{8}$ time and called "*Fisher's Jig*." The earliest form in which the words of the nursery-song of *Yankee Doodle* appear was the following, which still survives:

Lydia Locket lost her pocket:
Kitty Fisher found it—
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

Lucy was sometimes substituted for *Lydia*, and one version has the third line of the stanza thus:

Not a bit of money in it.

Now, *Kitty Fisher*, whose name appears in the song, and who doubtless gave the name to the "*Fisher's Jig*" of 1750, was a noted member of the *demi-monde* of the time of Charles II. This carries *Yankee Doodle* well back to the wars of Roundhead and Cavalier. There is an early version of the words in England which runs—

Nanee Doodle came to town
Upon a *Kentish* pony:
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

The other version has it "little pony."

As to the remoter origin of the music, there is testimony that, with slight variations, it has been known from time immemorial in Spain, Italy, France, Hungary and Germany. It is very likely that, as in the case of "Goosey, goosey, gander" and other nursery-songs, "Yankee Doodle" was introduced into England from Germany. The Duyckincks, in their *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, say that they were told by an old Hollander that the tune was a familiar one in his native land in his youth, where it was sung at harvest-time, the burden running—

Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lauter,
Yanke viver, vooover vown,
Botermilk und Tauther.

The introduction of the song to America, at least as a martial, if not as a *quasi* national, air, is ascribed to a Dr. Shackburg, a surgeon of the regular troops at Albany, who was so much struck by the *outré* appearance of the raw colonial levies gathered there in 1755 preparatory to the movement against the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac, that he quizzically prepared a song for them to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*, which they readily adopted as their own. The authority for this statement is Mr. Nathaniel H. Carter, who published it early in this century in the *Albany Statesman*. As Mr. Carter gave no references as vouchers for his statement, he probably adopted what was a tradition among the oldest inhabitants of Albany at that day. Some likelihood is given to this account by the fact attested by the records of the State of New York, that a Dr. Shuckburgh (not *Shackburg*) was a surgeon about that date in Captain Horatio Gates's independent company, and was afterward State Secretary of Indian Affairs, etc. Nevertheless, there can be no reasonable doubt that our foremothers brought the tune with them from England to sing to their babies, and Young

America long before that date was lulled to sleep by "Yankee Doodle."

The next notice we find of the song (according to Lossing's *Field-Book*) is in the *Boston Journal of the Times*, of September 29, 1768, which says: "The fleet was brought to anchor near Castle William: that night there was throwing of skyrockets, and those passing in boats observed great rejoicings, and that the *Yankee Doodle* song was the capital piece in the band of music."

And now we come to the national Yankee Doodle of authentic history. Here it is:

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy!

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep an house a winter:
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle;

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it:
It scar'd me so I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on it,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather:
They knock'd upon it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him :
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion :
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flowing ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine-ah,
I wanted packily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

ANOTHER VERSION

has the following, beginning with the
verse about "Captain Washington :"

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal fina,
I wanted packily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

The troopers too would gallop up
And fire right in our faces :
It scar'd me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses-cakes to carry home,
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother ;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

This song is said to have been sung lustily by the Americans at Bunker Hill. It is asserted to have been written by a gentleman of Connecticut, but anybody's claim will be hard to prove at this late day. Taking into consideration that the tune itself was old and familiar at the date of the Revolution, it is easy to conceive, the game once started, that many hands contributed to the song as it stands, each adding his stanza or two to some unknown humorist's first one. I believe, indeed, that this is the accepted version

of the origin of the song. The penultimate stanza above, it will be noted, contains "Uncle Sam"—the long-accepted popular synonym for the United States.

Although the Americans adopted *Yankee Doodle* as their own, the tune and its current chorus were employed both in this country and in England by the foes of the patriots to bring them into ridicule. Professor Rimbault (whom I have already cited as the best English authority as to *Yankee Doodle*) says in *Notes and Queries* for December, 1860, that in the last quarter of the last century there appeared in England three printed broadsides, with music, as follows: 1. "D'Estaing Eclipsed, or Yankee Doodle's Defeat. By T. Poynton." 2. "Yankee Doodle, or the Negro's Farewell to America. The words and music by T. L." 3. "Yankee Doodle, or (as now christened by the saints of New England) The Lexington March." Only the last, however, had the good old tune.

W. C. E.

GHOSTS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

IF there be a spot on earth's surface which ghostly visitors from the world of shadows might be expected to haunt more than any other, it must surely be this wonderful Eternal City on the seven hills. Think of the purple ghosts who surely, if ghosts can walk, would wander amid the ruins on the Palatine Hill! If, as popular credence imagines, a violent and bloody death be a principal one among the causes which condemn spirits who have been so separated from the body to revisit the glimpses of the moon, where is the habitation so many of whose past owners have been so qualified? And that terrible blood-saturated arena of the Coliseum beneath it! Ah, the sad troops of ghosts, purple in another sense, who must surely throng those mighty walls and sombre corridors! And the Forum! Does no togaed ghost yet stray there on moonlight nights along the thoroughfare he remembers so crowded, so teeming with life and all its passions? Are there no ghosts of stalwart, bearded men walking with proud contempt, but yet with a touch of sadness in their mien, as they

look out from fierce blue, fearless eyes on the ruin they have made? And the tiaraed and mitred churchmen, the true to their vows and their calling and the monstrously false! And the Lucretias and the Messalinas of the pagan and the Christian world! the frail nuns whose lives paid for their frailty by hideously secret and mysterious deaths! the inquisitors and their victims! the Borgias and *their* victims! the countless souls, patrician and plebeian, men and women, young and old, ugly and lovely, who have in every street of this terrible, wonderful and crime-saturated Rome been severed from their earthly tenements by midnight violence or by secret poison! Surely, if ever the disembodied spirit can and does revisit the scene of his earthly pilgrimage, Rome, eternal, blood-soaked, purple Rome, probably the city where more wickedness has been wrought than in any ten of our ephemeral assemblages of men, must be crowded by the spiritual essences of those who have here lived and died.

It seemed, therefore, nothing more than what might be expected, nothing but what was quite in good artistic keeping with all our surroundings here, when we heard the other day of a rather troublesome and persistent ghost, who, probably having had enough to suffer in his day, was in his turn making himself disagreeable in a cantankerous and misanthropic fashion. The locality of the ghost's doings was the Corso, the street where modern Romans most do congregate. The house in which the phenomena which have set all Rome agape took place is No. 466 in that street, close to the church of San Carlo, and the family who seem to have been most disturbed by them inhabited—in the past tense, for they have been effectually driven out of their dwelling by the ghost—a handsome first floor with a large balcony hanging over the street. The family in question had lived there for some years, but it was only quite recently that the phenomena to be recounted began to manifest themselves. Extraordinary noises began to be heard during the night, and these resembled, as is so constantly said

to be the case in similar circumstances, the rattling and dragging about of heavy chains. The shutters of the windows and the doors would be continually thrown open in an inexplicable manner. The members of the family were awakened from their sleep by touchings on the arms or on the head, administered by unknown and undiscoverable hands. The lamps, as soon as ever they were lighted, would be by no discoverable means extinguished. All the bells in the house would be rung without interruption for many minutes together. Articles of furniture were moved from their accustomed places and transported to other parts of the dwelling. A maid-servant declared that she had been roused from her sleep by the appearance of an ex-pontifical dragoon with a helmet on his head, who repeatedly beckoned to her with his hand. As this last part of the story seems, however, to rest exclusively on the testimony of the girl in question, it may be dismissed, perhaps, as the embodiment of ghostly marvels most adapted to the Abigail imagination. The other strange occurrences were audible and visible to all the members of the family, whose testimony concerning them was in all respects unanimous.

All investigations failed to suggest any approach to an explanation of the mysterious facts. The cellars, which are extensive, were carefully inspected, but nothing of any sort could be found save an old halberd in a forgotten cellar, the existence of which in such a place indicated the length of time which had elapsed since the spot had been visited. The "oldest inhabitants" among the neighbors were questioned as to whether any memory or tradition remained of a crime having been committed in that dwelling; but if such there had been, it must have been at a date beyond the memory of living man.

The family having been thus tormented for a time, and seeing no prospect of a cessation of the trouble, quitted the house at a sacrifice of their rent; after which it remained empty a considerable time. It was then taken by the family

of a civil servant in the employ of one of the ministries—a man from the north of Italy, who thought that the Roman ghosts could have nothing to say to him. He was mistaken. Hardly had the newcomers settled themselves in their habitation than the whole series of phenomena recommenced. They were not, then, specially connected in any way, natural or supernatural, with the persons who had in the first instance suffered from them. And if any doubt might have been supposed to rest on the veracity of their statements, here was a new mass of perfectly independent testimony—the testimony of persons prepared to suffer for the faith that was in them, for they too, at the cost of sacrificing rent which had been paid in advance, quitted the haunted house. Then, after a second period of vacancy, a young painter took possession of the dwelling. He knew, as all Rome did pretty well by this time, the sinister reputation which was attached to it, but determined to brave the ghosts, feeling probably rather kindly than otherwise toward the spirits which had procured him a good studio at a low rent. He laughed at all the old women's stories, as he called them, and having no one but himself to please in the matter, went to live alone in the haunted rooms. But he fared no better than his predecessors. The ghosts threw down his pictures on the floor, mixed up his colors, moved all the furniture in the house out of its place, and finally one night inflicted blows on the poor painter himself. The next day the painter admitted himself to be beaten, and left the fatal house, which since that time has remained empty.

A learned Jesuit, we are told, has been invited to try his powers of exorcism on the premises, but many persons do not hesitate to express the opinion that the officials of the *Questura*—the police-office—would prove to be the more potent exorcisors. One would be at the first sight disposed to think so. But it does not seem that those very unspiritual officials have been able to discover anything or to restore to the house in question the normal condition of unhaunted houses.

Meantime, the views of the matter

taken by the clerical authorities are amusing, and not altogether without instruction. They are twofold. The more worldly-wise Jesuits maintain that the whole story is an invention got up to serve as an advertisement for parties who would fain make profit out of the impostures of Spiritism, forgetting that the three different families who successively inhabited the premises must, though all well-known persons and entirely unconnected with each other, have agreed together to invent and maintain the imposture; while, on the other hand, there are no persons at present in Rome who are seeking to make money out of any such wonders, though a few months ago the brothers Davenport were here and exhibited what they had to exhibit to very crowded audiences and rooms well filled without the aid of any such inventions. The non-Jesuitical portion of the "friends of the Vatican" meantime took a different view. The organ of this section of the clerical world declares that it must be admitted that while a large number of cases of this kind are fit matters for the mad-house or the police-office, there is a large residuum which the clearest and most undeniable proofs show to be what our good forefathers would have called matter for the Inquisition—*i. e.*, the work of the Devil and his worshippers. The writer goes on to admit that certain phenomena have taken place, and are taking place in our days, which are wholly inexplicable on any theory of natural causes. And he quotes accredited Catholic theological writers in favor of the opinion that all these things are done by the power of the Devil, evoked by the wicked and perverse people ordinarily known as "mediums." It is curious enough to hear such things put forward with all seriousness in these days. One thing, however, is abundantly clear, and it is as well to take note of it; and that is, that if the Catholic Church *should*, as some persons believe it will, reacquire the secular power over the world which it once possessed, the brothers Davenport and all the other brothers and sisters who possess, or who profess to possess, "mediumistic powers," would do well to look

to themselves if they do not wish to afford the world the spectacle it has so long been deprived of—an auto-da-fé.

In the mean time, the crowds of idlers which these stories caused to assemble in front of the house in question, staring at the walls as if by that means they could obtain an insight into the mystery, became a public nuisance which the police authorities were compelled to take notice of. The road was blocked up, traffic was impeded. It was impossible to permit the spirits of the past generation to render the city uninhabitable by the men of the present. So the police received orders to disperse the crowds, and the authorities published the following mysterious and, I fear, somewhat inconclusive statement: "Interests combined together to injure a worthy family have spread abroad a report that in a certain house in the Corso there were spirits. This report, spread by certain journals, drew together yesterday a great number of persons in the vicinity of the house in question. The police has taken steps to punish with all the rigor of the law those who for their private ends have been guilty of this crime." This is all very well. But it is to be observed, in the first place, that the "interests combined together" must have had the object of injuring not *one* worthy family, but three in succession wholly unconnected with each other. In the next place, it would be more satisfactory to know whether "the steps taken" had led the magistrates a single step toward the discovery of the cause of the phenomena which did undoubtedly take place, and of the manner in which they were produced. Meantime, Rome is left to divide itself as it lists between the partisans of the Devil and the partisans of the as yet undiscovered rogues. T. A. T.

NEWS OF THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

THE controversy which has been maintained for so many years between the Italian archæologists and artists, on the one side, and their German fellows, on the other, respecting the proper attitude and employment of the left hand of the Apollo Belvedere, is well known. The

left hand of the famous statue as it now stands, holding a scroll of paper, is, as everybody knows, a modern restoration, the original hand never having been found. Nothing, assuredly, can be more meaningless than a scroll of paper in the hand of "the heavenly archer, proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain," as Milman has written in his masterly description of the statue. Now, the Germans have maintained that the left hand of the statue should hold the head of Medusa, putting forward a wholly different conception of the artist's intention. The Italians have, on the contrary, always asserted that the left hand should hold the bow. And such must, of course, have been Milman's idea when he wrote the fine opening lines of his poem on the statue:

Marked ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?

Few, probably, who have read Milman's lines ever felt a doubt as to the intention of the sculptor. But what has not a German *savant* doubted? The admirers of confessedly the finest statue that ever was fashioned by sculptor's chisel will, however, doubtless, be pleased to hear that the Italian view of the matter has been finally and decisively proved to be the true one in a very unexpected and curious manner. Among the vast number of fragments of ancient art which the recent extensive diggings for new foundations have brought to light here is the broken bit of a representation of a shield in marble which was adorned with *bassi rilievi*. Now, on this fragment is the presentment of the left arm and head of a figure, with enough of the drapery to show beyond all doubt that it was intended for the Apollo Belvedere; and in this hand is the bow. Never, perhaps, since the remains of the ancient world gave rise to controversy among the learned was a dispute so satisfactorily and irrefutably decided. T. A. T.

NEWSPAPER "PERSONALS" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IT may be consoling to some of our queens of society, who chafe over seeing their names in print, with accounts of

the exact manner in which they do up their back hair, that in her time the stately Martha Washington did not wholly escape such annoyances. One of the London papers even declared that she had separated from her husband. The following is the paragraph: "Mr. Washington, we hear, is married to a very amiable lady, but it is said that Mrs. Washington, being a warm loyalist, has separated from her husband since the commencement of the present troubles, and lives, very much respected, in the city of New York."

The following is from some newspaper of the day, and preserved by Smythe: "Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day;" . . . "that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes on his feet (the extra ones having grown since the Declaration of Independence), and the same number of teeth in each jaw; that the Sachem Schuyler has a topknot of thirteen stiff hairs, which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he grows mad; . . . that it takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one penny sterling; that Polly Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and as many seconds in leaving it; that a well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the High and Mighty Congress of the thirteen United States when they attain thirteen years; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom-cat (which she calls, in a complimentary way, 'Hamilton') with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

Here is a curious advertisement from the *Middlesex Journal* of December 3, 1776: "Lost, an old black dog of the American breed; answers to the name of Putnam; had on a yellow collar with the following inscription: '*Ubi libertas ibi patria*, 1776, Long Island;' is an old

domestic animal, barks very much at the name of N(ort)h, and has a remarkable howl at that of Howe. Was seen in Long Island some time ago, but is supposed to have been alarmed at some British troops who were exercising there, and ran off toward Hell Gate. As he was a great favorite with the Washington family, they are fearful some accident has happened to him."

A correspondent of the *London Chronicle* gives an interesting description of Washington in the issue of July 22, 1780. He says: "He is a tall, well-made man, rather large-boned, and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast and very lively; his hair a deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the smallpox; his complexion sunburnt, and without much color; and his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness: he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices," etc.

Another journalist of the time gives a rather amusing account of a proposed historical work by "little Hamilton, poet and composer to the Lord Protector, Mr. Washington." . . . "The great interest Mr. Washington has in the work," he continues, "will be imagined when we consider that he wore out four pair of sherryvalls sitting for his picture to a peddling limner in Philadelphia, especially to illuminate the writer's ideas." Another illustration, the writer pretends, is a picture of "the titular Lord Sterling on his return from one of his nightly *feu de joie*s at Bergen in Jersey, and supposed to be mumming his usual boast in a strain something like this:

Peers' blood I have,
Toddied and brave:
Who—o—o'd be a sla—a—a—ve?"

M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If the habits and ideas of the present age had allowed any Englishman to occupy the autocratic position in the world of letters held by Johnson in the last century, it is probable that Macaulay would have been generally accepted as the rightful claimant. His character, opinions and cast of mind were distinctly representative of the better classes of his countrymen, while his intellectual powers and accomplishments were such as dazzle the multitude and extort admiration from the most critical. The marvelous extent and minuteness of his knowledge, amassed and dispensed with equal facility; the brilliancy of his style, enhanced by the solidity of his logic; his powers of picturesque description, vivid narration and effective eloquence, almost equally conspicuous in his literary productions, his parliamentary speeches and his private conversation; and his unrivaled faculty, through the unflinching exercise of all his gifts, of making every subject entertaining, every statement impressive, every thought and expression forcible and clear,—built up a reputation which was almost unique, uniting a popularity akin to that of the novelist with the fame of the scholar and the orator. Other qualities, which might to some extent have been inferred from his writings, but which are brought out far more distinctly in this biography, claim to be acknowledged as titles to a cordial respect—a manly independence, freedom from affectation and obtrusive egotism, warm benevolence and ardent family affections, and an abundant good sense which not only guided his judgments, but regulated his conduct.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the manner in which Mr. Trevelyan has executed his task. It was far from being an easy one. Macaulay's life was marked by no striking vicissitudes; his achievements were self-recorded; his actions had none of the piquancy that belongs to vehemence or eccentricity; there were no Boswellian reports of his sayings, and had there been, they would only have echoed or supplemented his writings, being identical with them in matter

and style; the political movements and discussions in which he took part were too familiar to bear any detailed repetition; finally, his letters, which have supplied the chief material for the work, are seldom enriched by the anecdotes, the portraits or the social delineations which give value and charm to a gossiping correspondence. Under these circumstances a dull and ponderous book, loaded with trivial details, dry disquisitions, stilted panegyrics and accounts of public events, would have been in strict accordance with precedents. Happily, Mr. Trevelyan, though his relationship to the subject of his work and his position as an active politician rendered the peril still greater, has contrived to avoid these rocks. By a skillful use of the materials at his command, a sparing exercise of the right to comment and explain, and a tone that preserves the proper medium, being equally free from passionate eulogy and critical frigidity, he has produced a narrative which is thoroughly readable, which presents perhaps as full a picture of the man as the world was entitled to expect, and which, while it does ample justice to the character it portrays, makes no attempt to inflame the reader's admiration or to bias his judgment.

Macaulay's career exemplifies a marked, and until recently at least a distinctive, feature of English life. Had he been a German, born in the same station and with the same aptitudes and tastes, he must have been simply a scholar, a member of a separate caste, divided by habits and sympathies both from the mass of the nation and the ruling class, or, if one of the rare exceptions to a general rule, made an object of royal favor, with a consequent exposure to aristocratic jealousy and intrigues, or elevated through a revolution to some administrative position which his previous training would have ill qualified him to support. If, on the other hand, he had been an American, he would in all probability have devoted himself to politics, succeeding Clay and Webster as the leader of the Whigs, anticipating Sumner as the champion of the Free-Soilers, or supplanting Seward in the first Republican cabinet. When a man so unfitted for political life as Everett could nevertheless be drawn into the

vortex, how certainly would it have engulfed Macaulay, to whom all history presented itself as a struggle of parties and human progress as bound up with the spread of constitutional liberty on the English pattern with the genuine Whig stamp! As it was, his political work was subordinate to his literary work, though far from forming a mere episode in his career. All his studies of the past, all his views of life, were those of a man whose interest is concentrated on the action of governments and states, and the forces that directly control it. His *History* has been unfairly designated a Whig pamphlet; but it is manifestly the work of a thorough-paced politician, who can make a civil bow to religion, letters, science and art, social or individual impulses and ideas, but who regards them all as either unconnected with the main current of the world's affairs, or as affecting it only remotely. He has, it is true, censured other historians for their neglect of these matters, and he has professed to set the example of giving them their due importance; but the principles he lays down are merely formal ("He"—the writer of history according to the proper method—"will not disdain the state of agriculture, of the mechanical arts, and of the conveniences of life," etc.), and the application falls short even of this partial and spontaneous conception.

Yet if an abundant knowledge and vivid apprehension of facts were sufficient to qualify a writer for grasping the elements and unfolding the sequence of human life in its totality, no one could have come nearer to an ideal fitness for the office than Macaulay. The unparalleled amount of his reading and retentiveness of his memory render him conspicuous among those prodigies that have seemed to perform intellectual labors with the ease, the swiftness and the precision of a powerful and nicely-adjusted machine. The slowest reader, with the same degree of application, might hope to accumulate a great store of information. But Macaulay, besides being one of the most assiduous, was the most rapid of readers. He got at the substance of a book, it was said, "through the skin;" yet not only the substance but the language remained an unfading possession. Nor was this the mere facility of the specialist, become so familiar with his subject that all the fresh material bearing on it is examined and sifted by what seems an intuitive process. In the immense range of literature there were few

tracts into which Macaulay had not pushed his researches with an ardor which, if kindled to its highest glow by the accepted masterpieces, received no abatement from the duller trivialities. He read and re-read the Greek and Latin classics with the eagerness with which the novel-reader devours the last production of his favorite author; and he read and re-read novels of every description, the trashiest included, with the attention and earnestness which a scholar might give to collating the texts of a Greek play. With the French, Spanish, German and Italian literatures he had at least the familiarity required by a high standard of culture, while there were few byways of English literature in which he was not as much at home as in its highways. He avoided, it is true, whatever would have tasked his apprehension beyond its natural and spontaneous efforts. Not only was metaphysics, except of the easy eighteenth-century type, repellent to him, but in general he gave a wide berth to whatever savored of obscurity. This, no doubt, indicates a limit to his appreciation of some of the greatest authors, however unconscious he may have been of the fact. But saving this limitation, his enjoyment of whatever in books appealed to the taste, the feelings or the understanding was intense, and was doubtless the chief source of that happiness which attended him through life, and which a mere external brightness could never have bestowed.

We must not, however, forget the delight which he found in the kindred labor of literary production. He cannot indeed be considered a prolific writer, nor in the ordinary sense was he a rapid one. Remembering the ease with which he accumulated his material, extensive as it was, the vigor and readiness of his intellect, and his natural fluency of expression, we might be disposed to wonder that he had not been one of the most voluminous of authors, or to explain his comparative unproductiveness by the interruptions arising from his political labors. But these, as we have before intimated, formed in fact an important part of his outfit; and when we look at the details of his literary work and the method on which they are put together, we can feel no surprise at the amount of time consumed. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the artistic excellence of the design or the intrinsic value of the materials, there can be none in regard to the care, the nicety, the completeness with

which every block is adjusted and cemented, with which the form is made to correspond to the idea. The narrative or the argument is carried on without the least deviation from a conceived model; the sentence is framed, the paragraph is built up, with a like normal exactness; the word is that which, on the same principle, has an absolute fitness and will admit of no substitute. Above all, no trace of ambiguity, no shadow of obscurity, lurks in a single phrase. The reader never has occasion to pause to ask himself whether he has fully apprehended the meaning, whether more is not implied than appears at the first glance, whether he is not left to draw some inference or make some allowance beyond what is stated. All is lucid, full, open to no exceptions. The grammar, the logic, whatever appertains to the expression of the thought, is perfect. Such a result would have been impossible, whatever the natural gifts, without the minutest pains and constant self-watchfulness; and we learn, accordingly, that Macaulay's manuscript was full of blots and corrections, that long passages were often entirely rewritten, that when he was in full force two pages of his *History* were his daily task, and that this was not always performed. He never forced himself to write. Instead of setting to work "doggedly," as Johnson recommends, he would not begin unless "in the humor," and desisted instantly when the inclination abated. Hence he never fell short of his aim. His style, regarded from his own point of view, is faultless.

There are, however, it must be confessed, readers for whom neither the style nor the matter of Macaulay's writings has a very high value; who, while admitting that they exhibit in an extraordinary degree the qualities claimed for them, rank these qualities themselves as only ordinary; who demand that a book, to become an enduring possession, shall be not only instructive, amusing and brilliant, but suggestive, profound and inspiring—that it shall not merely fill the mind with facts, theories and images, but strengthen its powers, widen its horizons, elevate its conceptions. With readers of this kind Macaulay is a great rhetorician and nothing more: his fervor has no true fire, his philosophy has no deep roots, his creations are showy, superficial and unreal. They contrast him with Carlyle, pointing to the conventionality of every thought and phrase, the glittering antitheses, the dogmatic elucidations, the shallow notions of life and

distorted portraitures of character which they find in the writings of the one, and to the imaginative insight, the irradiating humor, the deep perceptions and lifelike presentments, the originality giving a new power to each word, a stimulating force to each idea, which characterize the writings of the other.

Such opinions, however, though emitted from time to time, have not obtained currency. Macaulay's public has grown steadily with the increase of readers, and the demand for his books, wherever the English language is spoken, is as regular, and almost as general, as the demand for oatmeal in the country of his ancestors. His memory has not stood in need of any rehabilitation. Yet this biography cannot fail to deepen the interest which his name has so long excited. There were in Macaulay's character none of the inconsistencies he was accustomed to depict in others. It was all of a piece, and, like his style, may in a certain sense be described as flawless. The qualities he lacked seem incompatible with those which he possessed. They belong to a wholly different combination.

My Young Alcides. By Charlotte Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

A notable result of that famous ecclesiastical convulsion, some five-and-thirty years ago, known as the Oxford movement, was the religious novel or novelette. The initiative in producing this class of fiction was, we believe, taken by the High-Church party, and it is certain that their productions of the kind have proved far the most attractive—a circumstance probably to be accounted for by the fact that persons who incline to ritualism are of an imaginative temperament. One of the most prominent Oxford promoters of the views of Newman and Manning was the Rev. William Sewell, tutor of Exeter College when Anthony Froude scandalized by unorthodoxy that venerable society. Mr. Sewell had an accomplished sister, who kept, and still keeps, a celebrated school, where many young American ladies have been educated, in the Isle of Wight, and who entirely sympathized with her brother's opinions. Encouraged by him, she produced a story called *Amy Herbert*, which achieved an immense success. It described a young lady of the most self-denying, self-examining type placed in juxtaposition with worldly, non-daily-service-attending cousins; dissected character with

skill; depicted high life—for these works are all of a severely aristocratic tendency—with the good taste and accuracy of one who really knew it; and in divers ways effectively appealed to the tastes of the “upper middle” and middle class. To the school-room this work, with others from the same pen which followed in rapid succession, was a perfect godsend—that is, of course, in High-Church families. The austere governess, who regarded the ordinary three-volume novel as an invention of the Evil One, could offer no objection to *Gertrude or Laneton Parsonage*—works which had a pervading air of clerical espionage about them, abounded in patterns of self-denial, and were conspicuously free from any sentiment which could be mistaken for passion, whilst at the same time the author contrived to be very interesting, and wrote in excellent English. So for a time Miss Sewell reigned without a rival, but at length *The Heir of Redcliffe* took the country by storm. The hero, a young baronet of ancient family and immense estate, was in point of character such as no young man, whether gentle or simple, ever has been or will be. But it was an undeniably pretty and pathetic story, and aroused feminine sensibility to the highest degree. “Lor, ma’am!” an Abigail was reported to have said when arranging her lady’s “things” in the morning, “whatever have you been a-doing of to your flounces?” (those were flounce days). “They’re ringing wet.” She had simply sat up to finish *The Heir of Redcliffe*, and drenched her dress with her tears at his death. Since then, Miss Yonge has written many stories of gradually waning excellence. This, the last, is without question the weakest. It is almost an absurd book, and, what is worse, decidedly dull. The Young Alcides is grandson of an English squire, Mr. Alison, whose two sons, becoming involved in a serious radical movement in the north of England, are, in company with a Polish ally in the movement, one Prometheus, transported. They die in Australia, but their sons return at their grandfather’s death to England, where Eustace, the elder son’s son, almost a fool, succeeds to the family property. His cousin Harold, the Young Alcides, having at sixteen married an Australian barkeeper’s daughter, gets very drunk and kills his wife and child by tilting them over a precipice in a buggy; subsequently reforms, “swears off,” and prepares to go through all those noble exploits which Miss

Yonge has borrowed for him from mythology, until at length he “experiences religion” at the instance of his half-aunt Lucy, and dies; for Miss Yonge is great at births, deaths and marriages, and we scarcely recollect one of her books which has not especial and repeated reference to “an interesting event” or a funeral.

The Nemæan lion is represented by an animal of this description which escapes from a menagerie on Neme Common, and is “pinned down” by the redoubtable Australian. A filthy farmyard does duty for the stable of the king of Elis, and an enormous bloodhound, which conveniently goes mad at Eustace’s (Eurystheus’s) wedding, serves for Cerberus; whilst some apple-shaped nuggets, which the hero with great difficulty recovers, typify the golden apples of Hesperides. Perhaps the best hit is taken from the hunt of the Erymanthian boar, when Harold, by rescuing from the snow a prosy old peer, Lord Erymanth, effaces his lordship’s prejudices against him. But the drawback to all this is that the story reads like one of Capt. Mayne Reid’s awful and wonderful romances about frenzied tigers and headless horsemen. The incidents are too wildly improbable, and the situations too obviously forced, to be attractive to any one over fifteen; and these defects are not atoned for by the interest of the characters; indeed, we never read any book by the same author so deficient in this respect. If Miss Yonge intends writing any more, we trust that she will curb the exuberance of her fancy, and return to that more matter-of-fact world in which she has reaped so handsome a crop of laurels.

Books Received.

- Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on James, Peter, John and Jude. (Revised Edition.) By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A First French Reading Book. On the plan of Dr. William Smith’s “Principia Latina.” New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A First German Course. On the plan of Dr. William Smith’s “Principia Latina.” New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Carter Quartermaster. By William M. Baker. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Daisy Brentwell. By Irene Widdemer. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.
- Why we Laugh. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: Harper & Brothers.